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THE HUNTING FIELD
WITH HORSE AND HOUND

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AT BAY IN HORNER WATER

THE HUNTING FIELD

WITH HORSE AND HOUND

in America, the British Isles and France

BY

FRANK SHERMAN PEER

78838

Illustrated from paintings by
JULIAN INGERSOLL CHAMBERLAIN
and from photographs

MITCHELL KENNERLEY
NEW YORK MCMX

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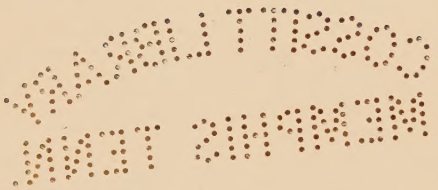

TO MY SON SHERMAN
WITH FOND RECOLLECTIONS OF GLORIOUS
DAYS WE HAVE ENJOYED TOGETHER
HUNTING, SHOOTING, YACHTING
AND BOATING

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PREFACE

Blessed be the thoughts and recollections
That drive the ills and cares of life away,
While they bring again serene reflections
Of all the joys we had along the way.

"CROSS Country with Horse and Hound" has proved a happy disappointment, especially to the author.

There being but few hunt clubs in America, it was argued that there were comparatively few who were personally interested in cross country riding to hounds; it was therefore with some misgivings that the book was brought to light. The effort, however, has received such hearty endorsement from the reading public in general, and has had such pleasant things said about it by the hunting fraternity in particular, both in England and America, that the writing of this second work has become doubly enjoyable. It may be said to have been undertaken in response to an encore.

Next to a cross country ride itself, comes the pleasure of living it over again with whoever has the ear for hearing it, and an imagination keen enough to supply what neither pen nor pencil is able to produce.

There seems to be born in every man a taste for country life and in most men a love for the chase. We probably inherit our longing for the fields from our mother Eve, whose desire to return to the garden must have been very great, so great in fact, that the world will never stand long enough to see it eradicated from the system of her descendants. It is from the "old man" perhaps, who was obliged to *hunt* for a living after losing his farm, that we inherit a desire for

the chase. This taste for country life and the chase is, in many cases no doubt, lying dormant in the system. It simply needs awakening to inoculate the whole being with an insatiable thirst for the field, the wood, the chase.

The kindly reception of "Cross Country with Horse and Hound" would indicate that many a soul is tuned to the melody of hound music, and the spirit of the chase, that never heard the one, nor participated in the other. No author can have greater pleasure than the thought that in many such he may have awakened a sentiment that will burn with a will. If so, the sequel is near at hand, for where there is a will the way is not far of finding; if not in whole, in part. Hunting, yachting, shooting, fishing, it will surely find a vent somewhere and somehow.

"The Hunting Field with Horse and Hound" is really volume No. II to "Cross Country with Horse and Hound."

It is the hope of this volume, as it was of the one preceding it, to encourage a love for country life, to create anew in many dormant natures, a taste for manly games of sport, especially for men after they have left school and college, and also to promote the chase, that "noble science," formerly called the sport of Kings, but which may nowadays more properly be styled the King of sports.

Not alone is it the object of this book to hunt with horse and hound in different lands. A fox chase, for instance, is a fox chase the world over, and if all there was to fox hunting came out in the chase, the description of a single run would answer the purpose, all the others being fox chases ditto. The interest found in fox hunting with the different packs of hounds and in different countries we shall take the reader to visit, lies principally in the people and not in the game or the hounds. Especially is this true of fox hunting in the New England states and the sunny South, while in Ireland and Scotland we must not miss the native sparkle of the one nor

the delightful humour of the other. If the writer shall succeed in transmitting to these pages the spirit of the chase, the breath of the fields and the aroma of the forest, and shall uncover sufficiently the hearts of some of the true and noble sportsmen it has been his good fortune to meet, this work will have accomplished its purpose. If, on the other hand, it can be read without leaving in the reader's mind anything beyond a ride on horseback while racing after a fox, or other game, then is the writer's failure complete.

Past masters in the art and science of hunting will please bear in mind that the writer is but an amateur, and that he comes, not to save the men and women who are already in the field, but to convert the heathen, to preach the gospel of true sport and genuine sportsmanship, and to hunt for the real joys to be found in hunting; viz., pleasure, health, strength, and long life, which are vouchsafed to all who worship at its shrine.

Hunting is about the only stimulant that leaves no scar. It is about the only indulgence to which we may turn, that does not come back to plague and torment us; it is the best remedy through manhood and age, that can be relied on to lighten the heart, drive away sorrow and fortify us against the disappointments of life, and to postpone to the latest possible date the sending of our wills to probate.

In recording herein the accounts of some glorious days with horse and hound, as they still live in the recollection of the author, he has selected such as give the greatest variety to the chase, both at home and abroad. The account of the two days with the Quorn, and a day with the Devon and Somerset staghounds in England, have appeared in the "Country Gentleman" and "Rider and Driver." Portions of the other chapters have appeared in "Harper's Weekly" and the "Sporting Illustrated News." By kind permission of the editors, they are with slight modification reproduced herewith.

The day with the Genesee Valley hounds is, in reality, part of the three days' sport. All other days are faithful records of the chase, with the hounds ridden to, with possibly the least bit of colour now and again in connecting the events. The work is believed to cover every class of game ridden to with hounds, besides foot beagles, foot harriers and otterhounds.

Again the writer takes pleasure in calling upon his old friend, W. Phillpotts Williams, for liberal quotations from his delightful "Poems in Pink" and "Rhymes in Red," and the immortal Somervile, who so often came to the writer's rescue in his former volume, when his own pen was "up a stump" for the right thing to say.

Some of the chapters which stand next to each other in this book were written fifteen years apart, most of them were thrashed out during the time spent in ocean crossings between 1891 and 1906. This probably accounts for some chapters having a list to port and others to starboard, while still others alternately head for the bottom of the sea or a star at meridian. They may be like a clock, the great temperance lecturer, John B. Gough, was fond of telling about, i. e., when its hands pointed to twenty minutes past eleven and it struck four "the owner" said he "knew it was just one o'clock." So with these chapters, it matters little where they point or how they strike, as long as the reader understands they point to clean sport and strike for true sportsmanship.

It is with great pleasure that the author is able to present herewith six full page reproductions of oil paintings, done especially to illustrate the text, by the clever horse and hound artist, Julian Ingersoll Chamberlain. Whatever may be said for or against their artistic merit, all hunting men will enjoy them for their true hunting spirit and the life-like action of both horses and hounds. To the numerous Masters of hounds, clever huntsmen and brother sportsmen both at home and abroad, who have done so much to make this volume possible,

the writer simply goes into bankruptcy; his debts of gratitude can never be paid.

It is singular in looking back over the twenty odd years which this and the previous volume cover, how all the "blank days, all the cold, rainy, disagreeable days," are quite forgotten, the days when for some unaccountable reason we were unable to get on good terms with our mount, the days when we had to work our passage from start to finish of the run, steering or trying to, some hard-mouthed ill-humoured brute.

Yes, it is singular how these unpleasant, these disagreeable days are quite forgotten, and that it is only the best and really glorious days that live on to cheer and brighten. This is just as it should be. It is such days as are herein recorded that make the blood canter again at the sound of galloping hoofs. It is the recollection of such days as these that in spite of grey hairs and rheumatic twitches—makes one feel *all over* young again. An affection for the chase, especially riding to hounds, invariably deepens in the hearts of most hunting men with increasing years, until the sight of a matronly-looking mare makes them quite as solicitous as a father for his expectant first-born, while a foal at foot of their favourite hunting mare makes them as foolish as a grandfather in his dotage. The author does not speak from personal experience of this latter condition, but he feels it coming on, and judging from those who have gone this way before him, he is getting there all too fast.

Well, let it come and may the setting sun shed its parting light on no meaner or less cheery picture than recollections of "The Hunting Field With Horse and Hound."

PART I

HUNTING IN AMERICA

To
Maj. W. A. Wadsworth,
M. F. H. Genesee Valley Hunt.

"Hold hard for a moment, the hounds are collecting,
Old Benedict speaks, how they fly to his cry!
The thought of the chase all our senses inflecting,
We wait in the hopes of a sweet by and by."

Poems in Pink.

I

FOX HUNTING IN AMERICA

HISTORY OF FOX HUNTING—INTRODUCTION OF ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS—PRIVATE PACKS—BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB—THE NORFOLK—THE MIDDLESEX—THE MEADOWBROOK—THE WARRENTON COUNTRY—THE ROSE TREE HUNT.

FOX hunting in America began—well, to be accurate, "In the beginning," or as the old time historians were fond of saying, "at a time in the history of the nation to which the memory of man runneth not contrary." If foxhounds did not come over in the Mayflower, it was very soon after. At any rate they were introduced into Virginia by the earliest settlers. British army officers brought hounds with them to this country, as they have done to every other country to which they have been sent, whether their mission was one of peace or war.

Many persons in both the southern and New England states are fond of repeating to this day family traditions to the effect that some progenitor at some time brought, or had sent over, to this country, a few English foxhounds, or "hunting dogs" as they were generally termed.

In England they originally hunted with mixed packs. The southern or bloodhound, that hunted entirely by scent, was depended upon to drive or follow the chase in the thicket, while the speedier greyhound, which runs entirely by sight, took a hand when the game was driven into the open. The crossing of these two ancient families with a view of producing a combination dog with speed, nose and tongue, developed the present English foxhound which, at the time of the first importations to this country, must have been a family with anything but a fixed type.

This country was so large and people lived at such great

distances apart, that instead of packs of hounds being hunted by organised clubs, individual ownership became the rule.

This individual ownership of hounds in America is still the rule, except on special days like Thanksgiving, election day, Christmas or New Year's, when all the neighbouring hounds are brought in to some town or farm agreed upon for a general hunt to be followed by a dinner, or a dance, or both.

There are, of course, a good number of organised packs of hounds in America, hunting with either English or American hounds, that hunt on regular days throughout the season after the English custom, but the great fraternity of fox hunters in America are confined to private or individual packs, which probably number among the thousands. Then there are a few semi-organised packs that are hunted with some regularity and are somewhat under control of an appointed or recognised huntsman, as in Lexington, Kentucky. I refer to that most prominent hound breeder of the blue grass country, Col. Roger Williams. When his pack goes out and is heard giving tongue, every hound from every plantation within hearing joins in by his own invitation (of course he is welcomed), and although his independent methods of hunting make him an ungovernable member of the pack,—

"He joins the glad throng
That go racing along,
For he must go hunting to-day."

Next to Kentucky, there is probably no keener lot of fox hunting men than is to be found in New England. The casual observer would never suspect it, but a little inquiry among the rival towns will show that "the woods are full of it."

Among the organised hunt clubs of New England the Brunswick Fur Club, an organisation that was started as an annual fox hunt, but of late years has come to be a hound show with

field trials, brings together a very large number of fox hunters, hound breeders and fanciers with representative hounds of private packs from Virginia, Kentucky and even South Carolina.

The Norfolk Hunt at Medfield, Massachusetts, is one of the smartest up to date hunt clubs of New England. The genial M. F. H., Mr. Henry Vaughan of Boston, has devoted much personal attention to the organisation and the building of a very attractive club house. A better stud of high class heavy weight hunters it would be hard to find in any American Hunt. Mr. Vaughan hunts a drag pack, also a wild fox pack, so there is something doing nearly all the time. The huntsman is a man of great experience in kennel management and a nailer to follow when hunting the hounds. The hunt is over rough stone walls and timber country.

The Myopia Hunt at Wenham is to Boston what the Meadowbrook is to New York. The writer has no personal knowledge of this club, but its reputation has gone far and wide, especially as one of the wealthiest hunt clubs in America, and as "money makes the mare go" they have certain advantages perhaps over their less favoured rivals.

The writer's ideal sportsman is the man or woman who knows the game from A to Z. He would eliminate every pastime from the list of sports that did not begin and end in the skill and prowess of the sportsman himself. A man who rides his own racehorses is a sportsman, the man who races horses with a jockey may be a sport, but he is no nearer to being a sportsman than a person who pumps a pianola is to being a musician. The man who sails his own yacht is a sportsman, the man who togs out in yachting clothes, because he has a steam launch and a hired man to run it, may pass for a yachtsman, but not for a sportsman. Motoring, except racing between owners who drive their own cars, may be called recreation, but it is too much of a tax on imagination to call it sport or the owners sportsmen.

It must not be inferred from the above that there are no genuine sportsmen among wealthy Americans. While wealth seems to be a great handicap to sportsmanship, many men in our country are justly entitled to the distinction in spite of wealth, and furthermore, the writer believes the hunting field affords more numerous examples of this than any other American sport.

For instance, the blood of some good old British sportsman, after lying dormant for many years, has lately come to life with the freshness of spring in the person of Mr. A. Henry Higginson, Master of the Middlesex Hunt, who resides at South Lincoln, some eighteen miles west of Boston, Mass. Mr. Higginson is not only the proud possessor of one of the best packs of English Foxhounds in America, but better still, he has caught the true spirit of hound breeding and has given the subject his personal attention. Beginning some ten years ago, Mr. Higginson tried many experiments with beagles until in 1903 he felt ready to undertake the main object he had always had in view, the formation of a really A No. 1 pack of hounds.

The Middlesex Hunt is favoured with a good class of landowners, who welcome the riders and hounds over their fields. A gamekeeper is employed who spends much of his time in looking after the young foxes that are raised in the Middlesex territory and in stopping their earths prior to a day's hunting. This makes it possible to kill, and this is essential, for it is certainly very discouraging to hounds, if not to riders, to go out day after day and season after season for this purpose and never to accomplish it.

If you want a good time all the time, pay a visit to the Middlesex Kennels. A walk and talk with Cotesworth, the huntsman, when he goes out to exercise the pack or when feeding his forty odd couples of most promising puppies, will surely be accounted a treat, for there is probably not a better

A. HENRY HIGGINSON ESQ., M. F. H.

posted or more experienced huntsman and hound breeder in America. It is a well grounded notion in America that we cannot breed foxhounds with the bone, style and carriage as seen in England. This, as the writer has always maintained, is a mistake, and it is a great pleasure to see the success that Cotesworth is having in developing these qualities at the Middlesex Kennels. It is also most gratifying to know that the American-bred hounds from imported English sires and dams are showing a greater inclination to work out a cold line than either their sires or dams. This goes to prove quite conclusively that it is possible that the fault with the English hounds brought to this country is not so much a question of nose which prevents their following a cold line, but indifference or lack of inclination to hunt such a line. Of course it amounts to the same thing, so far as producing results, but the writer has long been of the opinion that it is not so much the noses of English-bred hounds that are at fault, as that never having been called upon to do such plodding work in England as is necessary in this country, they quit, not because they cannot follow the line, but because they won't.

We are offered a good illustration of this at Middlesex. The hounds bred there from English parents work with more persistency than the best of the imported ones.

Mr. Higginson's great stud dogs, Vaulter and Vanguard, in conformation at least, are very superior foxhounds. Their wonderful depth of body and lung capacity, great bone and muscle, as indicated by the size of the forearm, almost faultless feet, together with grand carriage of the head and stern, make them hard ones to beat. Vaulter's measurements are as follows: height from flags to breast between forelegs, twelve inches, height at shoulders twenty-five inches, height of body at stern twenty-five inches, girth of forearm eight and one-half inches. If these measurements are compared with those of the great Gambler, that Gillard pronounced the most perfect

hound ever produced in England, it will be seen that Vaulter comes very near to fitting the scale. Be that as it may, he is a very grand specimen.

Mr. J. I. Chamberlain, who was referred to in the preface. designed Mr. Higginson's kennels, which possess so many valuable features. Not only is the Master to be congratulated on the up-to-date manner in which he has equipped the Middlesex Hunt establishment, but the great fox hunting fraternity at large is under lasting obligations to him for the interest he has taken in hound breeding. The writer believes his exertion in this particular, will prove the beginning of a competition in hound breeding among masters of hounds in America that will not only add greatly to the interest of fox hunting, but elevate the standard of the American bred hounds, be they of American or English descent, to the same exalted position which they enjoy in England.

The Meadowbrook Hunt, with kennels at Hempstead, Long Island, has a wide reputation among the society folks and is on that account often spoken of as "the Swagger Hunt of America."

While under the mastership of that most gentlemanly all round sportsman, Mr. Ralph Ellis, it was the writer's good fortune to visit the country for a few days and to participate in the chase.

The Meadowbrook was in those days a drag hunt, pure and simple, but since then through the efforts of some real hunting spirits, a pack of English bred hounds were imported for hunting the wild red fox with which that portion of the island has been liberally stocked. The writer, however, only speaks from his personal experience with the club as a drag hunt. Although this style of riding to hounds can, by no stretch of the imagination, be called hunting, it has the advantage of insuring the members, most of whom are business men in town, a sure gallop every time they go out.

R. N. ELLIS ESQ., M. F. H.

While the club has often been ridiculed by New York city papers, nowhere in America, or in the world, let us hope, can any other hunt club be found riding to such stiff timber fences, and nowhere in America at least that the writer has ever ridden, except in the chase of the coyote and Jack Rabbits with greyhounds on the open plains, is the pace as fast as it is with the Meadowbrook draghounds.

It is simply a cross country steeplechase with a racing pack of hounds instead of a flagged course to lead the way. The writer will never forget his first flight over those post and rail fences. He was mounted on Mr. C. A. Steven's "Doctor," a son of Macbeth, whom the writer had reared and schooled in the Genesee Valley. A most powerful jumper.

The meet was at the beautiful club house adjoining the kennels at Hempstead. There were at the hunt more pink hunting coats and high silk hats in evidence than could be collected among all other hunt clubs in America. It made a very pretty sight which would have been a credit to any of the fashionable packs of the famous grass countries of England, appointments perfect and the best lot of hunters to be found in a single hunt in the United States. At the meet "Doctor" moped about, and in company with horses, mostly clean thoroughbreds, he looked and felt more like a lumbering farm horse than a hunter. In this respect he was the most deceptive horse the rider ever owned. To see him going to a meet you would think he was being ridden home from a day's ploughing. To see him going at his fences when hounds were ahead of him, you would say that he was the most resolute, spirited charger anywhere to be found, bold, determined, straight going, and the cleanest timber jumper a man ever rode. "Doctor" never hesitated or wavered. His inspiration, however, seemed to come from the hounds, for as an exhibition jumper, he was not even ordinary.

We had hardly left the club house when the hounds broke

away and were off like the crack of a gun. The Doctor and his mount were not expecting trouble to begin so soon and were quite behind, but not for long. The Doctor always jumped clear of his fences in the Genesee Valley, but in the Meadowbrook he left the first half-dozen fences with feet instead of inches to spare. There was no steadying him down to them. He took them all flying in true steeplechase form. Mr. Stevens promised the writer the ride of his life and he had it, but he felt like the girl who said after her first ride down the toboggan slide at the Quebec Ice Carnival, "I would not have missed it for a thousand dollars." "Then ride again?" "No, not for two thousand." Those can laugh who will at the swagger Meadowbrook, but if those who laugh would follow that hunt over stiff Long Island fences, they would find they had no heart or face to laugh, for the chances are their hearts would be in their mouths and their faces in the dumps.

At any rate, the writer has a most profound respect for the pluck and nerve of the men who ride and the courage and endurance of the horses that carry them across the Meadowbrook country.

The late Mr. P. F. Collier, editor of "Collier's Weekly," and M. F. H., of the Meadowbrook, a sportsman through and through, kept a grand pack of English bred staghounds at his country home in New Jersey. Mr. Collier rode at about two hundred and fifty pounds, which meant his hunters must not only be above ordinary but extraordinary as to weight, bone and muscle, and so they were in this respect. They looked the pick of Ireland and very similar to the noted heavy weight Irish hunters in the hunt stables of Lord Rothschild, or his brother, Mr Leopold de Rothschild, at Tring, and Leighton Buzzard, England, where we shall attempt to take the reader in a later chapter.

This stag hunt is unique, in that the stags to be hunted are the large white-tailed deer, which he had collected

THE LATE P. F. COLLIER ESQ.

MR. P. F. COLLIER'S STAGHOUNDS

for him in Texas. Instead of keeping these in a small enclosure, as is the usual custom abroad, where they hunt the crated stag, these animals, eight or ten of them, are kept in a large-sized field, partly natural forest. Every day a collie dog is taken into this enclosure and gives them all a good chase, the object being to keep them hard and fit for running. They have a small paddock adjoining the one they are in, into which they can jump after they have been chased. They soon learn that this particular enclosure is a harbour of safety and usually return to it of their own accord.

On a hunting day a stag, instead of being carted and driven to a meet and there "enlarged," is liberated from a shed in the main enclosure and sent away by the collie dog for six or eight miles in any direction he may choose to take. The collie is then called in and after an hour or so the hounds are brought out and are cast into a covert in the most natural way for finding a stag, independent of the known point at which he entered the covert. In case of failure, of course, the huntsman can always lift hounds onto the known line of entrance to the covert. When the hounds pick up the trail and the chase is on the stag leads them a merry gallop for ten or fifteen miles, but when the hounds begin to press him too hard for comfort and he tries one or two streams or ponds of water as a means of throwing them off, it finally occurs to him that there is in the world at least one harbour of safety, i. e., the little paddock adjoining his enforced enclosure and to this he flies with the unerring judgment of a homing pigeon. When he arrives there he finds a place in the high fencing let down for him. A servant is on the lookout to close it after him. The hounds race up to the spot where the stag entered the enclosure and are suitably rewarded with a "worry" of fresh meat, provided for the occasion. The riders who have been able to follow are there to cheer them as they eagerly devour their reward. The chase is over, the day is done, after which the hounds are kenneled, and

riders and horses go to their well earned repast and rest.

There are some special features about hunting in Virginia that distinguish that country from all others. Especially is this true about hunting in Warrenton.

If you are not a judge of "horse flesh" or if you cannot talk horse sideways and backwards morning, noon and night, take the writer's advice and keep away from Warrenton. They have got the horse fever down there and badly. The only difference between Warrenton, Va., and Lexington, Kentucky, is that at the latter place they talk horse and breed them, as they make and take their whiskey, straight; but in Virginia they sing it with variations. That's not all, "the Virginia horses themselves are so well schooled," says Mr. Maddux, the well known M. F. H. of the Maddux Fox Hounds and also Master of the Warrenton Drag Hunt, "that many of them can speak in several foreign tongues." Herewith is a full page illustration of Mrs. Maddux on her celebrated grey hunter, Torchlight. It is evident from the photograph that Mrs. Maddux is also most proficient. She sits her horse to perfection and her hands, with slackened bridle reins, show her a cross country riding artist and a past mistress in the science of negotiating fences.

The writer had a most delightful visit at the charming country seat of Mr. and Mrs. Maddux, and a day with Mr. Maddux's hounds over a grand hunting country, but he caught the horse fever, therefore he talks horses in this chapter. He can't help it; they say that after his visit to Virginia, he talked horse in his sleep.

The one thing in Virginia that most impressed the writer was the bone they are producing in their hunters. It certainly looks as if Virginia was destined to be the coming hunter-horse-breeding centre of the United States. At least it is not at all venturesome to predict that from Virginia is to come the Irish hunter of America.

MRS. JAMES K. MADDUX ON TORCHLIGHT

The writer can hardly close this chapter on hunting in America without calling attention to the special features of at least one other hunt club, the Rose Tree Hunt.

A thirty minutes ride from Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania R. R. landed the writer at Media, a mile and a half from the Old Rose Tree Hunt Club. A bus soon had him at the club house, where he was made welcome by a few of the members who were putting up there for the night.

The club properly consists of a beautiful farm of about 75 acres, over which is laid a steeplechase course, on which the club holds a race meeting every fall for the entertainment of its members and the farmers over whose lands they ride, and for the country-side at large. These meetings are old time-honoured events and are attended by a large number of people from Philadelphia, Baltimore and the surrounding country. The club house is an old-fashioned Colonial mansion, fitted up to meet the requirements of the members. There is no attempt made at display; the house is a model of comfort and convenience and is beautifully adapted for the purpose for which it is now being used. Also on the grounds are stables with ample accommodation for horses and a first class kennel equipment.

To toast one's shins on a cold winter's night before the hunt club fireplace, with such venerable men as Henry E. Saulnier, the president, and J. Howard Lewis, vice-president of the club, is indeed a treat. The former is now (1905) in his ninety-sixth year and the latter is in his ninety-first year. Both of these gentlemen give fox hunting the credit for keeping their wills from going to probate.

In chasing the fox they have literally outridden Father Time, who sharpened his scythe and started after them nearly a hundred years ago.

I will never forget hearing these two dear old fox hunters talk over their hunting days of forty or fifty years ago, how

this one came a cropper over a stone wall at Edgemont and how some other one got the brush after a four hour run with snow on the ground, and a hundred and one reminiscences which they love dearly to relate of days gone by. Mr. Saulnier is unable to ride any longer or to take any part in club affairs, but Mr. Lewis still retains a lot of his old time vigour and now in his ninety-first year he can be seen almost every day riding his favourite saddle horse in Media or going to and from the club.

Emanuel Hey, one of the directors of the Rose Tree Hunt, is a true sportsman of the real sort and did much to make the writer's visit to that club something to recall with pleasure.

"Only a few years ago," said Mr. Hey, "I jokingly said to Mr. Lewis, then in his eighty-sixth year, 'I would like to gallop my horse against one of yours.' 'All right,' replied Mr. Lewis, 'you can do it any day you please. How would the afternoon of our next monthly dinner suit you?' " 'That would suit me all right,' replied Mr. Hey, thinking that would be the last he would hear of the matter. Not so Mr. Lewis; he was there on the hour and demanded the race. Mr. Hey suggested that some one of the younger men ride Mr. Lewis' horse as he did not want to take the chances of the old gentleman being hurt or fatigued. To this Mr. Lewis, full of his old time sporting fire, rather tartly replied, 'You challenged me to ride you a race and I'll ride this horse myself or he don't start. Now then, are you going to ride this race with me or back down?' "

It was a race over the club's course, a mile and a quarter. Mr. Lewis won in a punishing finish by half a length, amid the shouts and throwing of hats by the lookers on.

The Rose Tree Hunt Club claims the honourable distinction of being the oldest organised hunt club in America, dating from 1859. The characteristic feature of the club is that they hunt with the old style American hounds with long

ears and deep voices. These hounds seem especially well adapted to hunt that part of the country. In colour they are "Ring streaked and speckled," nevertheless they are as fine a hunting pack of hounds as one would care to see. With such an old hunt club it would be a pity ever to depart from this style of hound. The pride in the hunt is the fact that they are preserving as nearly as possible the original American type of hounds, and all other customs and traditions of ye olden times. May they never change it for more modern notions, but preserve it forever without taint or tarnish. As the years go on this feature will become more and more interesting and as such, it would be a shame ever to destroy it.

Another delightful old time feature which the club members are most assiduous in preserving is a monthly supper, "On the full of the moon," not only during the hunting season but for every month in the year. Pennsylvania farmers have always been noted for their sacred observance of doing important things on the full of the moon—"hog killing," "barn raising," and many other events of the year. Agreeable to this time-honoured custom the members of the Rose Tree Hunt come together thirteen times a year when the sign is right. They also say that the man in the moon is the proper one to get full on these occasions and saves a lot of big-headedness, which makes such a difference, especially the next morning.

Not only do these Rose Tree sportsmen entertain themselves in this most delightful manner, but they do not forget the farmers, to whom they are beholden for the courtesy of crossing their land. Twice a year at the beginning and closing of the season, they give them a dinner, the members of the club putting on aprons and waiting upon their guests,—millionaires and farmers, railroad presidents and gardeners. It is the most democratic club I have ever visited.

The writer has had a good deal to say about class and

snobbishness among American sportsmen. It is indeed a pleasure to find a club like the Rose Tree, practising true democracy as a democratic people in a democratic nation should. It is as delightful as it is simple. It is at least the writer's idea of what a thoroughbred American sportsman is like. Long live the Rose Tree Hunt, to preserve and transmit examples of unadulterated Americanism, pure American hospitality and true American sportsmanship.

This club hunts nothing but the wild fox, of which there are fortunately plenty. The club rules forbid the use of the hounds for drag hunts. It is a hunt club pure and simple; the best of good fellowship prevails; the farmer and his son are welcome guests at the club house and in the runs, where every man is on an equal footing. Visitors are always welcome and one is always sure of a good day's sport.

The writer rode out with the Rose Tree Hounds from the kennels for a short run. As there was snow on the ground the hounds were somewhat slow in finding, and as the writer had made an appointment with John Valentine, M. F. H. of the Radnor Hunt, to spend the afternoon with his hounds, he was obliged to quit early in the day. As luck would have it, he missed the hunt of the season with the Rose Tree, as will be seen from the following letter, which he received a few days later from Mr. Hey, who gives such a delightful description of the run, that it would be a pity to omit it from these pages. It reads as follows:

My Dear Mr. Peer:

You may regret as long as you live missing the experience of last Saturday. After you left us, we had one of the most enjoyable days to hounds it has ever been my good fortune to get into.

We left the kennels as you know, about eight, and started for the west Chester Barrens, a covert about five miles from

THE MEET

THE MEADOWBROOK HOUNDS

and my only regret is that you and all other good *hunting* men who hunt for the love of the sport were not in it. It was without doubt the best day I ever had to hounds and I have followed the game for a great many years.

Yours truly,
EMANUEL HEY

A southern sportsman of the old school I see—
A perfect gentleman born,
He knows a good horse and loves a good hound,
He likes a mint Julep wherever it's found,
And a moonlight ride with the horn.

II

FOX HUNTING IN THE SUNNY SOUTH

HUNTING DOGS IN THE SOUTH—POLITICS AND FOX HUNTING—VISITING A SOUTHERN PLANTATION—A SOUTHERN SPORTSMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL—JIM.

ONE may safely say there is hardly a plantation south of the "Mason-Dixon" line, and east of the Mississippi, where one could not find a few dogs which are principally devoted to fox hunting.

In a personal letter from Col. Roger Williams, of Lexington, Ky., he says "there are 100 counties in Kentucky and each had from two to twenty packs of hounds and two-thirds of the farmers without packs own two or more hounds." Many of these so-called hounds are nondescript mongrels, but they *can* hunt. Some of them are as good at opossum as they are at fox. They will "trail" the former by day, the latter by night, and in either case give good sport, especially when one comes to know the game, and appreciate it from a southern sportsman's point of view.

The Southerner, be he poor white, negro or one of the "first families," is a born hunter. Fox hunting in the Southern States is not an occasion for dress or display of any kind except

good horsemanship. The whole question, as a rule, begins and ends with the hunting qualifications of the hounds.

It does not seem to matter much which end of the dog the tail is on, so long as it does not interfere with his nose, his tongue, or his staying qualities. He may not have meat enough on his bones to keep them from rattling; he may have a chronic case of the mange, and a flea for every hair; but as long as he does not stop to scratch the one or hunt the other when once he strikes a trail, no matter. As may be imagined, there has been developed or evolved in the Southern States a race of dogs—one can hardly call them hounds—that for pure hunting qualities and endurance have no equal in any country. There are a few careful breeders, who have a little regard for type or family characteristics, but as a rule there is the greatest diversity among southern dogs that go under the name of "American hounds."

What the southern sportsman dwells on mostly is the fact that his hound can start a fox in the morning, "trail" him, as the expression is, all day and all night, come home to breakfast the next morning with the pads of his feet worn through, have something to eat, take a nap behind the kitchen stove, then start out again of his own accord to "trail" for another day and night. This is the kind of animal they are all striving after, that seems to be the sum total of excellence in the so-called American hound. It is not at all strange, therefore, that in the question of nose and endurance these dogs have no equals.

Nor is it any wonder that a dog whose ancestors have been brought up in this particular school should hunt or trail all around the best English bred foxhounds, who usually make a sorry display of themselves when put to a similar test.

The writer saw in a fox hunting pilgrimage through the Sunny South many dogs that did not have a thing about them to distinguish them from common mongrels. "Hunts herself

to death," says the proud possessor, "can't keep her at home." There is sure to be added, to an account of her great trailing qualities, "There is not a better hound in the state, no matter where they come from." The writer never met a man in all his travels, or while living for a time in the South, who did not have among his dogs at least one that was "the best in the state."

Pardon for dwelling over long on this point, but no one can understand what fox hunting means in the South until this question of hound requirements and hound management is disposed of. Even where these two requirements in a hound are developed to perfection, and where fox hunting is the universal sport of the country, it is a very rare thing that these hounds overtake and kill their game. That's not at all essential to the happiness of a southern sportsman. The prime object is to see hounds hunt and listen to the "heavenly music." The owners know the country, and the habits of the foxes chased from certain coverts, so well that the moment hounds give tongue in any particular wood, the owner rides to a certain point where he may view the chase as it goes past. Having arrived at the point ahead of the game, he lights his pipe, and waits and listens to his hounds. When finally he hears them coming, he says "That's Old Barter," or "Claw Hammer," as the case may be, whichever hound seems to be leading, for each one is distinguished by its voice. The sound grows fainter, and you suggest "The game is going the other way." "No," replies your host, "he has only made his usual double back, and will be passing here in the next ten minutes."

Many of the keenest southern fox hunters prefer to hunt by moonlight, because the music carries farther in the stillness of the night. Again this is the time foxes are always on foot.

When fox and hounds have passed a given point, our host rides to some other point where he is nearly certain the fox will pass again in making back towards the place of starting. It

is astounding how seldom southern fox hunters are at fault in placing themselves. Again he puts fire to his corn-cob pipe, and awaits events. When he has had enough of this, and it sometimes takes all night to satisfy him, or he thinks his hounds have had all they ought to do for one night, he toots his cow horn and calls them in. The older ones generally obey, but if they feel like playing truant, and going on with the game, on they go, getting in for breakfast or at any time of night, or the next day which marks the limit of their endurance.

This may be said to be the general principle on which fox hunting is carried on throughout the Southern States. This would not please our English friends. A ride to hounds in England that does not include a kill is generally looked upon as something of a farce. The writer, who was brought up after the English style of riding to hounds, naturally prefers that way. He wants to say, however, that he has hunted enough in the Southern States to become thoroughly interested in the game, and believes for the nature of the country and the game and the hounds that it is the best adaptation of the sport to be had, and he can readily understand, if he lived in that country, and owned hounds, he would certainly do as the Southerners do. Only he would go in more for looks, and style and character, in hound breeding, which he believes can be maintained and improved consistently with the southern requirements of nose and endurance.

The better to illustrate a fox hunt as conducted in the South, it may not be amiss to take the reader to visit an old southern plantation, and devote a day to the game as it is played throughout the Southern States. Having introduced the reader to the southern hound, southern foxes, and the general methods of pursuing the chase, it only remains to present the southern sportsman himself. This probably can best be accomplished by taking the reader to visit the home of a southern gentleman of the old school—one who still breeds

COL. J. CHINN AND MR. H. S. WALKER: TYPICAL SOUTHERN RIDERS

and hunts his own hounds, as in the palmy days "befo' the wah," when plantation life was at its zenith, and southern chivalry was in flower.

Although those good old plantation days are greatly modified or have disappeared altogether, and although a victorious army freed the slaves, devastated the land, and ruined the people financially, there was one thing that could not be destroyed, one custom more powerful than a president's proclamation, one thing an invading army could not demolish, or poverty put to flight; i. e., the hunting instinct of the Southern people. That at least remains. It had been bred into the bones; it runs in the blood; like the spots of a leopard, it cannot be changed.

As a southern hound fancier once told the writer, "Every poor man could keep at least one hound, and every d— poor man could keep two"—and most southern sportsmen after the war trained in the latter class.

It is not uncommon for a politician to stump the country, going from town to town with his pack of hounds, making speeches in the evening and closing with an invitation for all to meet with his hounds the next morning for a day's hunting. The following evening they are at the next village to repeat the speech and invitation.

The following interesting letter from Colonel Roger Williams of Lexington, Ky., dated June 25th, 1905, says:— "Richard Redd, a noted fox hunter, was elected assessor of Fayette County, for many years in succession. He always canvassed with his pack of hounds stopping over night with his constituents and hunting in the neighbourhood.

"For several nights before election his hounds ran drags through the country. In some instances the drag was laid in the front yard and even onto the porches of the voters as a reminder.

"The present State treasurer of Kentucky," adds Col.

Williams, "is a young man and ardent fox hunter. He was the only man not on the State ticket to be elected. He canvased the entire State, stopping only with fox hunters in each county and hunting with them. He carried his election by the largest majority ever given to a candidate for the office in the State."

While living at Asheville, North Carolina, in 1887-8, the writer made the acquaintance of several southern sportsmen of the old school.

"Come down and see us," said one (whom we will call Col. Thorpe). "We will give you a genuine North Carolina welcome, a taste of our best corn whiskey, and a day's fox hunting that will put you on good terms with all mankind,—*especially the brethren.*"

Through some misunderstanding, the writer arrived by a train ahead of the one on which he was expected, and of course there was no one at the station to meet him. While inquiring the way, from a gentleman at the station, a negro went galloping past in grand style, and at a speed calculated to turn the blackest nigger boy in the place green with envy.

"Heah, you nigger! You yellow nigger on the hoss! you come heah! !" shouted the gentleman.

Finally after repeated motions and hallooing, the rider and his beautiful thoroughbred mount came sidling up to the curbstone. The grin on the boy's face, as he urged his hesitating mount to within ordinary speaking distance, was so great and full of satisfaction, that but for his ears to check it, it would have opened the top of his head like a syrup pitcher.

"Look heah," said the stranger, "Is that Col. Thorpe's hoss?"

"I reckons hit is, boss."

"What you doing riding him like that for?"

"I jes' done exercise him a little."

"Exercise him!" roared the stranger, "You're sure enough

riding that hoss to death.—See heah. This yher gentleman wants to go to Col. Thorpe's. You just jump down, and let him ride that hoss home. You heah, and if I see you riding that hoss any more like that, I'll suht'nly tell the Colonel."

The writer remonstrated. A mettlesome thoroughbred covered with perspiration, and a jockey saddle, was anything but inviting. So it was finally settled that the jockey should stay up, and pilot the writer to a place on the "pike" where he could "cut cross-lots" to the plantation. Then the jockey would ride on to say he was coming.

"Massa dun 'spect you," said the jockey, apologising, "but he'll be pow'ful glad to see you. Yes, Sah. He sure dun know you am a-comin', else he sure have been heah to meet you," etc.—until the writer was convinced beyond question no slight in hospitality had been intended.

Presently, when crossing a field beyond a piece of timber, the plantation buildings came in sight—a modest two-story house, with a wide veranda in front, and with great fluted columns supporting the roof that projected over the second story, a style of architecture very popular throughout the South, and the one best suited of all for a plantation house set upon a rise of ground, as this one was, some distance back from the "pike." Of course the house was painted white.

The numerous detached out-buildings, the slave's quarters before the war, were now occupied by coloured servants, pigs and chickens. These one-story white-washed out-buildings formed an oblong enclosure, that might be called the back yard to the mansion. This yard is usually given up to the chickens, ducks, turkeys, dogs, and negro children, with possibly a cosset lamb or two, a lame pig or a pet calf. This farm nursery is presided over by some old coloured servant, usually a woman, whose management is seldom questioned, and whose rule is law.

How home-like and inviting it all looked. As the writer came up to the front yard, all the dogs came down to meet him, together with a negro boy who shuffled along behind, grinning from ear to ear.

"Is the master at home?" we inquire.

"He'll be heah right smarth, I reckon. He'll be right glad to see you, Sah."

By this time, the dogs had inspected the writer to their satisfaction, and had smoothed down their back hair as a sign that he might pass. With the darky boy in front carrying the grip, and the dogs, now wagging their welcome, we arrived at the house.

In the meantime, we had been joined at a respectable distance by two or three negro children. Old Hannah, the cook,—as one could tell by the fulness of her form—attracted by the racket the dogs had been making, came around the corner of the house, her hands folded under her apron, the whites of her eyes shut out by a corresponding large opening in the lower part of her face. Just behind her was a little ebony nigger, about three years old, holding on to the corner boards of the house, and sticking his head around to see what was going on. He was dressed in a single garment—a shirt that had evidently been made for him when he was several years younger. His skin was so black and shiny as to suggest stove polish. Presently, his mammy spied him and then the pair disappeared around the corner, the youngster howling lustily in response to the flat of his mother's bare hand on his shiny black trousers, or what would have been trousers if he had had a pair on.

Just as the procession reached the lower steps of the porch, the front door opened, and the Missis and children were there to show their welcome.

The dogs went into ecstasies about the Missis when they saw the writer was welcome, as much as to say, "See what

we have brought you." We were soon seated in the parlour, the four dogs lying about Madam's chair.

Madam was a fine and typical Southern lady, with a queenly way and natural dignity enough for the wife of the President of the United States. Her hair was grey but her face was young. Altogether, she had the stamp and carriage of a lady of great refinement and considerable culture.

The conversation turned to dogs. Nellie Bly was the favourite bird dog. She never flushed her birds, and was also a good retriever. Sancho, a hound, was a first class dog for trailing possum. He never told a lie. When he gave tongue, you could depend a possum was on foot before him. Dixy was a splendid rabbit dog by day, and would run a possum equally well at night. Jackson, a promising young setter, was pardoned for many short-comings on account of youth.

Just as the history of this fourth dog was coming to an end, the host arrived, and a little later we all went out to luncheon.

Colonel Thorpe, like his charming lady, was quite grey, with a very military bearing, sharp, quick eyes that were full of temper, a deep square-set jaw that gave the whole figure the stamp of resolution and determination. He wore a black frock-coat, no vest, slouched hat, riding boots and breeches. His heavy grey moustache and small goatee, added to his military carriage, made him look the real old war-horse he had proved himself to be in the War of the Rebellion.

Jim, a fine, big, up-standing negro, black as the ace of spades, waited on the table. He wore a white short coat and apron, and carved the meat at a side-board. The lunch consisted of fried chicken, sweet potatoes, corn bread, rice pudding and coffee for dessert.

"Jim," said the Colonel after dinner, "Just go over to Colonel Sacket's, and tell him we're going for a fox hunt soon

as the moon comes up, and that we would like to have him come along with his hounds."

Jim, who has a most contagious laugh, began to smile when the Colonel began to speak. He knew what was coming. His nose began to wrinkle, his eyebrows lifted. His ears began to wiggle like a mule that is getting ready to bray, and by the time his master got as far as "hounds," Jim could contain himself no more, and broke out with a chuckle that exploded into a laugh which couldn't be stopped with both hands trying to hold it down. He rushed out into the kitchen, and there was a great ha-ha, followed by such a racket that Madam went to the kitchen to see what was the matter. She took one look; evidently with the intention of reproving Jim. She came back to the table, laughing.

"Colonel, you will surely have to get rid of Jim."

"What's the racket about?" asked the Colonel.

"Well," replied his wife, trying to look serious, "Jim kicked over all the chairs, just to give himself vent."

"That nigger," interrupted the Colonel, "likes fox hunting as well as any hound I ever saw."

"And," added his wife, "he was holding Hannah's baby, heels up and head down, making him walk on the ceiling like a fly, and Hannah was taking after him with the broom."

"Old Hannah's enough for Jim," said the Colonel, as much as to say, "If Hannah is in command, no fear but that Jim will get all the punishment he deserves."

Madam failing to receive any sympathy from her husband, gets in the last word with, "I do think Jim is about the worst mannered nigger we ever had on the place," but evidently she has been saying that ever since the beginning, and the Colonel lets it go without comment.

He knows where the finest peppermint grows,
He knows the right jug in the cellar,
He knows his master is sure to exclaim,
Jim, I guess we will have one of them
Before we go in to our supper.

III

A NORTH CAROLINA FOX HUNT BY MOONLIGHT

THE MEET—A LITTLE GOSSIP ON THE WAY TO COVERT—BEFO' THE WAH—JIM'S ACCOUNT OF THE CHASE—OLD RASTUS—THE GLORY OF OLD GINGER—A MINT JULEP.

"HEAH comes Colonel Sackett," said Jim, sticking his head in the sitting-room door, and we all went out on the veranda to welcome him. There sat the Colonel on a beautiful horse, the ideal picture of an army officer. He, like my host, wore the conventional frock coat of the country, trousers to match, no waistcoat, and a broad-brimmed soft hat. He sat his beautiful horse to perfection. His full, grey beard gave him a very venerable look. He was called Colonel, as many other Southern gentlemen are, who look the rôle even if they never won the Eagles which denote the rank. His real rank during the war, which he entered as a private, was that of captain. However, "Colonel" fitted him better, as any one could see, and "Colonel" he was. As the ladies join us, the Colonel removes his hat, and remains uncovered, as the chivalry of the country demands.

At a respectable distance sat the Colonel's old servant,

"Rastus," (formerly his body servant) on a pony-built horse, a line in his hand leading to six uncommonly fine looking hounds. Hannah and three or four of her eight ebonies stood at one corner of the porch; six or eight nigger boys and stablemen and plantation hands were looking on from the other positions about the grounds.

Meanwhile, our own horses are led around into the front yard. Then up rides Jim, bigger and prouder than all combined, with six as nondescript looking hounds as ever wore a slip, crowding and straining at their lines, enough to pull the happy Jim, horse and all, wherever they wished. What a picture! The dignified Colonels, the laughing negroes, the eager hounds!

Just as we were ready to start, a delegation of politicians drove in to see Col. Thorpe, and we were obliged to go without him, Col. Sacket taking command.

"Jim," called Col. Thorpe, "Oh, Jim."

Jim rode up to the porch.

"Now, Jim," said his master, "you look sharp. Don't you let those Sacket hounds get the best of our Ginger (Col. Thorpe's favourite foxhound). If you can help her to lead fair and square, you'll be the best damn nigger on the place, but mind, if ever I heah of your doing any crookedness, you're a dead nigger, you heah me?"

"All righ', Sah," replied Jim, "I take good care 'bout all dat." "No dog war ever born what could head old Ginger," added Jim.

"Marster wouldn't ha' missed this yher chase for five hundred dollars," said Jim as an apology for his master's absence. "It mus' be pow'ful 'portant business what keep him home when a fox hunt is on. Nothin' but death ever stop him afore. Wish we had gone fo' dem gentlemen come."

Col. Sacket and the writer rode on together, while old Rastus with Col. Sacket's, and Jim with Col. Thorpe's,

THE TWO COLONELS

hounds in leash came riding along behind. It was such a charming night, not a breath of air stirring! "Just the night for a fox hunt," said the Colonel. "I like night hunting best, it is still, and you can hear the hounds at a much greater distance."

The hounds were finally liberated in a small bit of timber, and away they went, heads down, each one for himself as if hunting alone and all giving tongue as soon as the couples were removed. The lot of them would have been hung in England for babbling, but this style of hunting gives no offence in the South.

The writer will not attempt to describe the chase. It was his first experience after fox by moonlight, and in a strange wood he felt like a cat in a strange garret.

The account of what happened, we will leave to Jim, and we copy as nearly as possible his description of the chase, in reporting the events of the evening to his master when we returned.

Before we take up Jim's account, it will be quite necessary for the reader to know a few things that were imparted to the writer on the way home, after what Jim looked upon as the most eventful run he ever experienced, to say nothing of the part he played in it himself, which surely would raise him to the enviable distinction, as his master said, of being "the best d— nigger on the place."

"Marster'll sure 'nuff be pow'ful vexed with hisself that he dun see the glory of old Ginger this night." Thus began Jim, when we had said good night to Col. Sacket, and were headed for our plantation some ten miles away. This was about one o'clock in the morning. The beautiful full moon was just past the meridian. The hounds were in leash again.

"Nice looking lot of hounds, those of Col. Sacket's," suggested the writer, "but—"

"Nice nothin'," interrupted Jim with great indignation,

"dem ar houns no foxhouns 'tall, dey jus' orrinary possum dogs."

It was an awful mistake.

"I mean they are a nice looking lot of hounds, but of course they are not equal to Col. Thorpe's hounds trailing fox."

"Well, I *should* say," replied Jim, the whites of his eyes rolling at me in great disapproval, so deep and so strong that every line of his face and figure looked it.

Then Jim went on to tell how long "befo' de wah" this Thorpe and Sacket family fell into a neighbourly quarrel that almost amounted to a feud, and all on account of a fox hunt, and the question of whose hounds were the best. It seems that the fathers of the two present families,—as were their grandfathers—were noted fox hunters and hound breeders. Rivalry therefore, in fox hunting, between the two families, was very keen. It seems on one occasion that the grandfather of the present Col. Sacket, and the grandsire of the present Col. Thorpe joined hounds in a fox hunt that led to a family quarrel. Each declared his hounds the better.

"Well," said Mr. Sacket, "I would like to have your hounds about an hour. I would dump the brutes in a sack with a stone in it, and throw the lot of them into the river."

"Well, if I had your hounds," said the other, "I wouldn't even take the trouble to drown them. I'd have their d—— throats cut, and throw them in the soap grease."

This was a slur on their being nice-looking hounds, and, to Mr. Thorpe's notion, carrying too much meat.

Finally, it came on to rain, and getting under the lee of a straw stack for shelter, Thorpe said, "I'll pull straws with you to see who has the pleasure of killing the other's hounds."

And then each proceeded to pull a straw, the one getting the longest one was to be the winner. Sacket won.

"Now," said Thorpe, "I'll pull to see whether you take my plantation, or I yours. I don't care to live beside you

any longer, Sir. Neither of us will ever agree. I'll buy or sell."

"I don't care either to buy or sell," said Sacket, "but I'll draw straws with you to see who gives up his plantation to the other."

Again Sacket won.

"Now, Thorpe," said Sacket, "I have no use for those buildings. You are welcome to stay there as long as you like."

"D—— you, Sir," cried Thorpe, "I am not a subject of your charity, Sir. I will move to my other plantation in Buncorn county. Good-day."

Well, he moved out, but in taking his niggers with him, it turned out that old Peter, the grandfather of Jim, took with them to the other plantation a bitch called Ginger.

The present Ginger is her direct descendant.

Then came the war. The elder Sacket was killed outright, and the elder Thorpe died in a northern prison. The present Col. Sacket and Col. Thorpe, although but boys, hardly sixteen at the time, also went to war. After the war, young Thorpe fell in love with young Sacket's sister. They married. They are the present Col. and Mrs. Thorpe. The present Col. Sacket and his sister being the only children, each shared alike in the property, the daughter selecting the old Thorpe homestead, and this again brought the two families neighbours.

"So the plantation where Col. Thorpe lives," ventured the writer, "belongs to Madam."

"No, Sah," said Jim, "she dun marry the Kunnel, and she and de plantation all belongs to de Kunnel."

"Well, all right, go on."

Both of the boys inherited their sires' passion for fox hunting, and the keen rivalry of old between the two families was renewed. Thorpe had the blood of old Ginger in his new kennels but the Sacket pack had all been stolen or disposed of. After the war young Sacket sent to England for

some celebrated strain, and these with a lately imported English stud hound, formed the nucleus of his new kennels.

This was the state of things when the writer paid a visit to Col. Thorpe. It is quite necessary the reader should know the foregoing for what is to follow, as well as to get a correct idea of this rivalry between hound breeders all over the Southern States. The fox hunt itself, so far as the hunting part goes, is of very minor account. The sport centres, not in the pursued, but in the pursuers.

The above history of these adjoining packs is very similar to thousands of other packs all over the Sunny South. Generation after generation had handed down the history and traditions of these family packs until the war, when thousands of them were broken up (the houses and plantations as well). However, many of the old southern plantations survived, and have since been rebuilt, and once more the "heavenly music" cheers on the younger generation, in whose blood runs the unquenchable fire and spirit of the chase.

This coming together of the Sacket and Thorpe kennels, as the writer afterwards surmised, was principally on account of the writer's making a remark favourable to the English bred hound and that he wished to call on Col. Sacket, to whom he had a letter of introduction. Col. Sacket, as we have shown, was at the time using English blood. Col. Thorpe still swore by the blood of old Ginger. It was principally to convince the writer as well as to take Col. Sacket's English-bred dogs down a peg or two that the invitation was sent out for him to join us. This invitation, as the reader can now imagine, amounted to a challenge.

For the description of the events of the night, we shall, as before stated, depend upon Jim. The writer rode here and there about the wood, with Col. Sacket, or was stationed by him at given points best calculated to see the run, or sat listening on his horse, sometimes for half an hour, without hearing

a sound save the hoot of an owl, a whip-poor-will's call, or the crowing of a distant cock that mistook the moonlight night for the balmy dawn. Nevertheless, he enjoyed it all, the balmy air with its piny flavour, the aroma of the wood, nectar for the gods, and the glorious moonlight through the tree tops. What a perfect night!

We were, as Col. Thorpe had prophesied, on the best of terms with all mankind, especially the brethren (fox hunting fraternity). Add to all this, reader, please, if you can imagine it, the "heavenly music" of the hounds. How it rose and fell on the soft night air, sometimes dying down to a whimper, and then like the final chorus of a grand pipe organ, increasing in volume until it filled the forest, the fields and adjoining hills with echoing melody.

It was at least three o'clock when we reached the house. We had no more than reached the door when Col. Thorpe, dressed in pajamas, came down to hear the news.

"Oh, marster, but you ought to er been dar," cried Jim at the sight of his master. "Old Ginger done lead the pack."

"Good," cried the Colonel, "tell me all about it."

So Jim, having struck an attitude on the floor where want of chairs and tables gave him plenty of room, began, the Colonel, meanwhile, sitting on the arm of a chair, his face all aglow with expectation, anticipation and pride. If Jim had to tell how he won for him a million dollars, he could not have been more anxious.

"Fust off," said Jim, "Rastus (Col. Sacket's old coloured man who handled his hounds) gave me a big sermon 'bout de Kunnel's new hound, what he done fetch over from England. He say 'Yo old boneyard hounds am no good any mo', alongside de 'ported (imported) kind.' 'Rastus,' I say, 'You ole fool nigger, you jus' go long 'bout your business, fo' you head git so big it surely bust. Have you got any money yo' like to back your talk wid?' "

(Here Jim assumed the air of a bloated land-owner with no end of money). " 'Can meet you,' said he. 'All right, I bet yer my year's wages gin yourn you han't go no fox dog nohow, put up or shut up, and what's mo', dun you go fooling around Marster Thorpe's dogs, with none of yo' ole tricks, or I fills you so full o' lead, you sink on dry land.' "

"Did you have a gun with you, Jim?" asked the Colonel, looking serious.

"Deed I did, Sah. Ole Rastus play no salt meat game on dis nigger, no, Sah."

This referred to a trick laid to Rastus, but never proved; i. e., that he put a lot of corn beef in the woods for Col. Thorpe's hounds to find and gorge themselves on, so they couldn't run, keeping the Sacket hounds in leash until the meat was devoured. Of course, the Sacket hounds took all the honours. The incident stirred up a lot of bile and rile in the blood of both families, and although Col. Thorpe had married Col. Sacket's sister, the sore had never quite healed over to the present day.

Jim's carrying a gun was strictly against the rule, and on any other occasion, he would probably have received a severe reprimand, and had the gun taken away from him, but the Colonel was so anxious to hear about the "glory of old Ginger" that he let it pass.

"Where did you throw in?" asked the Colonel, who evidently wanted to get Jim on to the trail without further ado.

Then Jim told how he crossed this field, and that, and finally where they took the hounds to uncouple them.

"Yes, excellent place!" cried the Colonel, shifting his seat on the arm chair, as if he were now settling himself in his saddle for a burst of speed when the hounds should jump their fox, and the heavenly music should come to fill the wood, and likewise his heart.

"Then," said Jim, "we hadn't long ter wait." "That's old

England!" cried the Colonel, as one of his hounds began giving tongue. "I jus' laf," said Jim, "fo dat's no fox, nohow, dat's a possum, sure, cause ole Ginger she was right dah, and she dun say nothing about it. For shur I did laf, and I say I give ten y'ars my life if dem 'ported dogs take after a possum, an' disgrace themselves for life. 'Whar's you Ginger now?' said dat fool nigger Rastus, 'pears like she hain't got no nose, nohow.' 'See heah, Rastus,' said I, 'has yer been up to any crookedness? I just tell you right now, I got a gun for you, and I shoot you daid fo' you get out dis yher woods!' " And Jim drew his gun, and rolled his eyes, living over again his state of mind when he was between fear and doubt.

"On went de hounds, and we were waitin' and waitin', when way off to the right o' de Sacket hounds, I heahs old Ginger."

At this the Colonel cried "Good!" and Jim went into ecstasies again, like all his emotional race, as he lived the sensations over.

" 'Dat's ole Ginger,' I cried to Col. Sacket, 'your dogs only run a possum. Dat's ole Ginger, and you listen jus' a minute. Dun I tole you so,' sa' I, and shu' 'nuff all our dogs hark to ole Ginger; not a dog of Col. Sacket's in the lot, and I was fit to die for joy."

"Jim," said the Colonel, as if the news was too good to be true, "Jim, is that right?"

"Dat is squar gospil true on de Bible. Col. Sacket can say no diff'rent."

"Well," said the Colonel, to bring Jim back to the trail again, "What next?"

"Of cose I wanted to git to ole Ginger but I wanted fust to see wid my own eyes de disgrace of dem 'ported dogs. By-n-by we heah ole Ginger a-coming, and yelping every time she hit the ground. She had shur turn dat fox to bring him back, so we could see the fun. On dey comes, offle fast. I could tell she war heating Mr. Fox's jacket mos' beautiful. On dey

comes," cried Jim, "and dar" (pointing to the baseboard as if he actually saw the fox again, his eyes wide open, and his chin drooping with astonishment. The Colonel and the writer both looked more than half expecting to see a fox sneaking past)—"And dar, shu' 'nuff went past us Mr. Fox." The Colonel stood up the better to see the fox as he passed.

"On came ole Ginger," continued Jim, "bless my eyes! Oh, Marster Thorpe, dat war de bes' sight of all. She war not two rods from dat ole fox's tail, and all her chilen hard after."

The old lady was, as Jim said, showing her sons and daughters the way in great shape. This point was lost to the writer at the time. It only goes to confirm what has already been said about fox hunting in the Southern States, one must know the whole family history, not only of the hounds, but the people who hunt them in order to appreciate the game. When you do, it becomes, as the reader must imagine it was in this case, interesting beyond comparison. Let us hark back to old Ginger.

"Good old Ginger!" cried the Colonel. "There is not her equal in the State. She—"

"Say in de worl', Marster Thorpe, say in de worl'," interrupted the enthusiastic Jim. "If you see de way she laid herself long de groun' after dat are fox, 'twould dun tickle you mos' to def."

"Did you cheer her on, Jim?"

"Did I cheer her on! Well, Marster Thorpe, how can you ask such a question? Cheer her on—I jus' dun shouted my head clean off—I holler and cheer until all de woods and de hills were hollering back. Yes, Sah,—I speck dey all hollering yit. An' when she jus' look at me, out o' de corner of her eye, as she went pas', much as to say, 'dun you trouble 'bout me, Jim. I dun know my business!' " And Jim with his face sideways to his master, gave him a quick look out of his big, lustrous eyes, just to show how it was done. This pleased the

Colonel immensely, and he and Jim laughed and we all laughed together.

The writer now recalled Madam's advice to the Colonel the night before about getting rid of Jim. The reader knows now what a waste of effort this was on Madam's part. The Colonel is a poor man as riches go these days, but we doubt if he would part with Jim for a million, or old Ginger for two. The Colonel is white, and Jim is black, but in fox hunting they are two of a kind.

"What about Col. Sacket, all this time?" asked the Colonel, when the laugh had subsided.

"Well, Sah, after ole Ginger go pas' and git out o' hearing, we ride along to de top o' de hill, and shu' 'nuff we heah in de bottom de Kunnel's dogs barking up a tree, jus' as I 'spected. De Kunnel he says *'damn'* and we all goes down ter see, and shu' 'nuff, dar dey war wid de 'ported dog, his fore legs up de tree.

" 'Dey is nothin' but possum dogs,' say I.

" 'Yer right, Jim,' says de Kunnel.

" 'I'll go up de tree, and shake him out,' says I. 'De dogs am spiled for fox, and yer better make possum dogs outen 'em, and done with it. Dat 'ported dog, he dun lead your other dogs into temptation.'

" 'Yer right agin, Jim,' said the Kunnel, 'and if I had a gun, I would end his miserable life right heah.'

" 'If 't would much obleege yer, Kunnel,' said I, 'I might 'commodate you with the loan of a 'volver.'

" 'Lem me see it,' said the Kunnel.

"When I han' him my gun, he says, 'Is she loaded?'

" 'Yes,' I say.

" 'What fur?'

"I didn't like to tell him it was for his nigger Rastus, so I say, 'Jes in case yer like to shoot yer 'ported hound,' say I.

" 'Well, I do,' say he and jes' den de big, 'ported hound

come round de tree, barking like a cur, and de gun dun went off with a streak o' fire. De 'ported dog never knew what hit him. He were as dead as a do' nail, with a bullet through his head.

"When de other dogs see dis dey put da tails 'tween dar legs, and hoofed it for home.

" 'Give my compliments to Col. Thorpe,' say de Kunnel, 'and tell him he has de best pack of hounds in North Carolina,' and we lef' dat possum up de tree, and all start for home."

"Well, well, well," said the Colonel, letting himself down into the seat of the big arm-chair, in a meditative mood. "Well, well, well! Has it come at last?" Then turning to the writer, almost with tears in his eyes, he said, "For nearly one hundred years the Sacket family has been claiming the superiority of their hounds. It has caused no end of hard feeling, which on several occasions set up factions in this county, that were carried to the church and even to the state politics. Well! well! well! It has come at last," and again the Colonel gave himself to silent meditation. Jim, likewise, looked on most seriously. It seemed as if the great rejoicing had turned to mourning. But it hadn't. It was but a still deeper rejoicing on Colonel Thorpe's part. His sadness was sympathetic sadness for the final overthrow of the Sacket hounds, his ancient enemy. What if it had been the other way about? He felt the chagrin and mortification of this defeat for his neighbour, as if it had been his own brother. Still, if it had not happened, he and his neighbour would have gone on with the same family strife to the end of their days, transmitting to their descendants the same untiring efforts, each to out-do the other. If Colonel Sacket could have come in then, he would have received such a greeting as a Sacket never experienced in crossing the Thorpe homestead before.

The next day as we were all in the back yard inspecting the

last litter of puppies from old Ginger—they were nearly six months old—up drove Colonel Sacket.

"Well," said that game old sportsman, "Colonel, I congratulate you on having the best pack of hounds I ever saw. Old Ginger is indeed a wonder. My importation of English blood has proved a rank failure. I am thoroughly disgusted with the whole lot."

Not an allusion to the evening before did Colonel Thorpe make, but leading his old neighbour to the kennels, they fell to discussing the last litter.

"Which do you think the best of the lot?" asked Colonel Thorpe.

"Well," said Colonel Sacket, after he had looked and handled them all over carefully, "I think I like the white and tan dog, but the little bitch is a beauty, and marked just like her mother."

"Jim, ho, Jim, fetch a basket from the kitchen——"

"Sir," said Colonel Thorpe, "may I have the pleasure of presenting you with the pair of puppies you like best from old Ginger?"

Colonel Sacket blushed like a school-girl. He could hardly speak. When he did, he stretched out his hand, and said "Colonel Thorpe, you—you're a gentleman and a sportsman. I take these dogs in the spirit they are given, and hope that in the years to come, I shall be able to produce a pack of hounds that will be a credit to the country, an honour to the state and the very devil to chase foxes."

Then we went in and with a mint julep such as Jim only can make, we drank to the health of Col. Sacket, and his success in the breeding of American bred foxhounds, and once again to Col. Thorpe, a genuine Southern sportsman of the old school.

A New England Country Gentleman I found him,
A Sportsman as square as a box,
With hospitality as broad as his acres were wide,
With a soul unpampered by wealth or pride,
And a heart as big as an ox.

IV

FOX HUNTING IN NEW ENGLAND

UNCLE ABNER—A GENUINE SPORTSMAN OF THE REAL OLD SORT—TWO FAMOUS BIRD DOGS—A SAIL—SHOOTING THE FOX—APPLES AND CIDER.

UNCLE ABNER—everybody called him "Uncle:" it fitted him—was one of those noble specimens of American country gentlemen that were very plentiful all over New England and the Eastern States from the day of the early settlers until after the War of the Rebellion.

Since then they have gradually disappeared and there does not seem to be very much material in sight to fill their places, at least on the farms. Nowadays most of these ancient country homes are given over to the emigrant, or to a wealthy city man who owns them as toys. The profligate land policy of our government in setting up tens of thousands of emigrants yearly in the farming business is principally the cause of this deterioration in agriculture. Thus it has come about that the foreign government-made farmers have depeopled the farms of New England and the Eastern States of the grandest race of country gentlemen America has ever produced.

Agriculture in the Eastern States has steadily declined.

The sons and daughters of these country gentlemen have left the farm for the factory, so that this most noble race of men who were indigenous to the soil has been lost to the country, state and nation, swallowed up, ground to pieces or altered beyond recognition.

It is to be hoped that ultimately the government at Washington will give to agriculture the same fostering care and protection that are devoted to manufacturing industries. Whoever attempts to write the history of America in the near future, will surely say that this profligate land policy has been one of the most unstatesman-like acts committed against the American people.

There is now and then a descendant of this good old stock scattered about New England and the Eastern States, who is living in the country part, if not all, of the year. While this class may have inherited the taste for country life, they are usually depending upon a factory or business in town to support the land. Nearly every one born of agricultural parents, whose memory goes backward to the fifties will know just the kind of a man the writer is about to describe in Uncle Abner. Or as our favourite poet Williams would say:

"I'll give you a gentleman, a man, and a friend,
A nailer to handle the horn,
A man one is always prepared to defend,
Whose friendship is strong and endures to the end,
A truer sportsman never was born."

Although the writer was so unfortunate as to have been born in a city, his bringing up in the fifties was in a community of Uncle Abner's. The writer's joy in finding such a man as late as '98 is left to the reader's imagination.

Like fox hunting in the Southern States, the charm in New England centres more in the men who hunt than in the fox.

"Come down and see me, come for a week," said Uncle Abner. "We'll fill you up on pumpkin pie and buckwheat cakes. We'll give you plenty of New England air and that is the best in the world for your health. As you are built that way, we'll go fox hunting every day and coon hunting every night."

"Now see here, Uncle, you are leading me into temptation beyond my strength. Pumpkin pie, that's my favourite, buckwheat cakes are my special favourites and fox hunting—that's the last straw. 'I am yours to command.' When you are ready let me know, and I'll be there."

"What's the matter with right now? Get your grip and come along with me," and Uncle Abner's stronger will again prevailed.

Uncle Abner is a widower, and his maiden sister keeps house for him. "Just we two," explained Uncle Abner in his cutting New England humour, "and a man to do a few chores around the place and make me a lot of trouble and a hired girl in the kitchen, just to keep my sister from getting out of employment and to have something handy on the place for women folks to talk about when they call."

It was nearly evening when we arrived at Uncle Abner's farm, and soon after we were seated to a good New England dinner such as Aunt Polly knows how to prepare—a kind of dinner that is being imitated and called "A New England dinner," all over the United States, but there is only one true receipt and that the writer is inclined to think never went out of New England.

Uncle Abner had never enjoyed the advantages of a college education, but he, like many of his colleagues, possessed a fund of knowledge that is seldom met with in men who have been forced through college by the present day cramming process.

Well, Uncle Abner was one of those pioneer great men who in lieu of book learning, had received from the fates some beacon light that leads on to a grand and noble manhood, an

honour to the neighbourhood and the marvel of all who know them.

After dinner we had a social feast talking horses and politics. Uncle Abner was at one time State Assemblyman and his reminiscences of political fights were most interesting. Said Uncle Abner finally, "If we are to go fox hunting to-morrow, we'd better get out the guns so as to be all ready for an early start in the morning."

While the old gentleman was getting down his guns and ammunition, the kitchen door opened and in rushed two of the grandest pointers one would wish to see. Uncle Abner happened to have a gun in his hand at the time, in fact it was our talking gun or the smell of them that made these pointers push their way in.

They ran to Uncle Abner, smelt of the gun and then began such a race about the house as would give a shooting man something to remember as long as he lived. The writer has seen many bird dogs take on at the sight of a gun, but these two pointers, Liver and Bacon, take the prize.

They furled or double reefed every rug on the hardwood floors, out through the hall into the parlour, back again into the sitting-room, humping their backs and going like mad. The writer laughed until he couldn't make a noise, while Uncle Abner looked proudly on.

"The hounds for fox hunting," explained Uncle Abner, "we keep shut up down by the barn, as you know here in New England, we loosen the hounds and then station ourselves about as on runways for deer and shoot the fox as the hounds drive him past.

"We will go out with the hounds early in the morning, and if we get anything by noon, we will come in and try the pointers on woodcock and quails. They (the pointers) have seen us with the guns and they will be miserable if we do not take them out."

Think of a man at Uncle Abner's age going fox hunting in the morning and then bird shooting in the afternoon, just because Liver and Bacon had seen the guns and would be miserable!

The writer has spent many delightful evenings with genuine sportsmen, talking horse and gun and hounds, but the night among them all that his memory loves best to recall is the one spent with Uncle Abner, that American gentleman, farmer and fine sportsman.

We were up bright and early the next morning. The hounds loaded into a crate on a democrat wagon, a basket heavy with luncheon at our feet, the guns leaning against the seat between us—and we are ready. Liver and Bacon, meanwhile, were racing about and jumping at the old mare's head in their eagerness to see her start.

Uncle Abner explained on the way that we would drive to Lebago lake, about two miles, leave the old mare and the pointers at a livery, take a sail boat and cross the lake to an upland forest where there are plenty of foxes, and where there was little or no underbrush to obstruct the view, for as previously stated, we were to station ourselves at certain points while the hounds were expected to "jump" their fox in the bottom lands near the lake and drive them within reach of our guns. The programme was to try the hounds for foxes during the forenoon, and return to give Liver and Bacon some fun after birds, in some big stubble fields, near the livery stable, after lunch; for by that time it would be too dry to "trail" foxes any more for the day. Hounds were put "in coupling irons" and then in leash and went dragging Nelson, Uncle Abner's man, to the wharf.

Fastening the hounds in the boat house, Nelson pulled the writer and Uncle Abner out to where the "Daisy" lay nodding to her anchor buoy. He left us on board to make sail while he returned to the boat house for the hounds, which were quite

UNCLE ABNER'S NOVEL FOX HUNT

load enough for the Daisy's small dingey. The Daisy was a "cat" rigged yacht, about sixteen feet water line and twenty feet over all and seven feet beam. Removing the sail cover and setting the mainsail was the work of five minutes, and by the time the hounds were alongside everything was ready for letting go our mooring.

Uncle Abner had taken his seat in the stern, with tiller and main sheet in hand, Nelson had removed the couplings, and no sooner did the dingey touch alongside than the hounds began springing aboard. "Let go forward," said Uncle Abner, as by a quick turn of the rudder, he caused the Daisy's mainsail to fill. Nelson crawled aboard, making the dingey fast as he came.

What a delightful sail! What a perfect autumn day! the sun had but lately risen; the first gentle breeze of the morning was stirring and came to us loaded with savoury odors of a piny birchen flavour.

With one short tack, we presently arrive under the lee of a projecting headland. The Daisy is brought up into the wind, down comes the mainsail, and as her headway is nearly gone, Nelson lets go the anchor.

Hounds had been put in couples and the leash made fast to a cleat in the centreboard. Nelson puts Uncle Abner and his guest ashore and returns for the hounds. Meanwhile, Uncle Abner stations the writer some way up the hill and moves off to take up a similar position for himself some forty rods away. What a beautiful wood, free from underbrush, the great spreading tree tops in the flood tide of autumn, forming a glorious canopy of yellow and gold! The leaves were still wet with the dews of the morning, so we came to our station without disturbing a single resident of the wood. "What an ideal day for gunning," the squirrels were chattering, like gossiping fish wives on a market day. The crows were collecting in a portion of the wood farther on. We tried the sights of our guns on a circling hawk. Several honey bees went past, all in

the same direction or the opposite. How Nelson is ever to manage the hounds alone in that little dingey and get them ashore with their combined eagerness and impatience was what we were thinking of when his cheery whistle sounded down among the willows in the low land along the lake.

This told us he was ready to liberate the hounds and an answering "Toot! toot!" from Uncle Abner's horn followed. Instantly all the wood folks stopped to listen and a stillness settled over the forest that you could feel. Oh! those dreadful delightful moments, when every nerve in your body is listening, doubting, hoping as well as your ears for the challenging note of a hound. You know they are driving at their work with all their pent up energy and force. Still, what a contrast is the commotion in your mind to the stillness of this mighty forest. Think?—no, you cannot think. All your nerve and brain force is waiting to serve and think when the supreme moment comes.

Was it a whimper or a jay? Yes, it was a whimper and a challenge. For this relief much thanks, your mind seems clearer now. Then you recall it was the voice of a young hound and remember a youngster is in the party and is probably chasing a chipmunk up a tree. It must have been a false alarm because nothing more comes of it. Presently the business of the day goes on again among all the families of the wood.

What if a fox should come along now and you should miss him? This kind of fox hunting was entirely new to the writer. All that Uncle Abner had vouchsafed to say by way of putting him right was, "Now all you have got to do is to stand still in your tracks and don't let a fox slip past you." Isn't it about time a hound gave tongue? The writer began to relax his vigilance and think, when—but he is ashamed to confess it—a fox ran right past him. At first sight he was not ten yards away. BANG!! the leaves flew up from the ground at the end of Mr. Reynard's brush. BANG! a cleaner miss never was made.

Just then came the deep bay of a hound and presently the wood was full of it, but what an awful thing had happened. The writer's chagrin was complete, he was nearly run over by a fox and missed him. On come the hounds charging right past him and when he finally came out of his trance, fox, hounds and all were out of his sight.

Nelson came running up. Would the writer have courage to tell the truth when asked if he had seen the fox? But Nelson saved him the trouble, by saying, "Look sharp, he may be back here in a few moments," and on he went to the crown of the hill. This reminded the writer to load his gun again. He had learned his first lesson in the New England style of fox hunting; i. e.—when you are on a hunt you must be in the game with all your wits from the very first. A fox doesn't wait for hounds to chase him out of covert, certainly not, as the writer well knew, from the riding-to-hound standpoint. But there was the trouble, for in hunting a fox by riding to hounds your movements all depend on the hounds, in shooting your fox ahead of the hounds it is the fox you must think about regardless of the hounds. The hounds were gone an hour when we heard them coming back. By this time the cold perspiration stage that the writer had found himself in, had subsided; he had done a lot of thinking and had given some real close attention to hunting. He felt it would be a smart fox that would play that trick on him a second time.

Bang! went Uncle Abner's gun. It never spoke but once and Mr. Fox never went the length of himself after. Hounds came up, we ate some lunch, while Nelson took off the pelt, mask and brush and rewarded the hounds for their toil.

No allusion was made to the writer's worse than miss and he let it rest until the time came to talk it all over in the evening, by a cheery grate fire, a pan of apples and a pitcher of cider.

Fortunately, perhaps, for the visitor's peace of mind, he redeemed himself somewhat in the afternoon, shooting over

Liver and Bacon, but that is in pickle for another story. Suffice it to say that it was altogether as glorious a day's sport as the most exacting could wish—yachting, fox hunting and shooting all in one day, and best of all the companionship of a New England country gentleman, and all round sportsman of the real old sort.

To Harry Petrie, Denver, Colo.

Of all the good fellows I ever have met
The Westerner discounts them all,
No better breed for all the year round,
Ever rode a cayuse or cheered on a hound,
Or rounded a steer in the fall.

V

WITH HORSE AND HOUNDS ON THE WESTERN PLAINS

JACK RABBIT—COYOTE AND WOLF HUNTING—THE SPORTING PARSON—WESTERN WAYS—A THOROUGHBRED SPORTSMAN.

OVER all the great plains and cattle grazing countries of the United States, from the Mississippi to the Rockies, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, Jack rabbits are found nearly everywhere.

Coyotes are plentiful, and the wolf, though greatly reduced in numbers and range, still has, like the Indian, reservations where he continues to live, if not to flourish. In whatever neighbourhood, community or colony you find one of these three families, there you will also find some good, local hunting blood, with a few good dogs, well adapted to the locality, and any amount of genuine hospitality.

You occasionally find an enthusiast who does nothing but hunt all winter and nothing but think and talk about it all summer; but for the most part hunting on the plains is done as a recreation and is indulged in whenever the spirit moves, or a

friend or a stranger comes along who expresses a desire to see the sport.

The Jack rabbit needs no introduction, except to say he is not a rabbit at all but a hare. He resembles the rabbit in build, but is about twice as large. He does not burrow like a rabbit, but breeds above ground and when pursued, seldom, if ever, takes to ground even in a rabbit or badger country, where burrows are most numerous. The coyote is the outlaw and scavenger of the plains; he lives on rabbits which he tracks by scent like a dog. He picks the bones of all unfortunate cattle whose lives come to an end while afield.

He is about half way between a fox and a wolf and resembles one quite as much as the other. He has not the cunning of the former, the opinion of some of my coyote friends to the contrary notwithstanding. Like the wolf, he is a coward, but becomes bold and aggressive when in bands. They are generally found separate when hunting their smaller prey, such as rabbits and prairie dogs, but when hunger is upon them they organise, as in guerrilla warfare, and will pull down a calf or a yearling, or even a bullock or cow, that is too sickly or weak to resist them.

Mr. Harry Petrie, who has a ranch near Denver, lost twenty-seven yearling heifers in one season, that were pulled down by coyotes. This turned Mr. Petrie's milk of human kindness to wormwood and gall. He bought some nondescript dogs of foxhound extraction to begin with; these he gradually weeded out and in their places has one of the best packs of pure greyhounds for coyote hunting in Colorado. From hunting his foe for revenge he now hunts him for sport. Although he has taken from twenty-five to fifty head of coyotes a year for the last ten years he still remembers the death of his Herefords. He says, "It does me more good than a feed of oats to see a coyote pulled down."

When pressed by hounds a coyote usually runs to others of

his tribe with a view of banding together so that when the hand to hand contest comes on, the fight will be in their favour. If, in these chases, two or three coyotes find themselves pressed by a single hound they turn on him and his life is only rescued by bringing on the pack.

Mr. Petrie has had several hounds killed by being led into such a trap and has many times saved the lives of others by coming to the rescue or sending in a timely shot from his six shooter. The coyote alone, as before stated, is a coward, but when finally overtaken he puts up a fight that would tickle an Irishman to death.

We need not dwell on his habits more, but leave it to the chase itself to bring out his most pronounced features. As to the wolf, he is well understood by everyone. What boy has not read all about wolves and how they band for attack? Who has not seen pictures of them pursuing a horse and cutter on a stormy night, where the horse was being driven for dear life to escape; or where their pursuit has been stopped by shooting one of the gang, which the others stopped to devour?

An occasional magazine article and personal reminiscence of western men had been coming to the writer for some time as to Jack rabbit, coyote and wolf hunting with horse and hound, in some parts of the Western States, and he thought he would like to include a chapter or two on this form of the chase. To accomplish this he made a hunting tour through Colorado and Kansas, that he might see the game with his own eyes and be able to give his personal experiences and impressions. They may prove unsatisfactory to his western friends, whose ideas and views are somewhat at variance in different districts, and who may fail to understand how coyote hunting in one part of the State differs from that in another. The writer does not pretend to give the best way, but to tell what he saw, as he saw it. He had no idea, however, of the extent of this sport, which one in the East hears so little about. The reason for this is that

there are very few organised clubs with regular meets and that the hunting of this nature is done with private or trencher-fed packs (hounds from several different owners joined for a chase) which abound wherever game of this kind is found.

The way in which it all came about was so characteristic of western sportsmen and western hospitality that we cannot do better perhaps than take the reader along from the beginning.

On being introduced to Mr. Grubb, a noted ranchman of Colorado, the writer inquired after the game of Colorado, in general, and Jack rabbit, coyote and wolf hunting in particular. "Look here," replied Mr. Grubb, "you just drop a line to Parson Uzel, of Denver; he is the man you ought to see, he is not only a great sportsman but one of the greatest ministers of the West. What denomination? Oh! No particular denomination; he just preaches. Built a great church which is filled every Sunday with miners, cowboys and the poorer classes of Denver. He is father, mother, brother and sister to the whole town, as well as to the great mining camps at Cripple Creek, Idaho Springs, etc. He plays fair and gives his people square deals every time and preaches practical, every day religion. Every year about this time or just before Christmas he organises a Jack rabbit hunt and goes out where they are so numerous as to be a pest and clears up the country and returns to town with five to seven thousand Jack rabbits. This is his yearly Christmas to the labouring classes, and especially the poor. If you want any information write him." "What is his address?" inquired the writer. "Oh! I don't know, just direct to Parson Uzel; everybody knows him. As to coyotes, whatever you do, drop in on Harry Petrie, of the Union Stock Yards, when you go to Denver. He has the best pack of greyhounds for coyote hunting in Colorado. He is a thoroughbred and if you have never ridden to greyhounds on the plains, he will give you the time of your

life. Introduction—you don't need any, but if you think you must have something, just tell him Grubb sent you."

In due time came the following from Parson Uzel. "Replying to your esteemed favour, would say you can have any quantity of Jack rabbit or coyote hunting near Denver, and I will be pleased to have you join our annual shooting party after Jack rabbits which usually takes place this month, and if you decide to come on we will try and arrange to have it take place at a time that will suit your convenience."

Who could resist such a letter as this? Well, it touched a weak spot somewhere in the writer's anatomy, and he went.

Arriving at Denver, Parson Uzel, as every one calls him, proceeded to put me right. We started out together and in less than two hours I had been introduced to the best sporting element of the city, from the Judge of the Supreme Court, to a gunsmith, from bank presidents to ranch owners, from greyhound fanciers and coursing men to cowboys whom we happened to meet on the street.

That evening there was a general round-up of the hunting talent and the following programme was decided upon.

The next day, I was to go Jack rabbit hunting with the Bartel Brothers' noted pack of greyhounds; the day following, visit Cripple Creek mining camp and have a day with the Colorado Hunt Club after coyote; then, on my return to Denver, Mr. Harry Petrie was to take me to a ranch near Kit Carson for two days coyote hunting. In the meantime the parson would make arrangements for the annual Jack rabbit round-up at Lemar, the planning of which was at once set on foot.

As to wolf hunting, the parson took me to a taxidermist who suggested two packs of hounds in Kansas. From there we went to the Santa Fé R. R. office, and after introducing me to the manager, the parson said, "My friend wants some wolf hunting and we hear of a pack doing good work at

Buckley (Kansas) on your line. Would you mind having the wire touched to your station agent at Buckley for more positive information?" Then we went to another railroad to make arrangements for the annual Jack rabbit round-up. When we went in the manager, at the sight of the parson, held up both hands. Seeing this the parson, pointing his forefinger at the official, said, "We want three sleepers next Monday night and a dining car for Lemar." (Lemar being a small station with no hotel accommodations it was necessary to take bed and board in this way for about one hundred persons for the annual hunt, with a baggage-car to bring back the game). "It is yours to command," said the genial official. I mention this to give the reader a little fuller introduction to the parson and an insight into western hospitality. They go about it in a way that is both charming and delightful. Parson Uzel is the Henry Ward Beecher of Colorado.

"Been here nineteen years," said the parson. "When I was ready to build this church (a very fine modern building seating over a thousand), I wrote a letter to some of my sporting friends, ranchmen and miners, and they all responded nobly. I went to the bank presidents of the city, and asked each for a thousand dollars, and I never asked twice. The contributions came in from ten cents to ten thousand dollars. Then," said the parson, opening a door that led into the beautiful audience room of the church, "this is the result."

The writer never asked the denomination and he doubts if either the church or the parson has any creed, but he is inclined to think whatever name it goes by, it is an every day denomination of every day religion, conducted on practical lines, by a practical man who reaches the very class that most sectarian churches repel.

Speaking of practical religion, when President Roosevelt

COLONEL ROOSEVELT

met the Rough Riders in a reunion in Colorado last year, Parson Uzel was asked to deliver the address.

He dwelt on the real bravery of the men who carried forward the ammunition; the men who carried the wounded from the field; the night pickets, and all others who were exposed to fire, without taking part in the engagement. "This required real courage," contended the parson: "These are the real heroes of a battle, these are the men and boys to whom I take off my hat with more profound respect than to the General himself, who leads the charge."

This so pleased our sportsman President that he went on the platform and said, "That's the kind of talk I like to hear, but not everyone is sportsman enough to admit it."

No wonder Colonel Roosevelt, like King Edward VII, is so thoroughly loved and respected by the people. He is first and last and all the time a genuine sportsman. Play fair and fair play are his cardinal virtues. Snobbishness is foreign to his nature. Thus the executive mansion has been consistently graced by a democratic man, selected by a democratic people to preside over a democratic nation.

Long live Colonel Roosevelt! Long live his example as a President, as a sportsman, and as a man!

"So from their kennels rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express."

SOMERVILE.

VI

JACK RABBIT HUNTING WITH GREYHOUNDS

"IN THE BEGINNING"—MESSRS. BARTEL BROTHERS' FAMOUS PACK—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DOG SHOW ON EARTH—COYOTE HUNTING AT COLORADO SPRINGS.

THE good book says "in the beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth." When coursing men wish to tell you how long ago it was that the chase of the rabbit and hare began, they use the same form of speech. They say, "In the beginning, the lord made a Rabbit and when He looked upon him He said, 'Very good.'" It was discovered that this new creature had an unusual turn of speed; this suggested a similar animal to be especially adapted for running, hence the Hare. Although the rabbit was himself something of a sprinter the hare could run rings all about him, and soon *"streaked it"* out of sight and bounds. To prevent a recurrence of this streaking business the greyhound was invented, with just enough speed to overtake and turn the hare back on his track, thus keeping him in view and from racing out of bounds. This the coursing men say was the origin of the rabbit, the hare, the greyhound and the chase. It also accounts for man himself, who according to the same authorities was built to enjoy the sport and to pass it along down the generations to the end of time.

In claiming all this and more as the *true* history of the beginning of the chase the writer merely wishes to voice the sentiments and traditions of coursing men and greyhound fanciers the world over. It is barely possible, however, that somewhere along down the line of traditional descent, some enthusiastic lovers of the chase may have "said more than their prayers," and that some allowances must be made for the inaccuracy that invariably creeps into all traditions and history. Nevertheless, there is an abundance of proof that the greyhound is one of the oldest, if not *the* oldest, family of the canine race. It is believed by many—Darwin notwithstanding—that the greyhound is the original stock from whence all other branches of the race descended. They are certainly not a modification of any other known species of family. It is a well authenticated fact, also, that coursing the hare was a favourite sport with our fathers, centuries before the good news came to earth that "a child was born." Yes, ages before this our fathers cheered on the chase as we are cheering it on to this day. It may be a weakness perhaps in coursing men to dwell as they do on the antiquity of their favourite sport, but it is, after all, a happy reflection, to know we are pursuing a game that our ancestors played at centuries before Rome was born; and still the grand old sport goes on and its followers of to-day are living over and over again the glorious days of their fathers, while preserving to the generations yet unborn the customs and traditions of the chase.

Xenophon (400 B. C.), we are told, left a vivid description of hunting the hare, and a younger Xenophon, evidently a 'chip off the old block,' has laid down the following rules, which show there were real sportsmen two thousand years ago. He says:

"Whoever courses with greyhounds should neither slip them near the hare, nor more than a brace at a time, for though the hare is remarkably swift-footed and has often

beaten many dogs, yet, being started from her form, she cannot but be fluttered at heart and terrified at the hallooing and the hounds pressing close upon her; and in this way many a noble hare has often ignobly perished without an effort, showing no diversion worth mentioning." This is quite true of rabbits and hares in general, but a Jack rabbit on the plains of Colorado needs no such law or start before hounds to give sportsmanlike sport.

Goldin's translation of Ovid gives the following vivid description of a chase.

"I gat me to the knap
Of this same hill, and there behelde of this strange course the hap,
In which, the beste seems one while caught, and ere a man would thinke
Doth quickly gin the grewnd the slip, and from his biting shrinke;
And, like a wily fox, he runs not directly out,
Nor makes a winlas over all the champion fields about,
But, doubling and indenting, still avoids his enemies' lips,
And turning short, as swift about as spinning-wheele, he wips
To disappoint the snatch. The grewnd pursuing at an inch,
Both cote him, never losing. Continually he snatches
In vaine, but nothing in his mouth save only hair he catches."

This only goes to show it is the same good old game and is played to-day in the same good old way.

There are within four or five miles of Denver in any direction plenty of Jack rabbits, and the Bartel Brothers brought out their best hounds to show us how the sport is managed.

From the kennels, the most reliable hounds go in couples; the younger element in slips led by boys, either on horse-

back or in wagons, or with a bicycle. Arriving on the open prairie, all the hounds are liberated. The reason they are so securely handled while in town is that they are liable to sight and take after some one's pet dog or cat and kill it before any one can get near enough to stop them. These hounds are mostly used for coursing and have won many of the highest honours at the annual coursing meets in the state. However, they are occasionally taken twenty-five to fifty miles out of town for a special day after coyote. This is certainly the finest pack of greyhounds the writer has ever seen. The Bartel Brothers are very painstaking breeders, and have combined beauty, quality and utility in their hound breeding and succeeded at it as well if not better, than any other hound breeder it has ever been the writer's good fortune to meet in America.

There is an erroneous belief common to hound breeders in America that a hound for the bench show is one thing, while a hound for coursing is another. Just because it sometimes happens that an inferior looking hound wins in field trials over bench winners, many men have come to the conclusion that beauty and symmetry and quality are in some way antagonistic to utility.

The Bartel Bros. have demonstrated the falsity of this argument and have proved over and over again that their best winners for bench prizes have repeatedly carried off the highest honours in a three days coursing trial. This demonstrates so forcibly what the writer has been most stoutly contending, that he cannot refrain from calling attention to it in this case.

As we ride along, Mr. Bartel gives us most glowing accounts of this and that hound, dwelling upon his or her principal points of excellence and not omitting, in equal fairness, to call attention to their faults. This is the fastest: that one, the best killer; the brindle bitch has the most en-

durance. That big fawn and white hound is best at sighting. Dolly Varden always runs just back of Black Peter, who is great at turning the hare, Dolly keeping just far enough behind to receive the hare when turned. She makes one grab for Jack's loin, and throws him high in the air to alight among the others. This "running smart" on Dolly Varden's part excludes her from field coursing, because the hound that turns puss is given more credit that the one that kills. So one hound after another is discussed. Sometimes the talk runs to heredity. "That's the grandson of the greatest hound I ever owned and he is as near perfection as I ever expect to get in a single hound; he has won a number of bench trials, but unfortunately he inherits, through his granddam, faulty sight. If he jumps a Jack himself, he will stay by him to the last, but if any other hound gets the start of him he loses interest in the game and stops as soon as he begins to tire." "This looks," we ventured to say, "more like jealousy than a question of sight." "Perhaps you are right," said Mr. Bartel, "but whatever it is, good as he is individually, I will never breed from him nor sell him to anyone else to breed from."

The writer mentions these things to show how thoroughly alive a man must be to the subject of breeding, as well as how intimately he must know the characteristics of each and every member of the pack, and back of all that, the personal knowledge of the faults and virtues for generations before he can hope to make a permanent success of hound breeding, or the breeding of any other animal. It is this very knowledge and these facts that have made the breeding of domestic animals so successful in England, where breeds come down from great-grandsire to great-grandson. It also illustrates why in America the breeding of all domestic animals is still in its infancy. We are a new people, few of us have even fathers before us who bred the same animals that we are

ALMOST

trying to produce. There is no royal road to success in breeding, all the rules and axioms will help a person but little if they do not know the animals they are breeding and their progenitors, as well as they know the members of their own family. Americans, as a rule, cannot bear to spend the time to acquire this training. They are taken with a fancy for this or that breed of dogs, or whatever it may be, and they buy the best that money can produce without considering further. Any one with money can buy a string of winners, but it takes an artist, it takes a breeder, to produce them. The writer has several times visited the great coursing events in England, where noted greyhounds from every part of Great Britain were assembled, but he never has seen in any one man's stud, so many high class hounds as are owned by Messrs. Bartel Brothers, of Denver, Colorado.

As we arrive out on the beautiful open plains, the hounds are given full liberty. What a beautiful sight! How they jump and play about the horses! Such agility, such grace, such poetry of motion. In this they distance all other four-footed animals. There is nothing like it. A grand pack of well bred foxhounds is a sight to cheer the heart of any man who loves a dog, or any other animal for that matter, but a ride over the boundless plains with a pack of greyhounds *is the finest dog show on earth.*

We walk our horses slowly on over the great table land covered with short brown buffalo grass that affords less than half concealment for Mr. Jack even when he lies as flat as he can make himself between the tufts of grass.

His brownish grey colour, however, makes it quite impossible for man or hound to see him until he chooses to move and when he does move he goes straight away, at such a fearful gait that the saying "runs like a streak," fits him exactly. Up to the moment he is "jumped" in the very midst of the hounds, they have been running and jumping at each other in

an aimless sort of way. Mr. Bartel is in the midst of an account of how Juno lost a cup, when up jumps Mr. Jack. The hounds take an instant to recognise their game. They spring to their chase, away go our mounts, who never wait to receive the word. If you are ready, or can get ready on the way, all right; but if you are not ready, no matter, go you must; for you must remember these western horses can begin running from a standstill and they know the game.

First one hound then another leads. Dolly Varden is working for her usual position behind Black Peter, who is only a rod ahead of her. On and on goes Mr. Jack. Hounds and horses skim the ground like a flock of birds. A big fawn and white hound now takes the lead. A few rods more and the game is done. No! you make a mistake; Mr. Jack makes a sudden turn, the hounds go on. One or two hounds make a pass at him, but he dodges right back through the hounds, who must take a wider circle. Finally we are all straightened out again and once more the race is on, but it is not for long. Once more Mr. Jack slips past their snapping teeth, but this time Dolly Varden is where she wants to be and as the hare doubles again, dodging the other hounds, Dolly turns in alongside and with a snap of her jaw catches Mr. Jack by the small of the back and throws him feet uppermost high above her head only to light in the very jaws of the pack, that now have their sharp noses pointed for their game. It's all over; Dolly Varden, having done the trick to her satisfaction, has gone on for a rod or so and stretched herself at full length on the grass, her nose to the breeze; her lolling tongue, her panting sides and rolling eyes, tell us what the effort has cost her in wind and strength. Man, horses, hounds are quite content to rest awhile. 'Twas a glorious charge, and as beautiful a run as one ever could wish to see.

After half an hour we are moving on again over the plains, until three Jack rabbits have entered the preliminary stage to the making of a stew, then we return slowly homeward, tired

but as happy as we are tired. Hungry? Awfully hungry, and with appetites to shame a lumberman.

"A run, sir, will please you far better than wine,
The further you gallop, the better you'll dine."

The Colorado Springs Hunt Club is quite an extensive organisation with a membership of about 200. Only a small portion of the number, however, take an active part in the chase. A more ideal country to ride and hunt coyote over cannot be imagined.

The regular fixtures of the club are Wednesdays and Saturdays.

These runs take place on the great plains in any direction from the city one may care to ride. A five or ten mile ride at most brings you to the game. Once a month the club send their horses and hounds out fifteen to twenty-five miles by rail, the evening before, to some ranch and go out on a special train in the morning for an all day's hunt, making a basket picnic of the affair. On these days they have from four to six runs, and half as many kills. They picnic on the plains wherever noon overtakes them, from a mess wagon, that follows the hunt. In the evening they return to town by the same special train, or in a special car, attached to some regular train. The writer just missed one of these monthly events by arriving at Colorado Springs the day it was going on. The genial master and owner of hounds, Mr. A. B. Nichols, and his huntsman, Mr. J. S. Kenyon, kindly offered to take the writer out for a sample run near town and the invitation was gladly accepted.

With a day's rest for the hounds after "the big hunt"—as the monthly meet is called,—a few of the more enthusiastic members were notified of the "by day" run and the next morning, at 7:30, we mounted our horses and were off to the plains.

It was a very beautiful day and the ride over the plains was something never to be forgotten.

The hounds were carried in a wagon especially built for the purpose, a pair of white coach horses to draw it, and a smartly dressed driver on the box to manage them.

Arriving on the plains, the Master begins riding more slowly while the hound wagon and huntsman go on some forty to eighty rods in advance. This hound wagon is kept on the low land as much as possible while the huntsman rides to the elevations, anywhere within half a mile of the hounds.

There are holes in the top of the hound wagon through which hounds may put their heads and thus keep a constant eye on the movements of the huntsman.

The driver operates the opening of the door in the back end of the wagon which instantly liberates the hounds, whenever the huntsman lifts his hat as a signal, which he does only after he has gotten as close up to the game as possible.

The tactics he uses in getting up to the game consist in riding about him in a circular way as if riding past but all the time he is shortening the circle. The curiosity or stupidity of the coyote enables the huntsman thus to come within forty or eighty yards, when at the first symptoms of his taking to run the huntsman lifts his hat and rides after the coyote. The hounds rush on to the huntsman, who is usually able to lead them to a view of the game, and the chase is on. Seeing the huntsman lift his hat is a signal, also, for the riders to race. A coyote usually runs in a circle at first, unless pressed too hard. The riders are generally able by riding to the right or left, as indicated by the direction the huntsman is taking, to come into the run behind the hounds.

On this open plain and in the clear transparent air the chase is nearly always in full view from start to finish. Greyhounds, as everyone familiar with the breed knows, can follow only as long as they can keep their game in view.

MR. NICHOL'S GREYHOUNDS: THE MEET

This pack of hounds consists of six couples of pure greyhounds, two Russian wolfhounds and two Scotch deer or stag hounds.

The greyhounds are decidedly the best all-round hounds for Jack rabbits and for coyote; the Scotch deerhound is a good fighter, and his extra weight is of great assistance in pulling down the game. The Russian wolfhounds, however, are neither as fast nor do they have the endurance of the greyhound or Scotch staghound and they seem also lacking in courage, seldom, if ever, making the first attack; at least this is Mr. Kenyon's experience. The writer has since heard from other sources that Russian wolfhounds alone are not particularly satisfactory after coyote.

"They are off," cries the Master, who is the first to notice the huntsman lifting his hat, and our horses are at full gallop from the very first stride. They knew so well what was coming and were so impatient for the signal that the start was hardly less general than if a flag had fallen before them. The writer will never forget that gallop over the plains. The short brown buffalo grass made excellent footing for our horses, and the way they raced it after the circling greyhounds, who were but a rod or two behind their game, was something beautiful to see, and something delightful to remember.

On went the chase, rising and falling to the undulating plain, a streak of coyote followed by six streaking greyhounds, that seemed to fly over the surface of the plain like a flock of feeding swallows. The riders had nothing to do but let their horses fly after them as fast as they could lay their feet to the sod, and keep their eyes on the chase a quarter of a mile away, the distance increasing all the time in spite of our horses' best efforts.

On goes the coyote, on go the hounds! Now the question of endurance begins to tell; the two younger hounds begin to lag behind, and so on until two more of the six are beginning

to fail, but two others are racing it neck and neck for their game, and are gaining, surely gaining. What a race, the coyote is taking for the public park; can he ever reach the wire fencing that surrounds it? If he does and can go a few rods farther, he will run out of view among the shrubs and rocks and the game will be lost.

The two leading hounds seem to take in the situation and put on their last ounce of steam in one mighty effort to reach their game. One of the two leading hounds is beginning to lag and there is an open space of a rod between him and the leader, who is now but a few feet from the coyote's brush. Then as if the coyote had run himself to a standstill, the grand old hound overtakes and catches him in a way to roll him over but his own momentum is so great he cannot stop. However, hound number two, which had, as Mr. Kenyon afterwards explained, purposely lagged behind, was on to the coyote before he could recover his feet. By this time the leading hound had returned to take a hand in the struggle. In a moment more the other hounds joined in the battle, but it was already over. With the coyote hanging from an attendant's saddle, we jog back to town, in ample time to change before lunch and see the taxidermist who was to mount the coyote's head for the wall, and pelt for a rug, for these trophies had been presented to the writer as a souvenir of his most delightful visit at Colorado Springs, the most beautiful city of all the great plains.

"And ardent we pursue; our lab'ring steeds,
We press, we urge; till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale."

Somervile.

VII

COYOTE HUNTING ON THE PLAINS OF COLORADO

THE GREAT PLAINS AT SUNRISE—RANCH LIFE—THE ANTELOPE CHASE—THE OLD CATTLEMAN—A GOOD SHOT—THE RIDE OF THE TENDERFOOT—ROPING A COYOTE.

ARMED with railway passes and an order from the Division Superintendent to stop the Union Pacific night express at Kit Carson, we (Mr. Petrie, Mr. Steepleton, the writer, and six of Mr. Petrie's best coyote greyhounds) left Denver, full of hope and running over with expectation. "I shall not be satisfied," said Mr. Petrie, "if we come back with less than six coyote pelts. For the last thirteen years I have been promising an old friend and ranchman down there that I would bring my hounds down, and give the coyotes on his ranch a round trip up and a dance worth the money."

"The thirteen years," said Mr. Steepleton, "is not a very good number to go on for luck, besides, to-morrow is the 13th of December, and Kit Carson is 113 miles from Denver. Also, we are starting on Friday. That's a pretty stiff combination

to bank against, and I allow you all will have to beat the game a whole lot to win out."

The writer has already made mention of Mr. Petrie and his hounds. He needs no further introduction than to say he is the general manager of the Union Stock Yards at Denver, and Mr. Steepleton, familiarly known as "Steeplechase Charley," is Mr. Petrie's ranch foreman. Steepleton had come on to Denver with a lot of fat cattle from Mr. Petrie's own herd. The year on the ranch had been most successful, and Mr. Petrie, wanting an excuse to keep his foreman with him for a few days, hit upon this coyote hunt as the means of killing two birds with one stone; i. e.—to give the writer, who was a tenderfoot at ranch life, and his old cattleman, a bit of sport that would galvanise the former, and give the latter something to tell the boys about when he returned to the ranch. Mr. Petrie didn't say all this, but putting two and two together, that's about the way it ciphered out.

The foreman's dissertation on the unlucky 13 was passed by Mr. Petrie in silence. Mr. Petrie, however, looked much as if he was making a mental resolve to cram that superstitious notion down the old cattleman's throat when the proper time came.

Finally the hounds were carefully put aboard the baggage car, and we looked for a place in the smoker, as best suited to pass away the night from 9 p. m., to one o'clock the next morning, at which hour we were to land at Kit Carson. Mr. Petrie and his foreman talked cattle straight away, and cross ways, and sideways and backwards. Then they went over the ranch both cornerways and square, then more cattle, and ranch and cattle together. The writer went to sleep, and when he woke they were at it still. It was very evident that although Mr. Petrie was fond of his business at the stock yards, his heart was on the ranch where, as he said, he had spent the happiest days of his life. His own ranch was in

POOR MR. COYOTE

THE AUTHOR WITH THE FIRST KILL

IN COLORADO: THE MEET

the "hill and bush" country. The one we were going to was on the plains.

Our train was nearly two hours late on arrival at Kit Carson. Our host had left a lantern to meet us. Mr. Petrie managed the six hounds, while Steepleton and the writer came on with the hand baggage.

Arriving at the ranch, we went into a small detached building about 10 x 14, in which we found a lighted lamp, one double bed and a single bed. Mr. Petrie, in the meantime, had found a stable for the hounds and we were soon turned in. It was freezing cold, but there were six blankets and a comfortable over us, flannel sheets to sleep between, a straw tick that served as a mattress, and a network of ropes that did duty in lieu of springs.

We were called up before the sun. It was hard work, but seeing a sunrise over the great plains was, to the writer, worth all the effort and discomfort of the trip. To come to such a place in the middle of the night, and wake up in the morning with a great undulating plain stretching miles away in every direction, not a single farm house or a rod of fence, a tree, or a shrub even in sight.

The vastness of the plains, no pen has ever described it. Plain, plain, everywhere plain! The sunrise was like one at sea, a great yellow-brown sea of buffalo grass with undulations that rose and fell like the swells of the ocean, but nowhere a break to the evenness of the horizon. No one could have a more interesting or more fascinating introduction to the plains or to ranch life than at this particular spot, and in this peculiar way. It was to the writer one of the most interesting and impressive sights he ever beheld. No highways, not even a trail. If you wanted to go anywhere, you steered a trackless course across the plains to reach there by the straightest line. The ocean is vast, but it is ever changing, ever in motion. It seldom looks the same, two days in succession, but the plain is

one immovable, unchangeable, sombre, brown sea,—still, silent, vast. It makes one feel so small, so insignificant, so isolated —like an infinitesimal speck on some new and uninhabited planet. It seems to subdue you, quiet you. You don't feel like talking. A man cuts a very small figure in the middle of a hundred acre lot. Think of setting him down in a hundred thousand acre field, or shall I say a hundred million acre field. No wonder the Westerner comes up with large ideas; nothing is too big or vast for him. Broadmindedness is one of his many virtues.

Here and there, in whatever direction you cast your eyes, you see detached herds of grazing cattle, sometimes a single animal with miles between it and others, then bunches numbering from several dozen to as many hundred. The air there—as all over Colorado—is wonderfully clear and transparent, objects miles away seemed only half their real distance. One could see cattle at a distance that made them look like black spots the size of one's hat. What a beautiful morning it was, clear and crisp as a new dollar bill. As we stood admiring the view and in awe of its vastness and stillness, a lusty rooster calls out, and behold to the eastward, comes the dawn of day; the smaller stars go out, only the planets are left to burn. Again the herald of the morning calls and straightway the silver light of the east is tinged with the gold, which in turn gives way to a ruddy cast. Then with more assurance still, the barnyard trumpet sounds the final call. The curtain of the morning falls aside and in a blazing car of fire comes forth—the sun, the sun! "Glory and beauty of the day."

It has been said there was nothing to break the general evenness of the horizon. Wrong! like the white sails of a ship at sea, whose hull is below the horizon, behold the majestic snow-capped summit of Pike's Peak over a hundred miles away.

Now we notice two mounted cowboys, some two miles distant, bringing in a drove of horses. From these were to be selected the ones the six cowboys were to ride on their regular work, and enough for our host and his visitors in the chase of the coyote. Each cowboy has five horses which he rides in turn. The whole lot are corralled every morning. The horses which are to be used next are caught or roped, and saddled ready for the day. The others are then liberated to roam at will until the following morning. One day's work and five days' rest. Their one work day is very severe, they are under saddle from sunrise until nearly dark. The saddle weighs from forty to fifty pounds and the distance covered is very great.

Now we look about at the ranch buildings. In addition to the little detached one-story box building, which we occupied for the night, there was a similar building occupied by the cowboys of the ranch. A building about 10 x 14 with four bunks on each side wall, two upper and two lower, and two at the end of the room opposite the door and window. These were the sleeping quarters for the regular ranch hands that vary from six to eight, with an extra bunk or two for visiting cowboys, who may chance to be in that neighbourhood looking for stray cattle.

The owner's quarters were also built one story high of sod, which is cut from the spot into blocks about 4 x 8 x 12 inches. These blocks or sods of earth were laid up like so many stones or bricks, in a thin mud (mortar) of the same material. The walls themselves are about 8 inches thick, studded, lathed and plastered on the inside. This main building contained three rooms, a kitchen or mess-room, and two bedrooms, one for the proprietor, the other for the ranch foreman and his wife, who in this case cooked for all.

Another detached 10 x 14 earth building was devoted to provision, general stores and ranch supplies. The stables, also

of earth, were low and formed one side of a corral made of old railroad ties set on end and close together. This was for horses. The cattle corral, or branding pen, joins the horse corral and is also circular in form, with a recess for heating branding irons. It is within the former enclosure that the young horses are driven, roped and saddled; and in the latter, the year's crop of calves are roped, thrown, and branded. So far as buildings go, the above describes the requirements of a 10,000 acre cattle ranch, that carries from three to four thousand head of cattle and about a hundred head of horses, all ages included.

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The buildings were duly inspected while the cowboys had their breakfast, after which our host says, "Come," and without more ado we file into the dining room and take a seat anywhere on the bench where a plate is waiting. The knives and forks are of iron, the spoons of tin. The provisions well cooked and abundant—ham and eggs, boiled potatoes, cream, gravy, corn bread, buckwheat cakes and coffee. No apologies, no ceremony, what you cannot reach, ask for; if you don't get all you want, it's your own fault.

While breakfast with our host is being served, the cowboys ride away for the day's work, which at this time consisted of cutting out the best conditioned cattle and rounding them up to the ranch, preparatory to driving them to the railroad station and carring them for market. It would be interesting to follow this work for a week and end up by riding twenty-seven miles Saturday evening after supper, to a dance where there were seven women and twenty men; but this is what we have in anticipation for our next visit to the plains. For the present we must confine ourselves to the chase.

Breakfast over, we go to the shed, to find our horses saddled and bridled, and a team hitched to a wagon that is to carry the hounds. Mr. Petrie, Steepleton, our host and the writer are to go mounted.

READY TO START

CROESUS

AFTER THE KILL

It was the writer's first experience in a ranchman's saddle, and he felt as if he were sitting in the crotch of a tree. The pommel of the saddle came as high as the lower pockets in his waistcoat in front, and the cantel as high as his waistband behind; the most awkward part was that the stirrup leathers were so far back he was obliged to ride with a nearly straight leg and long stirrup leathers. It was a pleasure to see Mr. Petrie and his old foreman swing themselves into their saddles; adjusting their stirrup to the left foot, they catch hold of the pommel of the saddle, and drop into their seats with apparently no effort at all. As they do so, they raise the reins, in the left hand, high above the pommel, and with a slight pressure of the reins to the right or left against the horse's neck, with a sway of the body in the same direction, they are off. In fact the whole thing is accomplished like one motion, and before they have fairly reached their seat, their horses are making the turn, and under way.

They use a gag bit with single reins, a very harsh bit which they leave severely alone, the horse being guided by pressure of the reins against the neck, and a swaying of the body, and stopped mostly by word. These reins are long, but are on no account fastened together. When the cowboy wishes to dismount, he allows both of these reins to fall on the ground. The horse will feed about, but not attempt to go away until the reins are taken up. While they drag on the ground, the horse is as good as hitched.

The hounds were loaded into an improvised crate of wire netting, with the back end of the crate on hinges, and held in place by a rope that went forward to the driver's seat. Should hounds be needed, all the driver had to do was to slacken the rope, when the hounds would rush out and away in pursuit of their game. As already mentioned, greyhounds can only follow the chase as long as the animal they are pursuing can be kept in sight. Therefore, on the undulating plain, it was

most important to start them on the best possible terms with their game. Thus equipped and ready, we all moved slowly on over the great plain.

Presently, in a depression of ground that had once been a buffalo wallow, Mr. Coyote was sighted. The wagon was headed that way at the time, and Mr. Petrie directed it to the right as if moving on past the coyote, and then to continue on in a circular course, always drawing in a little nearer, as already described in a former chapter. The riders, meanwhile, rode side by side on the opposite side of the wagon. Presently, this scavenger of the plains ran slowly on to a rise of ground that gave him a more commanding view. On went the wagon, ever headed as if passing, but all the time drawing in towards the pivot of attraction. The plan was, the instant the coyote started to run, as he was ultimately sure to do, to liberate the hounds, while the riders rushed on with whip and spur to gain the elevation. Thus far the hounds would, of course, be led on by the riders, but the instant they reached the highest point of ground, they were expected to sight the game and go on with the chase, the riders following on as fast as their horses could be made to go, for no horse could be expected to keep pace with the hounds.

Nearer and nearer we approach our game, which stands all absorbed in curiosity at the moving wagon and riders, that from his point of view seem always moving past him. Finally, when we are within one hundred yards of him, he turns and runs. "Hounds!" shouts Mr. Petrie. The cage door drops—out rush the hounds. Meanwhile the riders have sent their horses after the coyote with all possible speed. The hounds soon overtake and pass us just as we reach the highest point of ground. But what a sight! Away went the coyote towards a herd of some fifteen or twenty antelopes, which in turn began to run. The antelopes being the principal moving object to attract the eye of the hounds, they took after them, and I

venture to say such a beautiful race for at least four miles has seldom been witnessed.

Mr. Petrie called to his hounds in vain. On they went, faster and faster, until in the first mile they came within four or five rods of the last antelope in the herd. Then some of them began to lag, but "Mack," Mr. Petrie's greatest hound for speed and endurance, carried on the chase with ever a wider opening between himself and his companions, until finally at the end of about a three mile run, the antelope began to draw away from the resolute Mack, and in another mile or less he, also, had to own defeat. We all rejoiced in the wonderful sight except Mr. Petrie, who looked decidedly downcast. He was thinking that after such an exhausting race the prospect of catching a coyote that day was decidedly slim; thus his heart was troubled and his countenance glum. The only compensation, poor as it was, was the unstinted praise his old foreman and the writer gave to the greatest race either had ever beheld, or is ever likely to again.

We had raced away at the top of our horses' speed, and the greyhounds had passed us as if we were standing still. Mr. Petrie was leading and when he took in the situation, he drew rein, and we followed his example.

The old cattleman signalised his pleasure and approbation of the wonderful sight in four words that summed up the whole situation with directness and clearness, if not with elegance. It told of his surprise, his wonderment, his pleasure. At the same time it was his way, at least, of complimenting Mr. Petrie and the hounds. His body swung in the saddle, his horse came up alongside that of his despondent employer, and this is what he said. "Well, I'll be damned!" Mr. Petrie smiled his thanks, and we rode on to collect the hounds.

The poor hounds came straggling back to the wagon, done to a turn. It was hard to say which had suffered most, for each one of them had simply run himself or herself to a stand-

still. When at last they reached the wagon, they threw themselves at full length on the short buffalo grass, as if they had lain down to die. Mr. Petrie now goes to the wagon, takes out a jug of water, and placing his hat on the ground, dents in the crown, and into the indenture pours the refreshing gurgling draught. One hound after another staggers up at the sound, to quench his thirst. Last, of course, comes the indomitable Mack, who had led the chase and carried on the war single-handed when all the others had quit.

We now dismounted and took our lunch, although it was little beyond 11 o'clock. It was a good idea, for it not only refreshed the hounds, but gave Mr. Petrie a little hope that we might still snatch victory from defeat. "I had set my heart on six coyote pelts which would make you a robe to take back East. I shall be thankful after this misfortune if we secure one. It all comes from my not knowing the country. This will never happen again."

Defeat is one of the characteristic features of the chase; if everything worked out as one expected, there would be little interest in the game.

Lunch over, hounds are put up, the crate is blanketed to exclude all draughts, and we are off again.

An hour later we sighted another coyote, and the same tactics were resorted to as before. Away we went; the hounds ran better than could be expected. The coyote, however, ran to a pal of his in a small ravine, and the hounds split and finally ran their game out of view and returned to the wagon.

About two hours later we sighted again. This time hounds had fair sailing, and such a ride to hounds I have seldom experienced. Mr. Petrie on a magnificent grey, nearly, if not clean, thoroughbred, set the pace for riders and hounds for a distance of nearly three miles. Greyhounds usually come to their coyote in a mile or less. As they had already shot their bolt for speed their endurance alone could, in a measure, make

up for the loss; and it did, for presently Mack caught the coyote by the hind leg and threw him on his back. His own speed, however, was so great that he went on past his game. The other hounds were too far behind to complete the job as usual. Mack turned, and before the coyote had recovered his feet and gone a rod, he downed him again. By this time, the pack, cheered on by Mr. Petrie, arrived and took a hand in the game. The unusually long run had told on them so that they would no more than down their game, then panting for breath, would loosen their hold, when the coyote would get up and go on again. Mr. Petrie cheered on his hounds, the cattleman expressed himself in his usual lucid fashion, first at the coyote, then at the hounds. So the battle went on for a distance of at least forty rods, when little "Black Lady," already sore and bleeding from several wounds the coyote had inflicted, took him by the throat, and never let go her hold until after the other hounds retired, being satisfied their game was dead.

"I do believe," said the foreman, "that little black hound would tackle a mountain lion. She is a dead game sport to the end of her tail. She took no chances on that coyote coming to life again like he had been doing every time they thought he had passed in his checks. She's a lone hand, isn't she?" continued the old cattleman in great delight.

The writer regrets to have to chronicle this rather bungling kill, but he hopes his readers will not take this as the rule. Generally the struggle is over in a moment or two when the leading hound is well supported. Where the coyote lands the first time, he goes on his back; there as a rule the battle ends. The wonder is that after the unfortunate circumstance of the morning, the hounds were able to run for a rod, to say nothing of a kill.

On the way to join the wagon, Mr. Petrie sighted another coyote. He could not resist leading his hounds on again, but they were too tired and foot sore to go on with the chase. Find-

ing himself alone with the coyote, Mr. Petrie put spurs to his horse, cut across the circle the coyote was making, and while running at full speed he dropped him with a second shot from his revolver.

"That gun play of yours," said the old cattleman, as Mr. Petrie proceeded to tie the dead coyote to the back of his saddle, "that gun play of yours has lost but little by coming to town; we all take off our hats." And so we did, and swung them too with a cheer. Was ever a compliment more neatly put? As usual it left nothing more to say.

So far as the events of the second day went, there was little to redeem the day before. Three coyotes were started, with but one score, but the way this was done puts to shade all former kills, and I doubt if a similar experience has ever been recorded.

There was one fruitless run in the morning, and none after lunch until we were nearly home, when we came upon five or six coyotes in the neighbourhood of a carcass that was evidently of recent death, probably a sickly animal that the coyotes had pulled down. Mr. Petrie was riding with the proprietor on the wagon leading his horse. His cattleman had gone off by himself to inspect a herd of steers. Taking in the situation at a glance Mr. Petrie says to the writer "as your horse seems to have had about enough, take mine and when we get as near to the coyotes as possible, lead on the chase." Mr. Petrie is a good six feet and his stirrup leathers too long for the writer by as many inches. Instead of buckles by which to shorten them, these stirrup leathers were laced with leather strings. The writer managed to get one unlaced and shortened while riding slowly on towards the coyotes, but before he had time to shorten the other Mr. Petrie shouted "*Hounds.*" There was no waiting for adjustment of stirrup leathers. Out piled the hounds, and away we went. Hounds came on to equal terms with the rider, but they gave up the game in the first three-

MR. E. J. CAMERON WITH A ROPED COYOTE

MR. PETRIE'S HOUNDS: THE KILL

quarters of a mile. It was a pity, for the coyote, carrying such a picnic dinner, could not have held out for any great distance. But such a ride the writer has rarely experienced. On went his mount long after the hounds had stopped running, the loose dangling stirrup spurring him on. He pulled at his horse, but to no account; side by side he ran with that coyote, as if trying to turn a runaway steer. The writer knew the race must come to a stop sometime, and that all outdoors was before them. Down a gradual descent for a mile, horse and coyote had it neck and neck. This brought them to a dry ditch or creek, which the writer wished at all events to avoid. He pulled with all his might on his right hand rein, as they were going at it obliquely, but not an inch would the horse give to his pull. Nearer and nearer came the ditch; both hands were now pulling at the one rein; you might as well have tried to change the course of a shooting star. Down into the ditch, a perpendicular drop of about three feet, went horse and coyote—up, and out the opposite side, which was less abrupt. There was nothing to do but to ride it out. The writer began to feel his weakness, his eyes were nearly blinded by filling with water at the cutting wind. Another half mile, and still the horse could not head the coyote nor the coyote get away. Again he pulled and tugged with all his might against the bit, to no purpose whatever, and it began to dawn on the rider that he was being run away with. It was evident that the horse had never undertaken to head a steer without succeeding and to turn back in defeat was not in the lexicon of his experience. Presently it occurred to the writer to try to rein the horse by the neck. This brought him about like the pressure of a tiller to a sail-boat, and the race of the tenderfoot was over.

Just as this pair returned to the wagon, another coyote was sighted, but a few rods to the left. This was the cattleman's turn (he having returned meantime), and away he went. The hounds deserted him in the first hundred rods, but his coyote

also was too full to run properly, and we saw the cattleman gradually gaining.

"He is going to rope the coyote," cried Mr. Petrie, and sure enough around and around the cattleman's head circled the open noose. No, he has missed. The rope gathered in hand over hand, while the horse raced on at the top of his speed, was soon cutting the air once more in circling the cattleman's head. Suddenly it leaves his hand. "Done!" cries Mr. Petrie. No sooner does the open noose reach its mark than the cattleman's body is thrown back in the saddle, his horse braces his feet for a sudden halt. Mr. Coyote comes to the end of his halter, and turns a somersault. Meantime the horseman has turned his mount as if on a pivot, and from the first stride is cantering him back towards the wagon, the lassoed coyote at one end of his lariat, the other fast to the pommel of his saddle.

It was, to the writer's mind, the most marvellous feat he had ever seen in the saddle, and he undertook to say so, but the old cattleman would have none of it. He interrupted with, "That's nothing, the little devil was so full of cow he couldn't run worth a damn."

"Of our sport and our welcome none ever complain,
If you come to us once, we shall see you again."
Rhymes in Red.

VIII

THE GENESEE VALLEY

THE VALLEY ITSELF—NATURE OF THE LAND HUNTED OVER—THE NATIVES—WHY THEY LOVE THE VALLEY—A VISIT TO THE KENNELS.

IT seems difficult to write of the Genesee Valley hounds without first introducing the reader to the famous valley itself, and the nature of the country hunted.

While the natives will tell you "the hunt is one of the oldest in America," and "the hunters are the best in the world," the valley comes first in their affections. You will have to hear all about it sooner or later, so we may as well devote a few lines to attempt to show you what it is like. Just a glance, so that should you visit there, or meet one of the natives, you will have the good taste to talk valley to them, or rather let them talk valley to you. It is their weakness, perhaps, but it is policy to indulge it. Perhaps you have been there and know it by heart, and can, like the natives, sing its praises with variations. In that case, you had better skip what follows, for you are sure to be disappointed in the writer's attempt.

Everyone agrees in saying the Genesee Valley is the most beautiful, most fertile spot in the State of New York, and those who have travelled most in America and abroad, say there is but one Genesee Valley in the world.

If you would see the valley at its finest, "Come up," as Joshua Whitcomb says, "in the spring-time, when nature is doing its best, and let the scarlet-runners chase you back to childhood." If you would see it in its prime, postpone your visit until mid-summer, when the yellow harvest fields checker the landscape in squares of gold, filling the barns with plenty and the granaries to overflowing. But if you would see the vale in all its beauty and loveliness, come up when the first hazy atmosphere of October has subdued the fiercer rays of a summer sun. When the glorious colours of autumn have touched each leaf, when the squirrels are at harvest, and the woodcock and partridge are fit—then is the time to come to the valley, for then it is that apples and cider are plenty and the rich golden pumpkins make heavenly pie. Is that not enough to start you? Then listen to the huntsman's horn, and the melodious chorus of the pack, how it echoes from wood to wood, from hill to hill, proclaiming the glorious news that a chicken-thief fox is afoot, and retribution hard after. That is the time to come to the valley; unless you have eyes without seeing, ears without hearing, and a heart that is in the wrong place altogether—so that your blood runs backwards—"You're a goner." All your sorrows, disappointments, wrongs, vexations, sickness, cares, all, all, are gone. Can the gods offer more? No, but the Genesee Vallians can. They can

"Give you a mount and a field you can count,
And a fox that is willing to go,
Hounds you cannot surpass, a full cry on the grass,
What more would you wish for below?"

The noble Genesee river enters the valley from a gorge wherein it has been confined for the last fourteen miles; viz., from the falls at Portage, whence it winds its tortuous way between walls of solid masonry three to four hundred feet high,

and in a succession of rapids, until it discharges into the valley at Squawkie Hill, the writer's home, and then goes on in a more peaceful way to Lake Ontario. The Genesee river gorge is one of the most romantic, most interesting, most beautiful canoe trips in,—well, in the world, let him who can, dispute it. At times many of the rapids are quite formidable enough to open your eyes and close your mouth, and to make your scalp lock stand on end; but you would not have missed it for a thousand.

The Genesee Valley was once upon a time a great lake, some forty miles long, and two to three miles wide.

The northern barrier of this lake, near Rochester, New York, finally gave way, and the lake became a valley, with the river cutting through the centuries of deposit, and accumulated wash of the great Alleghany watershed. This deposit is over a hundred feet deep, and accounts for the remarkable fertility of the soil. The valley was, according to Indian tradition, never wooded. This theory is confirmed by the earliest history of the country, and is one of the strongest proofs of the lake theory.

The hills on either side of the valley grow higher and higher as you go from north to south, until they are over one thousand feet high. These hills are cut and seamed by ditches, gullies and ravines without number. They make most formidable barriers in following the chase, and in addition to the usually well timber-fenced pastures, require of the hunter that he should be the stoutest, the most courageous, and altogether the best all-round animal that is to be found in the equine race. Besides being a good timber jumper, he must be schooled to all sorts and conditions of ditches; to clamber down into ravines as sure-footed as a goat, and out again as if crawling up the side of a mansard roof.

These gullies and ravines afford Reynard most secluded retreats. They are a veritable haven of refuge. It is quite

impossible to have a run of any reasonable distance that does not include the crossing of from one to half a dozen of these gullies. To attempt to ride around them, either above or below, usually means to ride yourself out of the chase altogether. Often when you have reached the opposite side of one of these ravines or gullies you find Reynard has turned back into it again. Many of these ravines have a beginning near the crest of the hills, and grow gradually deeper and wider, until a ditch becomes a gully; a gully a ravine, a ravine a gorge, with a distance of two or three miles from source to valley. In midsummer most of these ditches are dry, while in the breaking of spring and during the autumn rains, they are roaring torrents, cascades and waterfalls. They go from extreme to extreme in a presto change order. In some places, the "Seven Gullies" for instance, you no sooner negotiate the opposite bank of one, than another a little deeper and steeper confronts you. These gullies are from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet deep, and have a pitch of 45 degrees or less. They are mostly wooded, and dense with underbrush.

The usual method of negotiating these gullies is to dismount and lead your horse down to the bottom, then catch hold of his tail and scramble up the best you can. Some horses have to be led, and more than one has taken a header. Crossing these gullies is usually a sort of "follow the leader" game, there being but one or two, possibly three, trails by which it is possible to go in and out of them.

The great flat lands of the valley are mostly owned by the Wadsworths, and are principally devoted to pasture, so that when a fox—which is not very often—leads the way across these beautiful fields of fifty to three hundred acres in extent, you may have such a gallop as is only enjoyed over the great "grass lands" of England.

In a word the Genesee Valley, for the most part, is a timber country, rail or worm-fence, mostly stake and rider, ditches,

gullies, and wooded ravines—a hard country to ride, but it is the making of all-round hunters and all-round riders, as well.

It is a regular hunting day for the Genesee hounds. We will start early so as to call on the Master, Major Austin Wadsworth, and pay a visit to the kennels, before it is time to go to the "meet." We will, therefore, send our hunters slowly on by the stable boy.

"Wait a moment," Madam is calling. "Going away without sandwiches," she adds; "just like a man! Such thoughtless creatures! You need as much looking after as a lot of girls."

She has provided for us, in anticipation of a long day, a stack of sandwiches, something, as Jorrock says, "For the wear and tear of our teeth." Madam says, "It is to prevent our breeding a famine in her pantry when we return." When thus relieved of her sandwiches and a piece of her mind as to the inferiority of man and the necessity of a woman to look after him, we are off. Of course we must leave Madam with the last word, it is a duty incumbent upon all good sportsmen. Besides it is best to take her sandwiches and indulge her in the belief that she is in the programme for the day, and to have a cut and dried compliment ready for her thoughtfulness and the quality of her cookery on our return; it is wisdom. A compliment is an excellent thing to have standing to a man's credit; it is "a very present help in time of trouble," and man is born to trouble. "Ware" trouble, Author, and get on to the kennels.

Now we are off, but in passing through Cuylerville, on our way to Geneseo, the inhabitants of that peaceful little hamlet would think we were thoughtless, if we neglected to mention that it was here that the Seneca Indians had built the great "Chen-na-see castle," a very large settlement of Indians, which was, we believe, the capital of "The Six Nations," and from

which the river and the valley have taken their names. It was to destroy this famous, or rather infamous settlement, that General Washington sent hither the Sullivan expedition.

On the way we shall point out to you the "Bigtree Farm," the property of Mr. Craig and his brother, J. S. Wadsworth, so-called from its having at one time the famous "Bigtree" (since blown down) celebrated in history, story and song, as the official rendezvous, or State Capitol of the Six Nations. From the council fire, here, the young bucks were sent, as runners, with messages to the chiefs of the different tribes, as far east as the Hudson, west into Ohio and south into Pennsylvania. It was underneath the Bigtree, a section of which has been preserved on the Hon. James Wadsworth's lawn, that the famous speeches of "Red Jacket," "Corn Planter" and "Logan" were made.

It was here the Six Nations buried the hatchet and smoked the pipe of peace with the representatives of Washington. "What," you may ask, "has this to do with hounds and hunting in the Genesee Valley?" Nothing, save a bit of sentiment, which the natives are fond of keeping alive. We simply wish to add this sentimental colouring to the trees of the valley, and to remind you as you ride along the banks of the noble waters of the "Chen-na-see," of the red man, who once loved it as well.

It was here the returning warrior came to court his "dusky mate." It was the same old story that many a paleface has found the heart and courage to repeat, as he paddled along these shady banks in the light of a harvest moon.

We are nearing the village of Genesco and a fond recollection comes over us, as we recall the tempting menus of the "Big Tree Inn"—"A Hotel for Sportsmen Designed."

It is during the last mile before we reach the village, that we shall be able to show you one of the most beautiful views to be had of the valley. From here you will see the great

MAJOR W. A. WADSWORTH, M. F. H.

pasture fields and follow the windings of the noble stream by the luxuriant growth of overhanging poplars that fringe its banks, forming in many places a dense shaded archway, under which the waters dally along in graceful eddies, or linger in deeper pools before venturing on over the next gravelly shoal that obstructs its usually slow and dignified way.

You here observe how much the landscape resembles the most beautiful parts of rural England. Nowhere in America, I believe, can be found so good a representation of English country scenery, as are the fields which form this particular view.

When the original pioneer, Wadsworth, came to the valley, he brought with him a love for the beautiful, and a tree was among the first on the list. Fortunately his descendants, who inherited these broad acres, have had the good sense and good taste to leave the fields studded with great forests, oaks, maples, hickory, black walnut and butternut, giving to the landscape, as in England, the appearance of a great park. This feature and the fertility of the soil is one of the most noted characteristics of the Genesee Valley.

Beneath the foliage of wide spreading trees, the suckling and weanling hunters sport and play, and the matronly looking in-foal mares lie dreaming of the chase or counting the hunt cups their unborn foals are to capture at Madison Square, where they themselves have won high honours and the applause of thousands.

It is here also, in detached herds, that the bullocks lie, gracefully dipping their wide-spreading horns in unison with the milling of the sweet tender grasses they hurriedly collected, fresh with the morning dew. Their half dropping eyelids, the expression of ecstasy, contentment and solid comfort, their mellow hides and sleek, shiny coats, all proclaim the fattening qualities of the nutritious forage.

What have shady trees, mares in-foal and fattening bullocks, to do with hounds and foxes? They are, like the Indian tradition of the country, the essence of the sport; these are the things, when once you are introduced to them, or come to understand them, that wed you to *country life.*

The writer may be pardoned for dwelling over long on this introduction to fox hunting in the valley, and country life in general. On the other hand, had he failed to notice this feature, he would have omitted what to some is the most important part and left hidden the very soul of the game. Country life, after all, is about the only life. It has been sadly lost sight of in our mad rush for dollars, since the war of secession.

"Visit the Kennels? Why certainly." Our Master excuses himself to his other guests and accompanies us on the rounds of the kennels. He loves a hound and never tires of singing the praises of the pack or of displaying the superior points in conformation, colour and markings of each individually.

Passing the pheasantry from which is annually liberated a goodly number of Mongolian or ring-necked pheasants, we arrived at the breeding kennels or special lying-in-rooms for the bitches during the whelping season.

Buttry, the kennel huntsman, joins us here. Buttry has occupied this position for years, and knows more about hounds, hound breeding, foxes and pheasants, "than any other man in America," at least that is what the Hunt club members claim for him. The kennels have been erected in accordance with the ideas of the immortal Somervile, who says,

"First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its court
On either hand wide opening to receive
The sun's all cheering beams when mild he shines."

MR. HERBERT WADSWORTH'S HOME

FUTURE HUNTERS AND THEIR DAMS

Before we reach the kennels the hounds have "winded" us and their music begins. They are standing in twos and threes, with their noses pressing the cracks in the high board fence surrounding their court. Those who detect in the air the approach of strangers, are barking like watch-dogs, but the older hounds who also discover in it the approach of the Master, are baying to it with joyous exclamations in anticipation of the unkenneling which is sure to follow.

Buttry's voice outside the kennels rises above the hound clamour within, and the tumult gradually ceases with a few sharp barks, mutterings and smothered growlings, that can't stop altogether when it once gets started.

The entry room—Buttry's room—contains almost everything from coupling irons to distemper cure, that a hound is ever likely to require and with closets for everything. We are helped into a kennel coat, a sort of linen duster that comes down to our ankles to prevent the hounds—if inclined to be too demonstrative—from soiling our clothes.

The Master fills his pockets with oatmeal biscuits and leads the way to the south wing of the kennels—the bitches' quarters. They are all outside in the open court. Buttry, who is inside the kennel, goes to the door and holding it open wide enough for one hound to enter at a time, begins drafting them in for our inspection. "Blue Bells! Blue Bells!" is the first to be called, and that beautiful bitch comes crowding her way through the feathering, jostling pack and trots joyfully up to the Master to seek in his outstretched hand the bit of biscuit she knows so well is there to reward her. "This is Blue Bells by Blue Boy, out of Bonnie Lass, the best hound I ever saw. Blue Bells is marked like her grandsire and has the same fastidious kennel habits as her dam."

Barmaid comes next in order, and is poking her sensitive nose into the Master's hand before he is aware of her presence.

"This is a daughter of Bartender," explains our Master, "a

very grand hound, you shall see him presently." Then we have a short history of Barmaid's good qualities and peculiarities. She is a very jealous hound, giving tongue to a line only as long as she is able to lead the pack. Next the Master asks Buttry to show us the four daughters of Trumpeter. Quickstep, Frivolous, Prettymaid and Faultless, four magnificent bitches, answer to their names, and are discussed in turn and collectively, our Master selecting this one to illustrate his idea of a perfect shoulder, another for feet and leg, and another for carriage of head and stern, and so on, until we have in our mind's eye the Master's idea of what constitutes a faultless hound, and the standard he is aiming to produce. Our adjectives are quite exhausted, and we begin to comprehend what it means to breed foxhounds to colour, size, markings, feet, legs, shoulders, loins, back, fling, drive, courage, endurance, carriage, music, nose.

There is no domestic animal where the requirements are so numerous and the qualifications so exacting, as those striven for and produced in the modern foxhound: the horse—even the hunter—not excepted.

On our way to the dog hounds, we pass through the boiler room where a great cauldron kettle is steaming to a slow fire, producing the evening feed of oatmeal, which smells good enough and looks clean enough to set before a king.

"Now, Buttry," says our Master, "when you are ready we will have a look at Bartender," who, hearing his name spoken by the Master within, lets go his tongue with the eagerness of the village fire alarm. The deep-mouthed Trumpeter and a dozen others rush to his side and join the chorus. At the same time, the bitches from the opposite side of the kennels and even the invalids in the hospital wards, loose their tongues.

Then, with a flourish of his old hunting crop, and the report of its loud speaking thong, and a shout from Buttry that rises above the tumult without and within (Buttry permits no liber-

ties with the kennel discipline, even if visitors are present) the tumult ceases.

"Bartender! Bartender!" Bartender hesitates. He knows full well he began the disturbance, and he is not quite sure if he is to be called out for reproof or otherwise. Seeing this, Buttry's voice changes to: "Come on, Bartender, come on, good dog." Thus reassured, the noble hound who is as cheery of compliment and as injured by a word *too much* as a woman, comes joyfully in, waving his stern like a bending reed to a summer breeze, his nostrils working, his mouth full of laughter, his eyes all aglow, head erect, and his lips twitching as if about to speak. He has round cat-like feet, straight legs, and most muscular thighs; deep chest, depth of shoulder, a loin like a beam, and a back like a bull. His markings are perfect, body black, a golden tan about the edges of the back, as if the under and larger blanket of tan were covered with a silken one of smaller pattern in black. His head, full of character, is also black, with eyebrows and muzzle shading tan, ears black, as supple as chamois skin with the touch of silk velvet and also fringed with tan. And with it all such a grand carriage of head and stern. He is just as grand and perfect a hound in the field as he is on the flags. He was champion hound at Madison Square, and first prize hound with four of his get, including Barmaid, Villager, Bonnie Boy and Vaunter. Then another stud hound and special favourite is called in with as many of his get for comparison.

The inspection over, the Master takes us past the hospital, where several hounds are ailing, some lame from rheumatics, others wearing bandages—the result of cuts and thorns. How pleased they are to see their master, as they hobble to meet his caresses, hear his praise and reassurance that they will soon be able to join the pack.

There are, in hound breeding, so many different and difficult problems to confront. There are the quarrelsome, the timid,

the quick witted and the dull, the careless and the fastidious, the gluttonous and the dainty, some who require whipping, others coaxing, not to mention their misfortunes, sicknesses and individual care. Then come the more interesting questions of selection and breeding.

Thus a well bred pack of hounds become to a Master, who, like Major Wadsworth, breeds for improvement, a most interesting, most fascinating study; the above, however, is but the beginning.

The nursing of the puppies through the distemper, mange, etc., like the mumps, chicken-pox, or measles in children, brings added cares to the kennel huntsman, and, likewise, increased affection. Then comes the huntsman's part, their days at "walk." The puppies must be sent to farmers and others who will "walk" them for a year. Then comes the more serious question, the drafting and killing of the imperfect ones, the flogging and subjection of the new entry to kennel discipline, their schooling and conditioning for the chase. Thus it comes about that each and every member of the kennel household becomes very near, and I may say without offence, very dear, to the master huntsman, and kennel huntsman as well.

I hope you have enjoyed the visit to the kennels, if so, you will surely enjoy the run to-day all the better for having done so.

We have not time to visit the stud and hunt stables, we must hurry away to the meet, for our hostess there will take it quite to heart if we are not in time to partake of her hunt breakfast.

"Will beam with delight
At the glorious sight
Of a meet on the velvety lawn."

Poems in Pink.

IX

A DAY WITH THE GENESEE VALLEY HOUNDS

THE MEET AT BELWOOD—THE HUNT BREAKFAST—THE COVERT —SEVEN GULLIES—WHO-WHOOP.

WHAT a joyous happy crowd, to be sure! All our friends are there, dressed in their smartest "hunting togs." The men are telling the ladies that they are looking "too excruciatingly stunning for anything," while Miss Daisy from Batavia, is answering Mr. Arthur's chaffing by holding her fingers in her ears, because his new waistcoat is of such a loud pattern. So the chaffing and small talk and apologies and regrets for omissions and commissions go gaily on about the heavily laden board, everyone helping him or herself, or perhaps a neighbour. Our host, meanwhile, is shaking hands with his friends and their guests, while his visiting friends are assisting in the entertainment or are canvassing the lawn and drives that are filling with pedestrians and wagons, that none may go away unbidden to the feast of good things that has been provided within.

"Here come the hounds," says someone on the porch, who is on the lookout for them, and bedlam is let loose. Four women meet in a bunch all talking at once, such a babble! One more taste, a hasty last swallow, eating and talking, and rushing here and there for hats and gloves, and hunting crops;

napkins are stuffed into handkerchief pockets to be discovered at the first check, ten miles away.

"Here they come! Here they come!" as the hounds, headed by the first whipper-in, followed by the huntsman with the pack at his horse's heels, come swinging up the winding driveway directly in front of the house, the Master bowing right and left to the general handclapping and waving of napkins from every available window, balcony, doorway, and porch of the spacious villa.

It lacks but five minutes of the hour (eleven) when hounds will move on to draw the first covert. We therefore hurry out to join the crowd, who have already formed an admiring circle about the huntsman and hounds. The twelve and one half couple of very carefully selected hounds, are quite unconscious of the shower of compliments they are receiving and the clicking of kodaks going on about them.

"Toot, toot!" says the huntsman's horn, as a signal to mount; only two minutes more and we are off. Now all is confusion worse confounded. Good-byes are hurriedly spoken, there is an exchange of sweet-sounding salutations between some of the ladies that make the men pucker their lips, but to no purpose. A "where-is-my-horse or where-am-I-at" expression is on everyone's face, and the whole assembly is a kaleidoscope. You see it all and you observe nothing. The village clock no sooner strikes eleven than "Toot, toot, toot!" says the horn, "crack, crack," says the thong of the whipper-in with an added correction to a new entry hound that is heading for the kitchen where the cook and household servants are looking on from behind the screen. Twenty-five hounds and seventy-five riders going forth to capture and bring to justice one Mr. Reynard, an outlaw, that the untimely death of Mrs. Farmer's goslings may be avenged. What a grand lot of horses! What a beautiful, what a thrilling sight! Conveyances of all descriptions, from a four-in-hand to a rickety hotel omnibus; from a

A MEET ON THE LAWN

MAJOR WADSWORTH'S HOME

spider phaeton to a breaking cart. Truant lads were there, driving a village delivery wagon. Boys and girls who "did not hear the bell ring," together with farm hands who had hitched their plough horses to the fence, were hurrying away to the crown of an adjacent hill, all speeding on as if by some sweet frenzy seized and with the hope of viewing the chase away.

"Hark! On the drag I hear their doleful notes."

Arriving at the Fitzhugh Wood, hounds are thrown off with a cheer. The first whipper-in has stationed himself where best to view Reynard away. The second whipper-in has gone in with the Master and hounds. What prettier sight can any one see on a fine autumn day, than a hard-working pack of hounds, each in great eagerness to be the first to proclaim the find? How they fling and drive, testing each clump of grass for a particle of the evasive effluvia that Reynard may have left in passing.

Bartender is now seen madly feathering in the midst of a thicket, his "hackles" are on end as if about to speak. Seeing this, the Master, who as usual is hunting his own hounds, cries out, "Speak to it, Bartender, speak to it, good dog." Ringwood and Rallywood, hearing Bartender thus cheered on, rush to his side, for not only do the hounds know their own names but the name of the other hounds as well. Again the Master encourages Bartender to speak to it, but the grand old hound who cannot be made to tell a lie only mutters a whimper and passes on.

So we all move slowly along. The delicate aroma of the autumn wood, the falling leaves, the crackling twigs under our horses' feet, all add immensely to the delights of the hour.

The Fitzhugh covert having proved blank, we next try the wood farther south. What a delightful ride from wood to wood across the beautiful pasture fields, studded with great spreading shade trees, that make it more a park than a pasture!

These rides from covert to covert put every one on the best of terms with himself, excepting perhaps, an element who are out for racing each other, and who have no taste for hunting except the mad galloping part. But to those who are out *to hunt,* it is one of the most enjoyable features of the game. Horses and hounds are fresh. Anticipation and eagerness are plainly stamped on the faces of all.

It begins to look as if the second covert was also a blank, when suddenly the musical whimpers of Barmaid, then Villager, bring shouts of rejoicing from the riders all over the wood and before the echoes have ceased in the treetops, the deep mouthed Sampson has thrown his tongue. "Hark to Sampson! Hark to Sampson!" but every hound in the pack is already rushing to join him or to reach a spot just ahead of him, to confirm the good news. On they go, "Ding-dong," go their tongues, as one after another they feel the line until their joyful notes swell to one grand chorus that fills the great wood to overflowing.

Tally-Oh! Tally-Oh! Gone away, Tally-Ho-gon-a-way.

Now then, friend, we are off. Cram down your hat, take your mount well in hand and ride to the limit of his pace, or you may never see the stern of a hound again for the day.

Isn't it glorious? The first burst of speed, when you are feeling very fit, and your horse is feeling just a little above himself?

"Where now are all your sorrows, disappointments, wrongs?
All! All! are gone and in the rushing wind,
Left far behind."

"Listen!" asks a rider of his neighbour, "do you still hear the hounds? No?" Then they have run out of hearing or have come to a check. We hope it is the latter and so it turns out. But what a gallop, twenty minutes on the grass! There is not a horse or rider whose greed for pace is still unsatisfied.

Four miles from the find and hounds are really at fault. Their own cast being ineffectual, the Master moves them carefully forward in a circular swing, and on arriving well back of where their music ceased, sure enough, Reynard had played his first trump card. He had stopped suddenly on the line he was pursuing, jumped wide to the right or left, and was probably running back on a parallel line to the way he came. The hounds were running at such a great speed, they overshot the line, as the artful Reynard knew they would do. It is an old and favourite trick, but thanks to our Master's woodcraft, the run is by no means over. In casting well back, the hounds hit off the line, and once more the "heavenly music" fills all the valley and echoes from hill to hill. By this time it is common gossip among the crows and blue jays for miles about that a chicken-thief fox is again on foot with the white, black and tan chorus hard after. What a race! That five foot stake and rider fence stopped half of the field, sent some to the grass, until a heavy weight lumbering hunter smashes the three top rails and lets the field get through. What a jolly party joins in the chase as we enter the field, fifty racing bullocks and half as many brood mares and their foals join in the gallop!

What a sight! Even the heavy milch cows and the plodding old farm mares forgetful of their infirmities, have joined the glad throng that goes galloping on with,

"Three cheers for the science, three cheers for the chase,
The hounds that ne'er falter nor tire,
Three cheers for the cattle that join in the race,
The old mare and her foal filled with fire."

Once more a check, now then, Mr. Reynard, what is your plot to fool the hounds this time? It is plain enough. As we come into an open field he has run amongst a flock of sheep, knowing full well his own scent will be lost by their stain. Which way now? The answer is plain. Towards yonder hill,

the dreaded "Seven Gullies." Our Master sees another flock of sheep all looking in one direction, he hears the jay birds jawing like fish wives in the wood beyond. The crows also are collecting there like turkey buzzards to help "do" the outlaw of the wood. Seven Gullies is Reynard's point. Now friend, harden your heart and ride to save your horse, for a trial of strength and endurance beyond estimate lies before you.

What's to be done? The signs of a travelling fox on yonder hill make it certain that we are in for it up to our eyes. Between riders and their game lies the Caneseraga river, a most difficult water to cross. It is three to four rods wide, runs silent and deep between precipitous banks of alluvial deposit. No shallows nor bridge for a mile or more either way. Now, lads, you may come along, for away sails the Master, lifting the hounds smartly on along the dreaded Caneseraga. Sure enough the leading hound along the river bank is madly feathering. "Ding-dong," goes her tongue, every hound turns to her cry, as they race away along the bank. Then halting suddenly they make their own cast back and one, two, three at a time, throw themselves headlong down the bank and are swimming for the opposite shore. It is good ten feet from the turf to the water, but there is no time to question where or how. Down goes one rider, another follows hard after. Other places are found in the yielding bank and in less than five minutes the creek had troubled waters and the riders troubled hearts, for the tallest horses could just wade across and keep their heads above water. A plucky farmer's son riding a roan pony, that goes completely under water as he enters the stream, is now swimming for it. Our boots are filling with water in spite of our best effort to hold them above it. But cheer up, the worst is yet to come. Although the opposite bank is not so steep, the miry condition of the soil makes it almost impossible for horses to take their riders out, but their blood is up and away go the horses and riders, dripping like sheep at a river washing. It is plain to

see that Reynard's point is the dreaded "Seven Gullies." Only the best conditioned horses and riders go on with the game.

We race away up the crest of the hill and by the time we reach there, "There's many a bellows to mend." What an awful hole this first gully is! Dismount and scramble down the best you can, for the sides are as steep as a mansard roof. Well done, but what a dark damp dismal place it is in the bottom! However, there is nothing to do for it, but to harden your heart and follow your leader as best you can, hanging on to your horse's tail to help you up. Thanks to the stout heart of your mount and your own stock of grit and courage, you at last arrive at the top on the opposite side. This ravine has broken the heart of more than one resolute rider and sent him and his good mount home with more than enough.

Just as we expected, now we are out of this gully we are at the brink of another gully still more difficult to climb. There is nothing to do for it but go on with the game until the Master says, "Well, gentlemen, what say you all? Have you had enough?" The few who are left say to a man, "It's enough," but just then the hounds who have been out of hearing in some one of the seven gullies are heard returning. "Wait a moment," cries the Master, "hounds are running and are, I think, coming this way." All thoughts of home are banished. Once more our barometer goes up from zero with such a rush as to threaten going through the top of the glass.

A warning hand from the Master bids everyone to keep perfectly still. Here come the hounds at full cry, while less than ten rods ahead of them comes the artful dodger, who runs nearly onto the riders before he discovers his error. To turn back against the pack is death, the next best thing for him to do is to take to the open fields to the east and this he does, cheered on by all the riders who race after him with a view of driving him out of the gullies. On come the hounds, who rush

to the "Tally ho gone away," with renewed energy out into the open field. They are soon running their fox from scent to view. "Hi! Hi! Hi!" shout the riders, as they race away to the top of their horses' speed. "Hi! Hi! Hi!" One field more! Whatever is left of fox, hounds, horses and riders is now being put to the test, Reynard's brush is not three rods from the leading hound. "Hi! Hi! Hi!" cheer on the riders, who are but a field behind the hounds. Reynard's point is evidently an open earth which he knows about in the edge of the wood he has nearly reached. Go on, good hounds, go on, good horses, but no, it is not to be. In a hollow ahead of the hounds and just out of view, Reynard plays the winning card and is well back on the way to the Seven Gullies, which has saved the brush of hundreds of his tribe and family, and will probably save his own for years to come. Nevertheless, as Williams says,

> *"Long may he live to repeat the good story*
> *He told us to-day in this wonderful run,*
> *We'll drink to his honour and sing to his glory*
> *With all the good fellows who shared in the fun."*

It was a hard day, but it was worth it and more. Horses and hounds and riders were done to a turn, still there is enough left in them to jog, jog, jog, trot, trot, trot, the long ride home, where at last they arrive *tired, dirty, hungry* and *happy,* to the hearty dinners that await their coming. For the riders, at least, there are also good friends, dear friends, and possibly sweet friends to welcome them and to encourage them in living the run over again, while the fences grow higher, the ditches wider, the creeks become rivers and the gullies canyons.

To Dr. Fred Capon, Toronto, Ontario.

For all-round Sportsmen Canada wins,
They're the best set of fellows that live,
Hunting, shooting, yachting and all
With a handy foot for a skate or a ball,
And a welcome as free as a sieve.

X

HUNTING IN CANADA

PLENTY OF SPORT—OUR NEIGHBOURS—A CANADIAN SPORTSMAN —YACHTING—THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB—WOMEN RIDERS —A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

IF you are of a sporting turn of mind, you will find more boating, yachting, shooting, fishing or hunting, to the square inch in Canada than anywhere in the western hemisphere.

In the first place, the English and the Scotch blood that runs in the veins of our Canadian cousins has suffered little or none by being transplanted to a new soil. School and college sports are played there, more as they are in England; i. e., for the fun of it. Lacrosse, the national game, baseball, cricket, canoeing, rage not as fads but as an effervescing expression of sport for sport's sake. They must play. Nothing can stop them.

Yachting commences with the going out of the ice in the spring and stops at the beginning of winter, a little before ice boating begins.

From the good old English game of bowling on the green to the grand old Scotch game of curling on the ice, the elderly men have as little break in their accustomed sports as do their sons and daughters.

Hockey on the grass keeps the young men in fettle for hockey on the ice and vice versa. Skating, tobogganing, snow shoeing and ice carnivals make the winter more active than the summer, and fill out the year with a round of arduous sports that appeals to all.

The writer speaks of the Canadian sportsmen from a very intimate acquaintance. He has repeatedly met them in international yacht races, a place to try men's souls. For if anything will hunt out unsportsmanlike qualities in a man, you can depend upon it an international yacht race will do the work to perfection.

You may put him, as the writer has, to an even severer test; viz., take him for a companion on a week's hunting trip where you must carry your own kit, and pitch your camp when night overtakes you under a tent or a lean-to of poles and balsam boughs, and unless your experience differs materially from the writer's, you will find him, whatever his faults, a true sportsman, always doing his share, a gentleman and a friend to the end.

America, to her lasting reproach, has seldom played fair with Canada. As a nation we have chased after the trade and traffic of islands washed by the most distant seas and have slapped in the face our next door neighbour, the best customer we have in the world. We have practised the Golden Rule with Cuba and the Philippines, while we have never loved our neighbour as ourselves.

Instead of cultivating Canada, we have invariably driven her to buy abroad, what she would naturally have bought nearer home. Americans, as a rule, have never appreciated Canada nor the Canadian people, simply because we do not

DR. F. J. CAPON

THE MONTREAL KENNELS

know them and will not take the trouble to make their acquaintance. Nevertheless, every American who does know the Canadians at all well, will agree with the writer in saying that as a nation, the Canadian people have no superior. The time will come and is coming fast when Americans will wake up to the fact that they are living beside a nation and a competitor of no second-rate importance. I would like my readers to have a glimpse of a Canadian sportsman as he is at home.

As a fair example, let me introduce you to my friend, formerly Vice-Commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto. Here he comes now on the way to his yacht the Fou Fou.

A misguided youth at the club the night before made the remark that the Fou Fou was a racing machine and could not be beaten, when the Commodore turned on him with some warmth saying, "I will sail your boat and you can sail the Fou Fou, and I'll beat you or lose ten dollars." That's the Commodore.

The Fou Fou is of the skimming dish order, twenty-five feet over all and sixteen feet water line, that had, with the Commodore at the helm, been winning hands down. This accounts for his errand to the bay so early in the day.

"I'm a truant from business this morning. Come along," he cries, "you are just in time. I have been trying to pick up a crew all the way down."

It was a race from start to finish and the Fou Fou was beaten by the length of her stumpy bowsprit.

The race over, we slipped into our riding breeches for a ride to the Toronto Hunt Club and to visit the kennels. We took an indirect route for the Hunt Club to give our horses a chance "to show their irons" in clearing a few fences and ditches on the way, also for the purpose of crossing a wide, open field where they could lay themselves out in a racing gallop on the beautiful turf.

"It takes the kinks out of their legs," explains the Commodore, "and gives them a relish for a good feed of oats at the club, while we are 'worrying' a beefsteak for ourselves."

Thus we arrive at the Hunt Club stables, horses and riders feeling what a privilege it is to live in a land where a cross country gallop is indulged in, to the enjoyment of man and beast.

The writer has certainly had his share and perhaps more of the joys of living, but there is no one spot on all the earth he has ever visited that fits him all round, that touches him on every side, like Toronto. To sail a smart yacht, to ride a good horse, to visit one of the best packs of hounds and most orderly kennels, at a most homelike Hunt Club situated on a bluff overlooking Lake Ontario; and then spend an evening by a hickory fire, talking yacht and hound, horse and sails and bits and anchors with the best fellows alive, until the servants had retired and the fire burnt to coals and the coals to ashes—well, that's Toronto.

There is also a Hunt Club at Hamilton, another at Guelph, Woodstock and London. No better cross country horses come to the States than those which are found in this part of Canada. It is owing to the universal use of thoroughbreds that Canada has been able to send to the States hundreds of horses annually, for saddle and hunting purposes.

The oldest organised "Hunt Club" in Canada, which I believe is also the oldest in America, is at Montreal, where they hunt the wild red fox over a rough broken country. They have a very fine club house at the foot of Mount Royal, which overlooks a most beautiful vale and farming land, suggesting a landscape not unlike good old England. The club possesses a fine pack of hounds and the best appointed kennels the writer knows of in America, the Middlesex alone excepted.

The few days' cub hunting which the writer enjoyed with

THE TORONTO PACK

this pack, was enough to show him that the whole turnout was as ably conducted as most of the up-to-date English packs.

If a hunt breakfast at the meet and a dinner at the club after a day's hunting, to talk it all over, is not enough to convert you, or if a few hunting songs, a Highland jig, or a sword dance (by the popular M. F. H.) is not enough to put you "en rapport" with fox hunting for the rest of your days, your case is hopeless. At any rate, that is the way they round out a good hunting day "in due and ancient form," even as their daddies have done in merry England and bonny Scotland, since the beginning. That's Montreal.

But we did not finish with Toronto. You must stay for a few days' hunting, if only to please the Commodore and see a lot of good gentlemen, and the very best lot of women riders the writer has ever met with in a single day's run to hounds. These Toronto ladies are not only the most accomplished riders, but they are the pride and glory of the Toronto Hunt.

"You must stay over," says my friend, "I want you to see our ladies riding to hounds. It will strain your heart even if it is past breaking just to see them, and break your neck perhaps trying to keep pace with them; nevertheless, I am sure you will say, 'it is worth it.' The same afternoon they will sail you a race and the same evening," continues he, "you will find them the best partners for a dance you ever had on your arm."

We stayed not once, but many times, and although some years have gone by since then, the mere mention of Canada brings a vision of racing yachts, racing hounds, racing riding habits that would not and could not be overtaken, to say nothing of the charming partners that nearly danced us to a standstill, all of which has left in the writer's mind a hunger and thirst for more Toronto, more Canada. Nor have we said all. It is here we stock our kits for an annual shooting trip to lower

Canada and sail away with dogs and guns down the St. Lawrence and its rapids, to join our guides in the forest of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick; but all that is in pickle for some future time, when the pencil is sharp and the season is ripe.

May the yachts of Toronto Bay never grow less in number; may hound's music never cease at the Toronto kennels; may the daughters of the hunt ever remain the pride and delight of their fathers, their brothers, their lovers and their friends, and may they leave to the generation to come, daughters and sons of their own to perpetuate true sport to the end of time.

Long live Toronto, a sportsman's paradise! Long live Canada, the cradle of sportsmen good and true!

PART II

HUNTING IN EUROPE

To Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart.
M. F. H. Belvoir Hunt,
England.

"There's honesty written in characters clear
And bravery stands by her side.
You feel when you look on his manly career,
That these are the men that make England so dear,
The men that fill England with pride."

Poems in Pink.

XI

HUNTING IN ENGLAND

PACKS OF HOUNDS—HUNTING CENTRES—COST—GRASS COUNTRIES—RACING PACKS—FOXES—WHERE TO GO—NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THERE are in the United Kingdom (England, Scotland and Ireland) something like four hundred and fifty organised Hunt Clubs that follow the chase on certain days of the week from the first of October to the first of April or May. This is to say nothing of numerous trencher-fed packs and small garrison hunts to be met with in many parts of Great Britain. Bailey's Hunt Directory gives the number of packs of foxhounds with regular fixtures in England as one hundred and sixty-five, Ireland twenty-four, Scotland eleven; total, two hundred. H. A. Brayden in his interesting book "Hare Hunting and Harriers," says, "There are but two less than two hundred packs of Harriers." There are also sixteen packs of staghounds in England alone. It is safe to say there are forty or fifty packs of otterhounds, and foot beagles, to say nothing of draghounds, which number only nine for the United Kingdom. It is also safe to say that of the one hundred and sixty-five packs of foxhounds in England, over one hundred are within a radius of fifty miles of Leamington, which may be considered the hunting centre of England. This is spoken of as "The Midlands," "The Cream of the Shires," "Grass Countries," etc.

If we take for instance, Utica, N. Y., for a centre and from it draw a circle of the same radius, the outer edges of the circle would include Watertown on the north, Albany on the east, Binghamton on the south, Auburn on the west. Think of having over one hundred organised packs of foxhounds within

this territory, to say nothing of harriers, otterhounds, beagle and staghounds. This will probably give the reader a very correct idea of the popularity of hunting in England. It is the national pastime for men after they leave school and college. It would be mere guesswork to estimate the millions of dollars expended yearly in England alone, for the indulgence of this noble and manly sport.*

Fox hunting in England is a very expensive luxury, but there are so many subscribers that the expense to an individual member is not very great after all. It costs some of the grass country packs £10,000 to £12,000, ($50,000 to $60,000) a year. For instance, the Master of the Grafton receives a subscription of £8,000 per year, and adds £3,000 per annum out of his own pocket. This sum goes first for the maintenance of the hunt, the mounting of the huntsman and the whippers-in, the poultry fund—the hunt paying liberally all claims made for poultry or lambs said to be destroyed by foxes. The hunt also pays for the maintenance of certain coverts, the laying down of others and the removal of wire fencing.

As to the individual cost of hunting, it ranges from a free ride for the farmer element of the hunt to as much as a swagger chappie cares to spend. This applies to America as well as England.

A $125 hunter carries one man better than a $2,500 hunter carries another. For the man who has enough but wishes to economise, a $500 hunter boarded at $20 per month during the hunting season, pastured during the summer and made to rough it during the winter—out of the hunting season—may hunt once a week and enjoy more sport than the

*In an article on "England and the English" in Scribner's Magazine for March, 1909, the writer says: "An accepted authority upon all matters of sport in England has compiled some figures as to the investment and expenditures upon sport. . . . Invested in fox hunting, $78,035,000: spent annually for the same, $43,190,000.

other man with a big string of thousand dollar hunters with grooms and stable boys—"Heating their 'eads off."

Once a week is about hunting enough for a single horse, that is, with most riders, but some men can ride to hounds twice and even three days a week with only one horse, but that one of course, must be a thoroughly seasoned, qualified hunter that knows the game and is ridden by a man who knows how to ride to save his horse.

The writer knows several men in England who ride to hounds five days a week with only two hunters and a hack to ride or drive to the "meets." They rarely, if ever, miss a day, rain or shine, and this, often, on horses that are little above screws. Again their neighbour with a stable of ten or twelve hunters that cost from one thousand to two thousand dollars each, may not have a horse in the string fit to ride after the first month. It is simply impossible, therefore, to give an estimate of the cost of hunting. The only way to find out is to cut and try. In yachting one man will get more sport and pleasure out of a twenty foot yacht costing $250 than the next man does from a $250,000 investment. It is not so much a question of cost as inclination. Hunting is more a question of the size of a man's heart for the love of the game, than the size of his pocketbook. When there is a *will,* the way is seldom hard to find.

It is a fact within the observation of all that, as a rule, the men who indulge in outdoor sports and enjoy life as they live it are seldom found among those who can have what they want, but rather amongst those who adapt themselves to what they can have. If they cannot afford a 40 foot yacht, they own or hire a 20 footer. If they cannot buy a qualified hunter, they can at least see the fun from the back of a colt that is growing into a hunter. It might be too much to say that poverty is a passport to becoming a sportsman, but it is by no means such a drawback as some suppose. There are thousands of men

in England who "never had money enough," as they say in Michigan, "to wad a gun," but who are never without a hunter to ride, a yacht to sail, and a gun for big game or small.

Owing to the decline in agriculture in England, there is comparatively little land under the plough. Hay and grazing are the chief source of agricultural revenue. Especially is this the case in the principal hunting centres already referred to as the "Grass Countries." There one may gallop from morning until night over fields that have been in turf for 100 to 200 years, possibly more, and seldom meet with a bit of plough land outside of a garden patch. The Midlands are therefore very attractive to the hard riding and racing men who congregate there by the thousands, many of them to hunt five or even six days during the week.

In the first place, the damp moist climate is just suited to the laying of scent and the great grass fields afford the best possible conditions for holding the same. This makes it possible for hounds to race away to the line with heads up and at a rate that only the very highest class horses can follow.

As above intimated, the "Midlands" attract largely the men who hunt to ride, and for that same reason are quite as repelling to many men who ride to hunt. It is unnecessary to say the writer has a most decided preference for the latter school; he holds that hunting the fox is one thing, racing him to death quite another. If, for instance, these racing packs of hounds are hard pressed by a racing crowd of riders, which often number from one to three hundred, and there is a check, and Reynard has turned back, there is no recovering the line. It is, therefore, largely a huntsman's game. Instead of giving the hounds a chance to *hunt* their fox, they are generally lifted smartly on with a gamble on the chance of recovering the line or picking up another line for another race. Still, every hunting man who visits England should at least have a fling with a Grass Country pack; they do the thing up proper and smart, and on

a good horse they will give him the *ride* of his life. He will find at the principal hunting centres such as Melton, Market Harborough, Grantham, Rugby, Leicester, Oakham, etc., that he is among the best horses, the best riders, the best packs of hounds to be found in the world. He will find English sportsmen rather shy and hard to get acquainted with without a letter of introduction, but when once the icy exterior is broken you have a man you can hitch to, a friend you can swear by and a companion you can love. From Melton you may hunt with the Quorn, Cottesmore, Belvoir. From Market Harborough with the Cottesmore, Pytchley and Mr. Fernie's hounds. From Rugby with the Pytchley, Atherstone, Warwickshire and North Warwickshire. From Leicester, Mr. Fernie's, Atherstone, Quorn. From Oakham, the Belvoir, Quorn, Cottesmore. All of these packs, we believe, hunt five days a week. By a short train run you may hunt over a still wider district.

From what has been said it must not be inferred that all the best packs of England are within this enchanted ground. So far, mention has been made of but eight different packs; there must still remain something over a hundred first class packs in England alone to select from.

Another charm about hunting in England is the style and neatness in which it is everywhere conducted.

In the writer's personal experience he may mention the Holderness near Hull, a racing pack, where mostly clean thoroughbreds are ridden. It is quite as fast as the fastest in the Midlands. Then comes the Earl of Yarborough's celebrated pack in Lincolnshire. These hounds have a written pedigree extending back 125 years and are known to have been in the family for thirty years prior to that. Many years ago, when agriculture was prosperous in England, Lord Yarborough, who was a very extensive landowner, went so far in encouraging his tenant farmers to hunt, that he presented them all with

a full hunting suit, pink coat and all. To this day most of the tenant farmers in that portion of the country enjoy the sport. Some one asked Lord Yarborough how he managed to secure such a lot of first class tenant farmers. "I don't secure them," he replied. "I breed them." This is almost literally true, for most of the leases have been handed down from father to son since the beginning.

The writer well recalls a meet of these famous hounds, M. F. H. the Earl of Yarborough, at the farm of Mr. Charles Dudding, a famous sheep breeder. There were over two hundred and fifty riders at this meet and over half were farmers or farmers' sons. Our host stayed at home to dispense the good things from his hospitable board, which were partaken of by Lords and tenant farmers alike.

Then there is the Blankney, near Nottingham, one of the best all round packs of hounds the writer ever hunted with in England. The Blankney is the greatest ditch country the writer ever encountered. The foxes take a lot of hunting and much killing but there are plenty of them and a blank day is unknown. One run with this level, hard-working pack, who hunt down their game in the most workmanlike manner, will never be forgotten by the writer.

With our old friend Kirkham, whom readers of "Cross Country with Horse and Hound" may remember, the writer started out for Bishopsthorpe for a day with the Blankney. It was a prime hunting morning and our horses were quite above themselves. Hounds jumped their fox on the way to covert and we were well off before we knew what had happened. The hounds swooped down the incline after him like a flock of migrating birds. They ran him so hard that in the last field they were not a rod from his brush. Straight for the cottage rolled the bundle of fur, the hounds gaining, but very slowly. Through two or three fields hounds pressed their game hard, so hard in fact, he ran straight for a little thatched cottage.

The door of the cottage being open, the fox ran into the house and was pulled down by the hounds under the dining room table. When the huntsman could get in there the old lady was standing on top of a small table, her dress pulled tightly about her ankles, and screaming at the top of her voice. Underneath and around the dining room table twenty-two couple of hounds were quarrelling and fighting for possession of their game. As the huntsman reached the door a table leg gave way and over went the dishes, dinner and all among the surging, snarling pack. This pack at that time had hunted ninety-eight days and had killed one hundred and one foxes.

"The Vale of the White Horse Hunt" is another genuine hunting institution, and Cirencester, where the hounds are located, is a convenient centre. Some of the most charming men in all England train with these hounds. Then there is the Warwickshire, with which pack the writer had a memorable run in the wake of that most accomplished cross country rider, the Countess of Warwick. The South Staffordshire Hunt near Lichfield is the right sort altogether. It was the custom of these big-hearted Staffordshire farmers to put a good piece of fresh meat at each fox's earth on Christmas eve, so they might enjoy like themselves a good Xmas dinner. A fox's mask and brush presented to the writer by the master, Sir Charles Cooper, at the end of a hard day's run, is especially prized. And last but not least, a day with the North Warwickshire hounds from Banbury Cross with our esteemed friend and sportsman, Artist J. Crawford Wood, whose clever hand did so much to enrich the chapters of "Cross Country with Horse and Hound," was most enjoyable.

It was from Banbury Cross "upon a cock horse" that many a hunting man received his first taste of cross country, riding astride his father's stout boot, that always managed to spill him over the last fence or ditch.

Wherever you may drop down on the sod of Merry Eng-

land you will find yourself in reach of a pack of hounds and wherever that is you will find also, first class accommodations for man and beast, and someone not too far away of whom you may hire a mount.

Of all the delightful places to put up, a village inn in a favourite hunting district fills the bill. The larger hotels are as a rule dreary, lonesome, forbidding affairs.

At all the leading hunt centres there are any quantity of hunting boxes with first class stabling for rent from £60 to £600 or more for the season. It is quite the fashion in England to hire such a small country or suburban box with two to four acres of land and to leave the hunters there all summer in charge of a groom. Some sell out root and branch and buy again a few months before the season opens. Others flit about, hunting from a dozen different centres during the season, depending on mounts from "Jobmasters." This is as economical a way as any, and as most Jobmasters will mount a man, especially a stranger, as well or better than he can mount himself, it usually gives good satisfaction, especially to visiting sportsmen.

What astonishes an American most is where all the foxes come from to supply each club with three to five kills a week. A blank day is quite unusual anywhere, and a day when there is a run that the fox fails to be accounted for is also unusual. Frank Gillard during his 26 years as huntsman to the Belvoir killed 2709 foxes, an average of over 100 per season, which is also about the average number of runs between the opening day about September 15th and the closing day in the latter part of April. There are many other packs that can show as good and even better records than the above. Americans who are mostly accustomed to blank days and runs without a kill wonder at the great difference in this respect between the two countries. It is easily accounted for. First, nearly every farm in Great Britain is a game preserve and most of the larger

estates have gamekeepers who rear and put out thousands of pheasants, partridges and grouse. Rabbits and hares are plentiful nearly everywhere. On this account English-bred foxes have always plenty of food at hand, while in the States a fox must travel a great distance to obtain a meagre living. English foxes come up in daily sight of gamekeepers and others who are most careful not to disturb them. American foxes on the contrary are as wild as possible. They are hardened to travel and have found in their wide going about every available spot of safety. On these accounts they are rarely run into and never will be until we have earth stoppers to locate them and plenty of rabbits and other game for them to eat.

The writer has often been asked where to go to see the most interesting sport in following the chase. From his limited knowledge he would suggest the following:

Reach England by August 1st. Have a day at least with the Essex otterhounds, headquarters at Chelmsford. Then locate at the Peacock Inn, Belvoir near Grantham, for a visit to the famous castle and kennels and a week's cub hunting with the finest pack and the best new entry hounds in the world. Then go to Minehead, Somerset, for the opening meet of the Devon and Somerset staghounds, about August 15th. There will be seen four or five hundred riders and about as many pedestrians at the meet, which is always at Cloutsham. The mount must be engaged sometime ahead. Then on the way back to London have a day in the Quantock Hills from Taunton, hunting the wild red deer. By this time the fox hunting season is open. Then fly away to the opening meet of the Quorn, which is always at Kirby Gate. Opening meets as a rule are, on account of the crowd, to be avoided, but any hunting man visiting England should not fail to see the show. After a week with the Quorn, settle down at Melton Mowbray or Oakham or Leicester, and have a day with the Pytchley, Atherstone and Cottesmore. Then try a week with Lord

Rothschild's staghounds, locating at the Red Lion Hotel, Leighton Buzzard. Whatever you do, don't miss the Blankney Hunt and a few days with the Windermere Harriers in the most beautiful part of beautiful Great Britain, with headquarters at Ambleside, Lake Windermere, or better still, the Ferry Hotel across the lake from Bowness.

Then if you would like a good jolly drag hunt, go out with the students of Oxford University. It is the real thing and the best drag hunting, to the writer's notion, in England; besides Oxford is the finest town in all England, in which to spend a few weeks. If you can sprint a little, a day with one of the three college foot beagles will quite complete the rôle. This should give you the best in variety that England has to offer and that is the best in the world. If by this time, you are not in love with rural England and English methods of field sports, the writer will be greatly disappointed, for in spite of its "beastly" weather (it has no climate), it is the ideal country of all the world for a man who loves outdoor sports and rural life.

One mistake that most Americans make in visiting England is in rushing from Liverpool to London visiting a few cathedral towns and deceiving themselves with the idea that they have done England.

A few letters of introduction will put you right, but without them your progress will be slow and your welcome very incomplete. Englishmen are very shy of strangers, especially foreigners, until they know from someone who or what you are. As a rule, it is not a question of wealth. If you are a bit of a sportsman, you are welcome even if you are poor. If you can shoot or sing, drive or play, ride or write, whatever your accomplishments, you are welcome. The question of how much you are worth financially is not the first and last question to be determined. There is less snobbishness among the long pedigreed nobility of England than is often found among

wealthy Americans, who don't know the pedigree of their near ancestors.

"A fine old English Gentleman I see,
A friend, a companion, to cheer,
A sportsman he is from his head to his heels,
The best breeds of cattle are found in his fields,
He is honest and true, never fear."

"Wondrous Belvoir, to thy Spacious Vale,
Sweet Castle and thy farthest prospects hail,
Where Margumum, seat of heroes old,
Once stood."

Peck (A. D. 1727)

"Far shall his pack be famed, far sought his breed."
Somervile.

XII

A DAY WITH THE BELVOIR FOXHOUNDS

THE PEACOCK INN—BELVOIR CASTLE—BELVOIR KENNELS—NOTED HUNTSMEN—PERFECTION IN HOUND BREEDING—BEN CAPELL.

IT would certainly be an omission to serve stuffed goose without the stuffing. It would be equally as great an omission to attempt to describe fox hunting in England without putting in a day with the Belvoir.

The present Master—Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart.—is to be congratulated for his adherence to the time honoured customs and hunting traditions of the chase, especially in a country where the temptation to lower hunting to something resembling a cross between steeplechasing and flat racing is the rule. It must not be inferred from this that the Belvoir is a "slow country," for it is not, but there seems to be more of the hunting spirit in it than in some so-called swagger packs that hunt the grass countries. However, "Everyone to his liking."

It would be a great pleasure for the writer to take his

readers to the hunting field where the Master has a kindly welcome for all, and where his clever huntsman, Ben Capell, is a star performer, among the best of his craft in handling the pack, and an artist in outwitting his game.

Nevertheless good and perfect as is the management and appointment of the Belvoir Hunt in the field, its crowning glory is at the kennels. As this most celebrated pack of hounds has for many years enjoyed the distinction of being the "premier pack of Great Britain," the writer has decided to devote this chapter to "A Day with the Hounds at Belvoir Kennels," rather than in the field.

Whosoever has followed the writer's chapter on hound breeding, rearing and management in "Cross Country with Horse and Hounds," as well as his remarks on the subject in previous chapters of this book, will readily understand the value he places on hound breeding as it is generally conducted in England, and pardon him, it is hoped, if in this chapter he repeats some of the thoughts expressed in his previous work.

To anyone at all interested in hound breeding, a visit to the Belvoir Kennels is most enjoyable. The annual Peterboro' Hound Show is something beautiful to see, and no hunting man visiting England, in the month of July, should fail to attend it. But interesting as the Peterboro' show is, a day at Belvoir and a chat with the cheery huntsman is the best show of all. If you go once, you will surely wish to go again, at least the writer found his seventh annual pilgrimage to Belvoir more interesting than ever before. Possibly he cannot do better than attempt to take his readers there in the usual course. From London we will ticket to Grantham. "A feed" at the "Angel," and a drive to Belvoir Castle, where we put up at the "Peacock," a wayside inn under the shadow of Belvoir Castle. Belvoir Castle is one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the best preserved castles of feudal times now standing in England. Our stout hostess of the Peacock, with a coun-

tenance as shiny as good soap and water can make it, and as ruddy as good blood can colour it, takes us in hand like the mother she is to all her guests. We drop into the place that seems to fit us like a pair of old slippers, and are contented and comfortable from the first.

We then dispatch a note to the kennels to inquire if it will be convenient for us to visit them on the following afternoon, the time of day most huntsmen prefer callers.

While lunch is being prepared, we will visit the stable yard where there is sure to be a couple of hound puppies at walk, and some hunters in sight—or take a stroll along the highway where pheasants and rabbits are always in view.

At lunch our hostess entertains us with information concerning the visit we are to pay to the castle, which is open to visitors from 2 to 4 p. m. This she seasons with a bit of gossip concerning the present owner, the 7th Duke of Rutland, and the other great dukes and duchesses, and lesser members of this historic family. John Manners, the second son of the first Earl of Rutland, will be remembered for all time as the hero of a most romantic love affair with Dorothy Vernon, daughter of the fierce "King of the Peak." How John Manners lay for days and nights in the wood about Haddon Hall for a glimpse of his sweetheart and how on a dark rainy night, he rode to the hall and while the dancers footed it merrily in the "festal light," Dorothy Vernon slipped away from the ball room, was lifted into the saddle and galloped away through the forest with her determined lover. How the infuriated father, with fifty mounted riders, rode madly after in fruitless chase and how some twelve months afterwards the happy Dorothy returned to her father with his grandchild in her arms, obtained forgiveness and finally became heir to Haddon Hall, which to this day remains in the possession of the present Duke of Rutland. Haddon Hall is no longer inhabited, the present Duke of Rutland residing at Belvoir.

SIR GILBERT GREENALL M. F. H.

"Belvoir! neighbour to the sky
That with light doth deck its brows—
Belvoir! Art's masterpiece and nature's pride."
Harleian Miscellany. (A. D. 1769)

Belvoir Castle is situated on the top of a hill rising abruptly out of the great Belvoir Vale, the hill itself being a prominent landmark for twenty to thirty miles in every direction. The castle occupies all the level space on top of the hill, the ground falling quite precipitately away on all sides. The panoramic view from the castle is one of the most commanding, and for rural scenery is one of the most beautiful in England. There stretches in every direction a great carpet of green, divided by hedge fences, or rows of stumpy willows that mark the courses of creeks and brooklets. Everywhere scattered over this most fertile vale are great, spreading forest trees, clumps of planted game coverts, or "spinnies" of from one to three acres in extent. The hill on which the castle stands has been left a natural forest, through which winding carriage drives and vine-covered walks lead to the castle. High as these forest trees are, the noble castle caps the hill with towering turrets, parapets, and gables that rise far above them—a magnificent monument to the powerful family who in the old feudal days went to battle with their own followers and an armed troop of cavaliers who dwelt under the same roof.

It is not the purpose of this chapter to devote more space to this most beautiful of all English castles, nor to dwell on the wonderful paintings, tapestry, relics, and souvenirs of the noble dukes who have lived there.

"To carry the horn for the Belvoir," says Mr. Cuthbert Bradley in his charming book, "Hunting Reminiscences of Frank Gillard," "has always been considered the topmost rung in the ladder of fame, by all the professional talent." This book

covers the experience of the clever huntsman and most noted hound breeder, Frank Gillard, who was huntsman to the Belvoir for 26 years prior to the time when the present Duke of Rutland resigned his position of Master of his own hounds. This was in 1896, when His Grace had arrived at his seventy-fifth year.

"He owed his old age and his stamina sound
To the genuine love for the horse and the hound."

There is an old saying that "the hours spent in the chase are not reckoned against us in the numbering of our days." From the great number of men between sixty and ninety years old that are still riding to hounds, it would seem that this saying might more properly be called an axiom. Speaking of elderly men in the hunting field, Parson Bullin of the Belvoir hunted up to his ninetieth year. He has been known to go out in the forenoon, return to his parish for a wedding or funeral, and be out and at it again the same afternoon. The great Atherton Smith carried the horn to his own pack up to his eightieth year. About this time he was invited to bring his hounds into the Quorn country. So great was his popularity that upwards of two thousand superbly mounted horsemen were present to meet him and join in the chase.

John Peel, another veteran past master huntsman of national reputation, carried the horn up to his eightieth year. A favourite hunting song will keep his memory green to the end of time.

"D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far away,
With his horse and his hounds in the morning?"

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, M. F. H.

His son, John Peel, Jr., went his illustrious sire one better, for he rode to hounds nearly up to his ninetieth anniversary.

There is scarcely a hunt club in Great Britain that does not boast of from one to half a dozen or more followers of the chase, who are past their four score mark. Let us hark back to the line.

On his retirement, the Duke of Rutland called a meeting of sportsmen, tenants, farmers, and patrons of the hunt, and turned the pack and kennels over to a committee, with the object of continuing the sport in the vale, forever, as it had existed since fox hunting began.

The committee selected Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., to fill the position of "Master" and the horn was entrusted to Ben Capell, who came from the Blankney, where he had been carrying the horn for ten seasons and who formerly was whipper-in to Tom Firr, the celebrated huntsman of the Quorn. Few huntsmen have ever had a more difficult position to fill. Only four huntsmen had preceded him during a century; each one had been a noted huntsman and hound breeder. Gillard, however, accomplished more than all the others, for during his term as huntsman he practically carried hound breeding to perfection. Of course the foundation that made this possible had been laid over two hundred years before by the tenth Earl of Manners, who afterwards became first Duke of Rutland. "The pack," says Bradley, "was established in 1686, and formerly was supposed to be kept to hunt deer." "The foxhound list and pedigree were first kept," says the same authority, "at the Kennels in 1750. Nevertheless to Frank Gillard is given the credit of elevating the pack to the distinction of being "the best in the world." For Ben Capell to undertake to fill such a position was indeed something unusual, for the eyes of the fox hunting world were upon him, and predictions were everywhere made that there could be but *one Frank Gillard.* In spite of all such prophecies, the pack has steadily gone on under

the present management to even a higher rank than ever. Fortunate also is the pack for having as the Master, Sir Gilbert Grecnall, who takes a practical and personal interest in the breeding and mating of the hounds and has given as much care and attention to maintain the high standard of the pack as any of its former noble Masters. He is also one of the largest breeders of horses in England and his experience in the stable, no doubt, has been of great use to him in the kennels.

Fortunate, indeed, has been this family pack to have had so few huntsmen, and all men who have strictly adhered to a line of breeding that has given such satisfactory results. It must be remembered that at the same time, hundreds of Masters and huntsmen were proceeding on similar lines or lines of their own; all in the keenest and most sportsmanlike rivalry to obtain this improvement; all with an ideal foxhound in their mind's eye, to which standard of excellence they were striving to elevate their packs. To "win out" in a contest of this measure is a distinction that may well be looked upon with pride by any fox hunting man or hound fancier in the world.

Two hundred years is a long time to work and strive and wait, and still there is room for improvement, for out of over 100 puppies sent yearly to "walk" from the Belvoir Kennels, not more than one in three is found perfect enough to meet the required standard, as they are judged on the flags. Of this select number, another "draft" is made of hounds that for some fault or other, or because they do not work in harmony with the pack, are also weeded out, so that for a year's crop of puppies fifteen or twenty couple is the most that can possibly hope to become working members of that honoured band. Still, indifferent as these drafted hounds may be, they are all bespoken for, five or six years in advance.

During the year, the kennels are visited by Masters and huntsmen from all over Great Britain, who make a yearly pilgrimage hither to see the new entry come in, discuss hound

A CRUSH TO GET THROUGH

BEN CAPELL, HUNTSMAN

breeding with the genial huntsman and obtain his advice on subjects of general interest.

In spite of the great rivalry that has always existed in England in hound breeding, it has ever been the sportsmanlike practice of the Dukes of Rutland to permit all other Masters of hounds to obtain the blood. In so doing, the Belvoir has refrained from entering in competition at Peterboro', where as a rule Belvoir blood from other kennels has carried off the prizes. Few people outside of huntsmen and Masters appreciate what it means to breed a perfect foxhound. The requirements are so high and so numerous that an attempt to combine them in a single animal is a task so great as to make the breeding of all other domestic animals mere child's play in comparison. In "Cross Country with Horse and Hound," the writer said in substance: "The English foxhound as he stands to-day, is the highest example of the art and science of breeding for improvement of any domestic animal—the horse not excepted." This is indeed a sweeping statement, and is doubtless looked upon by some as extravagant. Most pure bred domestic animals are bred with the idea of perfecting them in one particular,—the horse either for speed or draught, the cow for milk or beef, the sheep for wool or mutton. So difficult is it to obtain in these animals perfection in more than one quality, that breeders have, as a rule, given it up as unsatisfactory, and confine their energies to the development of a single characteristic, besides colour markings, etc. that distinguish the particular breed.

The English foxhound, as he is bred to-day in England, must possess in addition to colour and markings that distinguish the family, more high class qualifications than any other domestic animal. His origin was a cross between the bloodhound and the greyhound; one of his parents hunted by sight only, the other by nose; one ran mute, the other gave tongue—the very swiftest and the very slowest. To harmonise these conflict-

ing characteristics in a single animal, to modify this, perpetuate that, to exterminate *one* thing and ingraft another, was the problem. Out of this oil and water mixture to produce a perfect hound was a task of greater magnitude than has ever been successfully carried out with any other line of cross breeding. The persistent, methodical, painstaking English Masters and their huntsmen have been working at this for over 200 years. The best results yet to be achieved, as we have already shown, are found at the Belvoir kennels.

An up-to-date English foxhound must possess the following qualifications to be good enough to satisfy the breeder.

First, as judged on the flags when he arrives at the kennels from his "walk," he must not be too tall nor too short. The standard of Belvoir is 23 inches for dog hounds and 22 for females. Then comes a long list of defects in general conformation, as to feet and legs, back and loin, neck and throat. Passing muster in these, he must prove in the field to be neither too fast nor too slow; too free of giving tongue, nor too mute; neither a skirter nor a line hunter. His voice must be neither too high nor too low, but harmonise with the pack. He must not tell a lie nor run riot. He must have great staying qualities, for it has been the custom since the days of the first Duke, "when the Belvoir goes out for a day's hunting, to keep on drawing coverts," says Bradley, "until dark, no matter how far hounds are from the kennels." A hound with a weakness is sure to be winded out. Therefore the stamina and endurance of the Belvoir hound are easily accounted for (the Belvoir hunt five days a week). He must possess fling and drive in covert. He must be a hunting dog, relying on his own endeavours to follow the line of the hunted fox, as if hunting alone. His speed must be as great as his endurance. His nose and drive must be so well-balanced that he will race to the line with a good head, and not tie himself to it with painstaking plodding. If

he qualifies in all these particulars, then he must satisfy the kennel huntsman as to his character, that is to say, he must be—

Neither quarrelsome nor timid,
Neither slovenly nor too fastidious,
Neither a glutton nor a poor feeder,
Neither sulky nor quick-tempered,
Neither too meek nor disobedient.

These are the qualifications of an up-to-date English foxhound. Whoever has attempted to breed or school a couple of bird dogs, even from the same litter, and has succeeded in getting them to work properly *together,* can imagine what it means, perhaps, to produce a pack (160 hounds) that are as like as so many peas in a pod, and that hunt together, and are governed as one hound. Such in short is the status of the Belvoir hounds.

Good as they are for their own particular neighbourhood and country, these most perfect hounds could not be recommended for the class of fox hunting they would meet with in America. In their own country the Belvoir hounds, as a rule, start, run into and kill a fox for every day's hunting in the season. The different climatic conditions existing in America, the difference also in the foxes and coverts, as explained in a previous chapter, account for their failure in America.

Capell is putting on his kennel coat, for he is impatient to take us to see this year's entry as well as a few old favourite dogs of his own breeding, that are doing so much in maintaining and elevating the Belvoir standard.

Belvoir Dexter, now in his tenth season, and therefore bred by Gillard and entered in his last season, comes crowding his way through a cluster of his sons and grandsons standing at the kennel door. Not every good hound has the ability to transmit his good qualities. This is not the case with Belvoir Dex-

ter, a great-grandson of Gambler, a celebrated hound, whom Gillard considered the most perfect hound that he had ever bred. Dexter's sons are numerous and his daughters are excellent in every way in the field and on the flags.

"Gambler came so near the ideal, in every respect," says Cuthbert Bradley, "that his skeleton has been set up as a model of symmetry and proportion, to illustrate a perfect hound." Besides the painting and drawings of this wonderful hound, the good he did will keep his memory green for a hundred years to come. The illustration herewith of Belvoir Dexter is from a painting by Mr. Cuthbert Bradley, which that artist did for "Land and Water," by whose kind permission it is here reproduced.

"Next to an old Greek statue," adds Bradley, quoting from Canon Kingsley's description of a modern foxhound, "there are few such combinations of strength as in a fine foxhound. Majesty is the only word. It is a joy to see such perfection alive."

Let us return to Belvoir Dexter, who has probably produced more high class sons and daughters and granddaughters than any hound that ever lived. It has been the policy of the Belvoir hunt for the last hundred years seldom to go outside of their own kennels for new blood. This accounts for the strong family likeness in the Belvoir hounds, and their uniformity as to colour and markings. The Belvoir tan is recognised throughout Great Britain, and few kennels are without it. A perfect system of books, with extended tabulated pedigree of every hound in the pack since 1859, is kept by Mr. W. Bainbridge, private secretary and agent to Sir Gilbert Greenall.

The writer does not pretend to be an expert judge of hounds, or attempt to say where the English breeders are wrong. His own favourite hound at Belvoir is Vagabond, 1899.

BELVOIR CASTLE

BELVOIR DEXTER

It seems to the writer that there is danger in the present rage for carrying in-turning toes, short lower joints and heavy upright legs, too far, both for utility and looks. On the other hand American hound breeding, as generally carried on in the States, is so far behind the English standard that it seems almost hopeless to discuss it. Still there is a leaven working there that may in time accomplish much.

"But Councilman opens, Hark! Councilman, Hark!
And Finder and Fisherman join him, Hark! Hark!
And then with a chorus that brings you delight
Ten couple chime in and put everything right."
Poems in Pink.

XIII

TWO DAYS WITH THE QUORN (FIRST DAY)

THE FAMOUS GRASS COUNTRIES—HUNTING CENTRES—RAILWAY TRAVEL—THE BAY MARE INN—HIRING A HUNTER—A BLANK DAY.

LEICESTER is one of the most popular resorts for hunting men in England. Several of the most fashionable packs of hounds in England are within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles of Leicester. A sportsman locating there can easily hunt six days in the week without going a great distance to the meets. The favourite resorts for gentlemen who come to Leicester during the hunting season are not the modern hotels but the old fashioned inns like the "Black Bull," "The King's Head," "The Bay Mare Inn," etc. These inns have commodious stables and boxes for hunters and are invariably managed by the "Missis," whose husband acts as a handy man about the place.

There is an air of comfort about these well-worn places that fits one better than the more modern hotels, which are, as we have already said, usually most formal and uninviting. A day or a week in one of these old inns is one of the charms of Merry England.

I arrived in Leicester one rainy evening. The old town looked forlorn enough. I said "evening"; it was only about half-past three, but the street lamps were already lighted.

Everyone looked pinched and cold and cross and out of sorts, and no wonder. It is bad enough for a sportsman, who gives himself up to hunting five or six days a week, to "hang about" for a day or two, with a string of five to fifteen hunters kicking their boxes to pieces. But this sort of thing had been going on during two weeks of frost that had prevented hounds going out, and to cap the climax of the sportsman's misery, a two days' rain had kept the riders and most of the horses indoors.

If there is any one thing worse than an English fog, with the thermometer at about freezing, to unfit a person for becoming an angel, it is to ride a few hours in an English railway carriage on a cold, rainy winter's day, such as I experienced getting from London to Leicester on this occasion. The "X-Ray" has a wonderful penetrating power, but the London fog stops not at bones, it goes straight to the marrow.

The railway carriages are relics of a prehistoric age. They are sometimes provided with a pan of hot water for a foot warmer just large enough to accommodate two ordinary sized pairs of feet. If there is a woman in the compartment, the hot water pan goes to her, and when she gets her feet on it and her dress covers her feet, the other nine passengers can keep their feet warm by stamping them, or thinking about a hot mustard bath.

A railway compartment, which runs crosswise of the car and has a door in each end, holds ten passengers, five facing forward and five backward. When seated in the compartment there is only about a foot to spare (no pun is intended) between the knees of the two rows of passengers. (A car, or carriage, has three or four of these compartments.) The train stops at a station; a passenger at one end of the compartment wishes

to get off and the platform happens to be next to the door on the opposite side of the car. He gets up, collects his numerous bundles and grips (most travelling in England is done with hand luggage), and with his hands and arms full he starts for the door. Everyone turns his or her feet sideways to enable him to pass; he bumps everyone's knees, knocks their shins and can hardly manage without losing his balance, and comes dangerously near falling into the lap of a passenger first on one side and then on the other. The passengers now come to the rescue and take his baggage while he goes edging and squeezing his way along to the discomfort of everyone in the compartment. Finally he reaches the door, and in order to get out someone must relieve him of the rest of his baggage, for to unfasten the door he must let down the window, stick his head and half of his body out of the car, reach down on the outside and unfasten the door. Then he steps out, and the passengers, who have been holding his luggage meanwhile, pass it along to him or to a porter, and away goes the passenger leaving the car-door and window wide open. Now someone must get up and close this door and raise the window by aid of a dangling strap, or leave it open until the train starts. I have never seen a passenger leaving a car in England close the door behind him.

Just before the train starts the door opens and a big red-faced Englishman looks in. Only one seat vacant. He leaves the door open and looks into other compartments to find one with more room. Finally he comes back and walks in, puffing and blowing, wades between two rows of knees and sits down in the seat vacated by the passenger that got off. He had a drink of Scotch before he started from home, walked to the station, had another Scotch with a friend while waiting for the train. Of course he left the door open when he came in and the passengers take his luggage until he can get into his place and relieve them of it. Now he sits down. The guard slams the door

PUPPIES

THE QUORN PACK

like the discharge of a shot gun. The train starts. The new man feels heated and lets down the window. The other nine passengers, chilled to the marrow, sit in the draught while the man cools his Scotch.

Walking to the station, his boots collected a load of mud, but by the time he reached his corner he had them fairly well cleaned. He left the mud on the gentlemen's trousers and the ladies' dresses as he passed to his seat. This is railway travel in England. This may seem to many of my readers an exaggeration. I assure them that it is not.

This is my apology for feeling cross at the end of the journey that landed me in Leicester. The trouble is that when you get chilled through, there is not a stove or furnace in all England (that I ever saw) where you can get warm. Grin and bear it, or rather "take Scotch-and-put-up-with-it," is the only resource.

When I arrived at the Bay Mare Inn the landlady called a chambermaid to show me my room (chambermaids in England do the duties of the bell boys as well) and the "boots" to take up my luggage. The chambermaid wears a white cap and the "boots" an apron of green baize cloth as a badge of their respective duties. There are no bootblacks in England as in the States. You put your shoes in the hall at night and the "boots" cleans them.

My room is as damp and chilly as a sepulchre. The fog has penetrated my clothing until I feel like a corpse. I am half desperate, at least reckless.

"Well!" I said to the chambermaid who stood in the doorway wringing and chafing her hands with the cold, her nose as red as her hands, her features pinched, "What's the matter?"

"Please, sir."

"What's the matter? Why do you stand there wringing your hands?"

"Oh, I's awful cold, sir."

"Cold! Why, that's nothing. I haven't been warm for two weeks. Think of ginger. You should not let a little thing like the cold trouble you. Bring me a pitcher of ice water."

"Ice water, sir? You mean hot water, don't you, sir?"

"Well, bring something and be smart about it."

Dear me, the room was so cold and damp it nearly put the candle out.

"Anything else, sir?" said the chambermaid standing in the doorway and still rubbing her hands. "Would you like a hot water bottle to put in your bed, sir?"

"Yes, in the name of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, yes, put in a dozen."

"A dozen, sir?"

"Yes, or you will never hear a copper jingle in my pocket."

"I don't think there are a dozen bottles in the house, sir."

This conversation goes on while I wash my face and hands.

"Well, then put in eleven."

No doubt the poor girl thinks I am crazy. She shakes her head and goes on chafing her hands.

"How many can you supply?"

"There are only two in the house, sir. Would you like a fire in the grate, sir?"

I had already had experience with grate fires in other hotels. They burn only soft coal. They open the flue while they build the fire: it burns for about an hour, then all the rest of the night the fog and damp comes down the chimney, until the walls of your room are wet. The grate in this room would hold about as much coal as a No. 7, possibly a No. 7 1-8, derby hat.

"No, thank you. I prefer the cool invigorating air of the room, but if you don't get that bed warmed by 9 o'clock, you will surely turn grey."

"I'll do the best I can, sir."

As I go down stairs, Madam, who has had an ear to my coming, meets me with a motherly smile. "What would you

like, sir? A cup of tea in the smoking room, or would you prefer something to eat? Dinner will not be served until half-past six."

"I'll take a cup of tea, please."

"Thank you. Will you have it served in the smoking room or in the dining room?"

"Oh, the smoking room."

"Smoking room, right, sir," and with a matronly air she says: "You know the way, don't you, sir? This way. Your tea will be there in a minute."

In the barroom were some half dozen grooms and stablemen sipping their bitter and talking horse, while one of the number was leaning on the bar laughing with the barmaid and trying to say something to make her blush. "I wouldn't go to master with a feed bill," one groom was saying to another, "until the frost lifts, for—for—well, I'd sooner lose three weeks' wages, so I would." And he brought his fist down on the table with a bang to prove that he meant it.

A dozen or fifteen gentlemen were seated about the smoking room. All were looking serious and very matter of fact, each making the others more miserable, no doubt, by talking about the weather and the capital D frost. It was a sort of an "inferno" place: it must have been, for it was warmer than could be accounted for by the little grate fire. As I entered the room, most of the gentlemen looked up from their books and papers and glasses, and as I walked to the fireplace, I said to a group of gentlemen who made way for me, "Good evening, gentlemen." No one answered: and then, not realising the state of their minds about the weather, I said, "A cold, disagreeable day, gentlemen." No reply and I felt more chilly than ever.

This was my first visit to England and I did not know Englishmen then or how to get at them. When an American first goes to England he compares them to a turtle that lives

entirely within its shell, except its head, and it draws that in if a stranger looks at it. You can generally ride hundreds of miles alone with an Englishman in a compartment and he will never speak to you. If you have a letter of introduction or they know who you are and where you come from, it is all right. I once found myself in Kent, and thinking that I would like to visit Sir Thomas G——'s hackneys, I hired a livery and drove four miles to his place. I rang the bell and told the servant what I wanted. I was directed to go to the bailiff (farm manager). I said, "I came to see Sir G——'s horses."

"Did you have an appointment?" asked the bailiff.

"No," I said: "I was in the neighbourhood and am interested in hackneys, etc. Can I see them?"

"Well, yes, but you had better have an appointment."

"To whom shall I apply?"

"Oh, simply write to Sir Thomas and you will soon receive a reply."

I could scarcely see the necessity of this, as I knew Sir Thomas was at home. I returned to London without accomplishing my purpose. A friend to whom I told my experience said, "Yes, in this country they never like to have anyone come in on them without notice. You write Sir Thomas a letter telling him who you are, where you came from and what you want to see." At first I said "I came to this country to buy some hackneys, and Sir Thomas can go where the woodbine twineth." Finally, to please my English friend and to see how it would turn out I wrote to Sir Thomas, and by return post received a letter from his secretary saying that Sir Thomas would be pleased to see me at the Hall any day that suited my convenience. If I would let him know the day and train, he would send to the station for me. I went and was met at the train by a coachman in livery. Sir Thomas showed me all about the stables and took me through the wonderful old manor house, gave me a nice lunch and returned me to the train.

That's English. It's very nice when you know how to go about it.

The reception in the smoking room of the Bay Mare Inn was quite as chilly as anything I had previously experienced, and I made up my mind never again to attempt to be civil or to speak to an Englishman unless I was spoken to.

The landlady followed the maid in with my pot of tea. She poured it for me herself.

"Is that to your liking, sir?"

"Yes, thank you."

All the time she was waiting on me she was talking to this and that gentleman: for one she had mended a pair of gloves, for another she had washed out some hunting scarves. She seemed to be the mother of the whole lot of them: a nice family, only I thought that she might have taught them to be a little more civil to strangers. I drank my tea in silence and retired into a shell of my own, which by the time we went out to dinner I could feel growing to quite a thickness. It was a most satisfying dinner: great slices of roast beef to satisfy the wants of a wood chopper, cold meats, a stuffed hog's head, etc. I ate my dinner in silence: but, dear me, by the time coffee was served in the smoking room I thawed out in spite of myself, and the first thing I knew I was on speaking terms with one of the most agreeable gentlemen it has ever been my good fortune to meet, Col. Richardson, to whom I was afterwards indebted for one of the grandest day's sport I ever enjoyed with hounds, an account of which I will attempt to give in my second day's experience with the Quorn. We talked horse, hunting and hounds, forwards, sideways and backwards until we were the only persons in the smoking room. The Colonel had ridden to hounds in America and knew several gentlemen of my acquaintance.

"But," said the Colonel, "I do not fancy those Long Island fences. I own to flunking timber."

The Colonel advised me where to go to secure a mount. The stable I applied to early the next morning was that of a "Jobmaster." Yes, he could mount me that day for the Quorn, as it was a bye day: three guineas (over 15 dollars); and at ten o'clock I went to get my mount, which, by the charge, I expected would be something first-class. Imagine my surprise when the groom led out an old stiffened hunter that looked hardly up to my weight.

"Where is the owner?" I inquired. "Gone to the meet, sir. Master said I was to show you the way, sir." "But," I said, "that poor old cripple is not fit to carry me." "Be all right, sir, soon as 'e's limbered hup a bit." I had my doubts. He had been fired and blistered and nerved. However, I hacked that old hunter seven long miles to the meet. I made up my mind that I would ride out to see the start and ride back to Leicester.

At the meet I saw the dealer and complained about my mount. The two grooms who accompanied me were beautifully mounted and so was the owner. I could not understand it. "Go all right," said the jobmaster, "directly the hounds throw off." I was invited into the house for a taste and was here introduced to the Master, the Earl of Lonsdale. It seemed as if the great dining hall was full of dukes and lords. Lord Lonsdale impressed me as a most affable gentleman, easily approached. I noticed that he spoke to farmers and lords in the same gentlemanly manner.

As we rode along to covert I saw a fine looking gentleman, Lord So and So, in a pink hunting coat and brass buttons, white silk breeches, high silk hat and top boots, begging a light of some country chap on a long-tailed, long-haired farm horse. In the hunting field in England everyone seems to meet on a level. An English gentleman holds his standing so securely that he can speak with any one of his acquaintance without ever feeling that he has lowered himself in doing so. Altogether an

THE EARL OF LONSDALE, M. F. H.

English gentleman is the most gentlemanly gentleman in the world (except to strangers).

We jog on to covert. There is not a breath of air stirring. Therefore, in getting into position for the start, one side of the covert seemed as favourable as the other. Hounds were cast in on the northwest corner of an oblong piece of wood—about four acres. Some of the riders went along the north side and some turned down the west end. I chose the latter, as foxes usually lie in a covert where the sun can strike them. My idea was that if there was a fox in the covert, he would probably be found on the sunny side and break south. Unfortunately, this well-laid plan worked to my disadvantage. Hounds went straight along the north fence and ran out at the northeast corner of the covert, so that by the time my old wreck arrived on the south side of the covert the hounds were fully a mile away. I had plenty of company, for fully half the hunt—fifty or sixty—came my way.

To make matters worse, we had to ride slowly through a bog and the hounds went away with such a burning scent that they never gave tongue to the line, at least no one on our side heard a whimper. When the riders on my side took in the situation they raced away at such a fearful pace that my poor old scow was fairly left standing. He was a clever old chap at fences and ditches, but it was no use. I pulled him up in the third field and returned to Leicester. I left him with the stable man with ten shillings and my card and address instead of the three guineas. I came to the conclusion that three guineas was the price of the horse. The groom said that I was mistaken. However, three guineas was more than I would have cared to pay for him, and we let the matter drop. That evening I was telling the Colonel my experience. "Oh, what a shame!" he cried. "I'll never send another person to his stables. Did you tell him I sent you?" "No," I replied. (That, probably, was my mistake, not properly introduced, you see.) "I don't un-

derstand it," continued the Colonel, much more worked up about it than I was. "I saw the owner and two of his grooms out on good ones," I remarked. "He must have had a customer for two or three and was having them ridden to sell. I wish I had gone down to the stable with you. I'll tell you what," added the Colonel, "you stay over to-morrow and I will give you a mount." I remonstrated. "I've twelve hunters in the stables, one sort and another," replied the Colonel, taking no heed to my remarks. "They are all kicking their boxes to pieces for want of work, and if you will stay you can have a mount and welcome." I said that it was too much. But the Colonel insisted. "I don't want you to go back to New York until you have had a day with the Quorn. I should really feel badly to think of it. What do you ride at?" he asked. "I weigh 186 pounds." "Let me see, fourteen pounds to the stone, that means a good horse." "Yes," I said, "and I really——" "That's all right," broke in the Colonel. "I ride nearly that weight myself. I was thinking what horse to give you." He closed his eyes and went over the list on his fingers until he came to, "Ah! yes, that's it, Richard—Richard the Bay: he is an Irish horse and as good as they make them. All you have to do is to sit still, give him his head at the jumps and he will pull you through any country where a horse can go." I stayed, and the day I had on "Richard the Bay" I shall remember as long as I live.

"I'd a lead of them all when we came to the brook,
A big one, a bumper and up to your chin,
As he threw it behind him I turned for a look,
There were eight of us at it and seven got in,
Then he shook his lean head while he heard them go flop,
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top."

Old Hunting Song.

XIV

TWO DAYS WITH THE QUORN (SECOND DAY)

RICHARD THE BAY—THE MEET—THE CHASE—THE BROOK—COLONEL RICHARDSON.

"WELL, groom," said I, on entering the stable early the next morning, "How is Richard the Bay? He must be very fit after a rest of two weeks."

" 'E's as fit as can be, sir," answered the groom, with a dab at his cap. "Are you the gentleman as master said is going to ride him to-day, sir?"

"Yes," I replied, "I came in to have a look at him."

"Just so, sir, just so. 'E's in this 'ere box, sir. Master thinks a lot of this 'ere 'orse. 'E do for a fact, sir."

Then the groom went on, thinking I might be a purchaser, with the usual stable lingo, which would probably have been the same had it been any other of the Colonel's twelve horses that I wanted to see.

We entered the box, and as the groom stripped off the blankets, Richard let both heels fly at them as much as to say "good riddance to you."

"Fit! I should say he is!" I remarked. "He is simply spoiling for a run."

" 'E's allers that way, sir, when 'e's been in for a few days. I daresay, sir, you will find 'im a bit above hisself to-day, sir, but he means nothing by that, sir. A quieter, better-mannered 'orse never looked through a bridle, sir."

To prove his words, the groom stroked Richard's hind legs and pulled him about, adding, "There is not a bit of vice intended, sir. You can tell that by the looks on him, can't you, sir?"

I liked Richard immensely. I liked him all the better for kicking off his blankets. I once owned a hunter that did the very same trick, when, as the groom expressed it, " 'E was feeling a little above hisself."

What a delightful morning it was! The sun shone and the wind was just right to insure a good scenting day. What a change had come over the spirits of every one. The morning train from London and the north brought back two score or more riders who had gone away during the frost, while a dozen horse cars, which were attached to the express trains, brought in twice as many hunters.

Men in scarlet were seen everywhere about the Bay Mare Inn.

Our landlady had her hands full looking after all the little wants of her guests.

"Sportsmen are such careless fellows," she informed me, and added, in a confidential tone, "I would as soon fit out as many girls for a party."

A bell rings vigorously.

"Yes, sir, in just a moment. That's Lord—— ringing for his boots. He forgot to put them out to be cleaned. I do hope," she continued, "you will have a good run and come home as hungry as wolves."

Here she broke off to pull on a glove for a gentleman

who had a fall yesterday and must ride with one hand to-day.

Outside everything was in commotion. Hunters in charge of grooms and stable boys were always in sight and the town people were collecting to see us off.

Finally the time comes for us to mount for a three-mile ride to the meet. My heart was in a bit of a flutter, as the ladies say, when I heard the groom leading Richard the Bay from his stall. I could tell by the sound of his stately tread that he had the walk and carriage of a gentleman. The groom opened the stable door, Richard stopped, cocked his head to one side like an old tar surveying the weather; his great nostrils dilated and his sides swelled as he took in a deep breath of the sharp, invigorating air. After a pause the groom pulled a little at the bridle.

"Come along, hold man, this is your day for 'unting."

But Richard stood there gazing about as if he were some bloated landlord about to bargain for the place. I had to smile to see the knowing rascal entirely oblivious of the groom pulling (very gently, however) at his bridle.

"Don't disturb him, groom, he'll come when he has finished his observations."

Finally Richard came to himself and began playing with the bits. Again his nostrils dilated. The groom reached up his hand to steady him out. Richard pushed away his hands with a disgusted expression, as if to say, "I'm quite able to take care of myself." And then, spurning all assistance, he stepped out into the wet yard like a lady in opera gown and slippers.

The groom walked him around the yard once or twice for my inspection. Richard was a big, upstanding Irishman;—a trifle ragged at the hips, as most Irish hunters are. His quarters, however, were most powerful, the muscles running well down to his hocks. He carried a grand middle piece, with shoulders to suit the most exacting. His grandest characteris-

tic, however, was his great brown eyes, soft and mild, with the greatest width between them, making him one of the most intelligent-looking horses I had ever seen. His long straight neck was beautifully set on both head and shoulders, and he carried his head just right to make him a model cross-country horse, while under him he carried four clean legs of unusual strength and substance, with very large knee and hock joints. Altogether, he was quite an ideal pattern of a weight-carrying hunter. The groom stood directly in front of Richard, with a hand to each side of his face, holding him by the bits. The stable boy was standing on the off side, the stirrup leather in one hand and the iron in the other. I thought Richard was about 15.3 hands, but when I came up near enough to mount I saw that he was closer to 16.1.

I gathered up the reins, and the instant my foot was in the stirrup and my weight off the ground I felt Richard gathering himself, and I knew what was coming. Dropping quickly into the saddle I nodded to the groom.

"Look sharp, sir," he cried, as he sprang to one side. At this Richard gave one exultant bound and then another, and came down stiff legged; then, up again like a rabbit, frightened from a brush pile. Then, with his heels high in the air as a parting to groom and stable, he shot out of the yard on to the green in front of the Bay Mare Inn.

I thought best to let Richard have a bit of a fling just to take a few of the superfluous kinks out of his legs and back. He was simply too happy to contain himself, and when he saw the other hunters gathering in front of the hotel his bottled-up exuberance had to find vent in sundry quirks and artful gestures of the head. He pretended to shy at a curbstone from which he had been mounted many a time; a bit of paper next came to his attention, and I thought by the feeling under me that Richard must have swallowed a spring bed. I hardly knew what to do, as I was afraid the owner, who was standing

A MEET AT KIRBY GATE

THE FIELD MOVING OFF

on the hotel steps, might think I was unable to manage Richard or, worse yet, that I was trying to show off. On the other hand, I did not like to take Richard sharply by the head and saw him down, and possibly get into a fight with him that might put him in bad humour for the day. I have seen many a spirited mount made sulky and unhappy, spoiling the day's sport for himself and his rider, because the latter was too harsh and rank with him at the start. Hunting is a partnership game in which the rider should do his utmost to be perfectly agreeable to his horse.

Regardless, therefore, of what anyone might say or think, Richard had his fling and we settled down in a few minutes with a perfect understanding and on the best of terms with each other.

At least two hundred mounts rode out that day to pay their respects to one little fox. Dukes and farmers, lords and traders, squires and tenants, the lady from the hall and the country girl from the cottage, all assembled, united in one common bond stronger than freemasonry and as lasting as the church. The Master, the Earl of Lonsdale, bowing graciously alike to the farmer and the peer, rides up with twenty odd couples of most beautiful hounds. (This pack, or at least this hunt, is now over two hundred years old.) Of course, the hunt servants, like his Lordship, are faultlessly dressed. Gentlemen, who have driven to the meet, now remove their overcoats and the white aprons they have worn over their whitened riding breeches to preserve them spotless to the hour of mounting, while the whole field is moving about like a great kaleidoscopic picture. The sporting parson in his priestly garb goes wandering about among his flock like the one black sheep of the fold. I had heard a good deal about the sporting parsons in England, but this was the first time I had seen one hunting. It did look rather strange, but he seemed to be as much loved and as highly respected by all classes as the great Earl of Rosebery, at that time Prime Min-

ister of England, with whom he was at the moment exchanging a pleasant greeting. The parson was a man who had lived quite half a century. His hair was mottled grey; but he was a hard one to follow, as many of us could testify before the day was done.

"Toot! Toot!" say the horns, and, headed by the Master and hounds, the great cavalcade moves on to covert.

Hounds are thrown into a small "spinny" of possibly three acres, while one of the whippers-in has been sent on to a position where he can view the fox away when he leaves the covert. The riders look well to their saddle girths; cigars and cigarettes are thrown away, hats are set a degree tighter, reins are adjusted, and with another look at throat latch and curb chain we are ready for the chase. We hear the huntsman encouraging the hounds to draw.

"Edawick! Edawick! Edawick!"

We move to the left of the covert, as there is a large open field to the right, and the fox is not likely to go away in full view. No one knows better than the writer what it means to get a bad start. Some ambitious riders crowd on. We hear the whimpering of a hound in covert. Even the languid London chappie pulls down his hat and rides up to the front with a rush.

"Hold hard, gentlemen," shouts the Master. "Pray give the fox a chance."

Some rider on a black horse moves up a few steps.

"Hold hard there, black horse! Look! gentlemen, look where you are going, unless you want to head the fox back to covert!"

Just then from the opposite side of the covert, we hear the welcome shout of the whipper-in:

"Tally-o-away! Tally-o-away! Away! Away! Gone away!"

Again the Master calls out:

"Now, please, gentlemen, hold hard. Give the hounds a chance. They are not running yet."

Our mounts are now as restless as so many race-horses at the starting post. They throw their heads, bite at their bits, paw the ground, break away and let their heels fly from sheer impatience to be off.

"Steady there, Richard; easy, easy, old man. It's coming soon. Easy now."

"But look, master, I can't stand this much longer," said Richard.

"Nor I either, old boy, but I must hold hard, you know."

Have the hounds gone to sleep, I wonder? Oh, those trying minutes between a "Tally-o-away! Gone away," and the find. There comes a whimper as some hound half owns to the line.

"Hark to Mistress! Hark to Mistress!" shouts the huntsman. "Hark to Mistress, my beauties."

The hounds rush to Mistress, but they can't quite make it out until Trumpeter hits off the line with a joyous shout. Then, with a cheer from the huntsman that fills one's heart with joy, the pack rush to the line with a burst of melody, and go streaming away like race-horses from the post and the chase is on.

Away we went. Our first fence was a neatly trimmed hedge, about three and one-half feet high. I took Richard "by the head" to steady him to it the same as at timber. Of all things, a puller and a rusher at his fences is something I cannot abide. Richard would have no meddling with his head and he left the hedge behind him in his stride.

What's this? An overgrown hedge with a ditch on the take-off side? I saw it was a neck-or-nothing ride but I made up my mind to let Richard manage it. He knew more about this style of jumping than I did. On we went, at a fearful pace. Some were making for a gate to the right. Others were riding

their own line and going straight. I gave Richard a light pull to the right, but he had no eye for the gate. Already his mind was made up to take the fence, which I afterwards learned was called a bull-finch (an overgrown hedge on a bank with a ditch on either side). I thought of the Colonel's words, "All you have to have to do is to sit still and Richard will take you through any place where a horse can go." Still, I felt as if I must steady him, for he was going at such an awful pace. Others were going the same pace and taking the fence. Force of habit is strong. I wanted to take Richard by the head as if he were going for a stake-and-rider in the Genesee Valley.

"Nonsense," said Richard, "Come along, stranger, don't be shy. I'll pull you through," and so he did, but his hind legs dropped into the ditch on the landing side of the hedge.

"Richard, that was my fault. I will never interfere with you again at a bull-finch."

We rode through a number of gates, a lane and along the highway. Then we entered a meadow, jumped a small hedge, and a sight to be remembered met my eyes. Forty riders, more or less, were sailing down the gradual slope of a great pasture field toward a stream brim full from the recent rains. I had served years of apprenticeship at dry ditches and deep ravines at home, but my experience at water was principally confined to the usual twelve foot water jumps on exhibition grounds.

Oh, that brook, black, silent, deep looking! Saints and ministers of grace defend us! I was ready to go home. There are any number of ravines and ditches in the Genesee Valley, as wide and as deep. Why this one should look so frightful, simply because it was full of water, I cannot say. I knew it must be the safer ditch of the two to cross. I could tell by the feeling of Richard that he never thought of turning his back to it.

"Come on," shouted the Colonel, who went past me with

RICHARD THE BAY AT THE BROOK

a rush, and there was nothing to be done but to harden my heart and take it.

"Fast at water and ditches and slow at timber," is the rule.

The Colonel went over all right. This encouraged me. I was about ten rods behind, but a second later a little to the right of my line a rider went splash into the stream. There was another ominous splash to the left, but I had no time to look.

"The parson's new hat floated down the stream;
The brim was covered with mire.
His riderless horse was all lather and steam,
No questions were asked at the time, it would seem
The pace was too good to inquire."

I wondered if the sight of these riders in the water would cause Richard to refuse when he came to the brink. Not he; Richard never flinched, but went for that stream like a schoolgirl at a skipping rope. He landed me dry shod on the opposite bank.

How I loved that horse! I looked back and saw two riderless horses and one dripping rider holding on to the bridle, his horse almost entirely submerged in the brook.

"Oh, Richard, you are a trump."

"How do you like him?" asked the Colonel, as I rode up.

"I was never on a better one in my life," I replied. "I did not like the bull-finch, and that brook nearly broke my heart, but Richard would have it. Richard is managing this game all right. I am only a passenger."

The Colonel looked pleased.

We are off again. Finally, after a few more gates (I never saw so much riding through gates) we came into a field with a two bar fence on a small bank and no ditch on either

side. This was the first thing I had seen that looked like home. I expected, of course, to take it, but held back, being in a strange country. Not a man went for that timber.

"What's the matter with that fence?" I asked a fellow rider, who had never turned a hair at the sight of the brook.

"You are welcome to it," said he; "I own to flunking that sort."

I should not like to say that a four-foot fence of timber stopped the Quorn hunt. I think I must be mistaken.

A mile or more further on the hounds ran into their fox and a hundred sportsmen, of the most fashionable pack of hounds in England, chanted his funeral dirge with a whoop.

'Twas a very quick find: I went streaming away,
That day with the Quorn, on "Richard the Bay."
He did all the hunting, I'd no time to look;
He took me along over bull-finch and brook.

Two horses went in with a terrible splash,
But Richard would have it and went with a dash.
How can I portray my feelings that day?
On that marvellous hunter, "Richard the Bay!"

Many thanks to the Colonel, may he live long and well,
And the story of Richard, to his grandchildren tell.
As long as I live 'tis my pleasure to say
That first among hunters comes "Richard the Bay."

"Unharboured now the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head,
Such is the cry,
And such the harmonious din; the soldier deems
The battle kindling and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares."

Somervile.

XV

THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS

KING EDWARD III—QUEEN ANNE, THE CHURCH AND THE CHASE—THE MEET AT ASCOT—THE GREAT ASSEMBLAGE—QUEEN VICTORIA—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE Kings and Queens of Great Britain have always been foremost in the art and science of the chase. In fact, hunting was formerly confined to the royal families and to such retainers as they were pleased to grant the privilege to. To date its beginning "is to go back," says J. P. Hore in the History of the Royal Buckhounds, "for over one thousand years."

The records of the chase began, we believe, in the reign of Edward III, 1327 to 1377. "That monarch," says the same authority, "is said to have been every inch a sportsman. He took his hawks and hounds with him wherever he went, whether at home or abroad, in time of peace or in time of war."

The custom of taking hounds with the British Army to war is in practice to this day. They went with several regi-

ments of regulars to South Africa during the war with the Boers. Hardly an English garrison can be found in any part of the world to-day that does not support a pack of hounds. The writer has had several delightful days with the regimental pack on the little island of Jersey, which is only fourteen miles long and four to seven miles wide and has less than 500 men and officers stationed there at a time. They have a very unique way of hunting. The island is so small and well cultivated that only a narrow strip of land along the coast can be ridden over. The fences are mostly hedge and earth banks where, as in Ireland, a horse jumps upon the bank and then jumps off again.

They lay a drag for six or seven miles and finish with a "worry" for the hounds near some hotel along the coast where the riders also find something to eat. After lunch they rest for an hour or more, then liberate the hounds and run the same trail backwards to the kennels. Of course this return run is a steeplechase for speed because the hounds are running their own tracks back to the kennels as fast as they can lay foot to the ground. It is all good sport, the best that can be expected. The writer will never forget his first experience in bank jumping on the island of Jersey. His mount was very slow but a very clever fencer. In the first five minutes of the return run, not knowing the game, he found himself quite in the rear. Hounds and riders were seen swinging to the right and the writer thought to improve his position by cutting across the circle they were making, so he headed his lumbering old nag that way. He took a bank fence that was only about three feet high from the take off side, when to his horror he found it a good seven or more feet from the top of the bank to the ground on the landing side. There was nothing to do but harden his heart and take the plunge the best he knew how. Sitting on a sixteen hand horse whose four feet were all in a bunch on the top of an eighteen hand fence, makes

one feel a bit flighty, to say the least. Just how we managed to reach the earth again is still a question. It was a ploughed field, but of steep descent, and we landed somehow, but in moving on, the old nag's feet got mixed, and down we went. The fall began in the first stride after landing and never ended until horse and rider fetched up at the bottom of the hill some ten rods below. Never in the history of the island of Jersey have a man and a horse collected such a quantity of soil on their coats as was dragged out of that ploughed field on this occasion.

Let us return to the Royal Buckhounds. A quotation from the history of the Royal Buckhounds, in reference to a meet with this famous pack, is especially interesting as showing the true sportsmanlike conduct of King Edward III, in inviting his prisoners of rank to join with him in the chase.

Now let us picture to ourselves the brilliant scene presented at a meet of the Royal Buckhounds in those days. In our mind's eye we see King Edward in his pride of place, accompanied by the Black Prince, and his wife,—who has achieved such celebrity as "The Fair Maid of Kent," through whom the Order of the Garter is said to have originated—"time-honoured Lancaster," Lionel of Clarence, and a brilliant troop of lords and ladies, knights galore, and doubtless many a squire of low degree, who had but recently won his spurs on numerous hard-fought fields, all well mounted and eager for the chase. Besides the natives, let us glance at the foreigners of distinction who are present at the meet. The French King, a prisoner of war on parole, the Duke of Orleans, with their suites, the flower of the nobility of conquered France, are there, trying to forget their misfortune in the pleasures of the chase. How the heart of the peasant who came to see the meet must throb with national pride as he looks upon the royalty of humbled France! What pleasure he must feel as he tells his sweetheart by his side that yonder sorrel carries Ralph,

Earl of Eu and Guisnes, High Constable of France, and on either side she sees Charles, Lord of Blois, and the Earl of Tancarville. David, King of Scotland, and his Queen are likewise present and likewise prisoners of war. There are other great personages at the meet among King Edward's guests upon whom fortune has not frowned, whom the fame of England attracts to visit their hospitable shores. From the East we see the King of Cyprus; from the North, the Sovereign of Denmark. The reigning Duke of Bavaria, the Duke of Brabant, Sir Frank van Hall, Sir Henry Eam of Flanders, "and many great lords and knights of Almain, Gascoigne, and other countries," are also to the fore. A highly-coloured picture perchance, yet withal a faithful one without exaggeration. Such a scene was witnessed in the vicinity of Windsor in those (then rare) piping days of peace, preparatory to the Master throwing off the hounds to seek the "antlered monarch of the glen" within the confines of the forest "full of wilde dere," with "hornes hie," the greatest that "were ever seen with eie," as old Chaucer hath it. These "grand huntings" were of frequent occurrence, upon which the King expended, says Barnes, in his "History of Edward III," "extraordinary sums."

"When the cares of state permitted, Queen Anne and the high officers of the Court usually repaired to Windsor in July for the avowed purpose of buck hunting. The Royal Diana Venatrix was early and 'well entred' to the chase under personal supervision of her Royal father, who (before he wore the weary crown) was the most ardent huntsman of his day. Imbued with such venatic associations, Anne became a mighty huntress. She continued to follow hounds on horseback until the gout precluded the continuance of that exhilarating exercise. Nevertheless, her ardour for the chase remaind undiminished; when she could not use the saddle she hunted on wheels. Her Majesty's hunting calash was a light two-wheeled carriage, containing a single seat, on which the Royal 'whip'

sat gracefully poised, skilfully tooling the splendid black roadster in the shafts. In this vehicle she was enabled to follow a run with the buckhounds through the forest glades of Merry Windsor, sometimes covering forty miles in a single day.

"Hunting predominated in every part of the Kingdom. The example set by the Royal pack found emulation in all quarters, hounds were ridden to by all classes, from lords and ladies of high degree to the sturdy yeomen farmers.

"Like many of her predecessors," concludes the author above quoted, "Queen Anne delighted to see 'Common people' hunt and be merry when riding to her hounds."

So it has ever been and is to this day a cardinal virtue of the English nobility to make room and give welcome to the common people who desire to join them in the chase of any game afield.

Queen Elizabeth, says the same author, "Kept Staghounds, Harthounds, Harriers and Otterhounds."

The church vied with the state in following the chase, from the Bishop down to the poorer priest.

Since the reformation, however, the pastime among the "cloth" has been much curtailed, nevertheless, there is to-day hardly a Hunt in Great Britain but has from one to half a dozen hard riding parsons on its list of members, and very welcome attachés they are to any hunt.

Even to this day there are in England several packs of hounds whose M. F. H's fight death in the saddle three days of the week, and the devil from the pulpit on the seventh.

"The latest recruit to the ranks of Master of Foxhounds in England," says "Rider and Driver," "is the Rev. Sir William Hyde of Melford Hall, Long Melford, Suffolk. Five years ago Sir William established a capital pack of harriers to hunt the country around Long Melford; but on hearing that the Newmarket and Thurlow country was falling vacant, he allowed

himself to be nominated as M. F. H. of the country. When at Cambridge University, Sir William Hyde Parker was whipper-in to the Trinity College Foot Beagles, and has ever since been deeply interested in hunting, so he came to his new post well prepared. The Rev. Charles Rundas Everett, a whilom navy chaplain, was Master of the famous Berkshire Vale Harriers in the sixties and seventies."

Parson sportsmen as a rule are the most enjoyable men one can meet with in any country, and why should they not enjoy the harmless joys of life like other men as they pass along? Are they not flesh and blood? Shall we not all lie alike in our graves?

If a preacher is a teacher by example as well as by words, how is he to demonstrate every day religion except by an every day example and how can he better set that example than by actual contact with week day men, in week day sports?

Parson Jack Russell was one of the most noted hunting characters in England. He was not only a hard riding parson to hounds, but was Master and huntsman to his own pack of otter as well as foxhounds.

He was also a noted breeder of terriers and was the first, we believe, to enter terriers in a regular way to the chase of the fox.

Here is the Parson's own description of "Trump," the progenitress, says "Thormanby," in "Kings of the Hunting Feld," of the renowned Russell strain of Fox Terriers: "White with a patch of dark tan over each eye and ears, while a similar spot not larger than a penny, marked the roots of the tail. Coat thick, close and a trifle wiry, legs straight as arrows, size and height, those of a full grown vixen."

"So great was his fame as a huntsman and Master," says the same author, "that when his meets were announced the whole countryside kept holiday. No farmer who had a horse or a pony failed to be present. Labour was entirely suspended

and even the women put on their Sunday bonnets and shawls to go and see Parson Russell find his fox."

This grand old sportsman hunted his hounds to his eighty-sixth year. His noble deeds in the hunting field and church as well, will be handed down in Devonshire to innumerable generations yet unborn.

We have been dwelling in covert overlong. Let us hasten on to a day, when in company with his good friend Col. Richardson, whom the reader already knows as the owner of "Richard the Bay," the writer paid a visit to Windsor Castle and rode through the great Windsor park forest to the meet of the Royal Buckhounds at Ascot. It was a notable gathering, for it was at the time of the Queen's jubilee. Many persons of the royal court, official dignitaries of the government, officers of the army and navy, were assembled at Windsor to join in the royal welcome extended to distinguished foreign visitors.

We reached Windsor the day before, so as to be present to witness the arrival of her Majesty's royal guests.

The *Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and many others were at the station to welcome the distinguished guests. The city was gaily decorated with flags and bunting. The noted "Life Guards," probably the finest body of men in the service of any country, were on hand as an escort, and a regiment of two of the regulars lined the streets from the station to the castle.

It was all very grand, but to see these great men and a hundred other titled ladies and gentlemen the following day riding in the chase among tenant farmers, shop keepers and jobmasters, was the best sight of all. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, honoured the occasion with her presence by driving to the meet in a common victoria like scores of others, who were there on a similar mission. It was at this particular meet that

*Since crowned King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.

we saw a grand old man of eighty or more, leaning heavily on his daughter's shoulder as he left his carriage—for he was quite a cripple—to be lifted into the saddle and fastened there with straps about his legs. The reins were put in his hands and with no attendant save his daughter, he rode that day in the chase. Soon the noted pack came out on the four corners with no more pomp or display than there is to be seen at any ordinary meet. Meanwhile, the Prince of Wales was riding about among the tenant farmers and nobles, to whom he was, alike, speaking a word and recognising with a kindly smile.

These are the qualities that go so far towards making the Prince of Wales so popular with the British people. He is first, last and all the time, a genuine sportsman. He is noted as a breeder of all kinds of farm stock which he enters at all the leading fairs, as well as at the local shows. He never exhibits anything but what he breeds and raises on his own farms. He competes every year and loses to tenant farmers more often than he wins, but he is out with them to play the game, win or lose. At these exhibitions his cattle stand in ordinary stalls alongside those of ordinary farmers.

For the day, at least, he is neither prince nor peer, but an English farmer, and as such goes walking about the grounds inspecting the stock, shaking hands with the farmers, and thanking a shepherd lad for holding a prize ram while he parts the wool to inspect the quality of fleece.

This is the most charming characteristic, not only of the Prince of Wales, but of the royalty of Great Britain in general. Whatever their faults, they are as a rule, under all circumstances, true sportsmen. In whatever game they enter, they put themselves for the time being on a level with their humblest competitors.

They tell a good story in Scotland concerning the Prince of Wales—a story, it is said, that he is fond of telling upon him-

self. It seems that his Royal Highness and two other gentlemen of the Royal family were bird shooting in Scotland. When the day's sport was over they came out into the highway, where it had been arranged that their host's carriage was to meet them. Through some misunderstanding the carriage failed to arrive at the appointed place. Meantime a Scotch farmer happened along in a two-wheeled farm or market cart. The Prince of Wales proposed to his friends that they ask the farmer for a ride into town.

"Would you kindly give us a lift into town?" inquired the prince.

"Come up," replied the farmer, after looking these gentlemen over critically, "come up and be smart about it, for a ha' no too much time for getting me butter to the evening express for Edinburgh."

The Prince of Wales got up in front and the other two gentlemen sat up behind, guns in hand, on a seat riding backwards. The Scotchman whipped up and they were off at a rattling pace. After driving a little distance the Prince of Wales turned to one of the gentlemen riding behind and inquired, "Are you coming on all right, prince?"

"Oh nicely, thank you. This is quite the most enjoyable drive I have had in years."

At this the farmer pricked up his ears and finally inquired of the Prince of Wales, "Who are the gentlemen up behind?" "The one back of you," replied the prince, "is Prince Charles of Denmark and the other is Prince Henry of Battenberg." There was a long pause, when the farmer continued, "And who are you?" "Well," replied the genial Prince, "they call me the Prince of Wales." There was another long pause, when his Royal Highness added, "Now I have told you who we are, perhaps you will kindly tell us whom we have the honour of riding with." "Aim the Tzar of Russia," replied the farmer, to the great delight of his three princely passengers.

The meet of the Royal Buckhounds and a ride through the great forests of Windsor Castle, was a day to remember, especially on account of the presence of Her Majesty, the Queen, who seemed supremely happy in the fact that her hounds were giving every one such a grand day's sport.

"He stands at bay, against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear; his front presents
An host of foes."

Somervile.

XVI

A DAY WITH LORD ROTHSCHILD'S STAG-HOUNDS

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN LONDON—THE FOG—THE MEET—THE CRATED STAG—ENLARGING THE STAG—THE CHASE—THE CAPTURE.

A SPORT loving English friend who knew the writer's admiration for an English hound, his fondness for an Irish hunter and his weakness for riding to hounds whenever opportunity afforded, said, "You ought to pay a visit to Lord Rothschild's staghounds and the hunting stables of his brother, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild at Leighton Buzzard, for the pack is one of the best to be found in the Kingdom; and finally, if you would like a cross country gallop over some of the most beautiful hunting country in the Queen's domain, you should not fail ——"

"But I have not had the pleasure of meeting his Lordship."

"Never mind that, you simply write him a letter saying you are from America and you would like to visit the kennels and stables, and your way will be made smooth."

"On any other subject," continued my friend, "it might be difficult, but when it comes to a question of sport, hounds, hunters or hunting, there is no barrier. An English nobleman

may seek the most exclusive club or society, but when it comes to a question of sport all meet on the level; and if in visiting this stud and kennels you are not made welcome, it will be the first time in the history of Great Britain that an English sportsman, no matter what his station, ever failed. If you wish, I will write Lord Rothschild for you. You certainly ought to see these hounds and I am sure his Lordship will be very pleased to have you."

In due time there came the following:

"Lord Rothschild directs me to say he will be very pleased to have you visit the kennels, which are at Ascot, Leighton Buzzard. If you will kindly inform his brother, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who lives at Ascot, on what day and train you are coming, he will see that you are met at the station and shown all about."

There are few more interesting or more beautiful places in England than the home of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild at Ascot.

The private secretary, Mr. Tarver, took me in hand, first to visit the kennels, where the huntsman, John Boore, exhibited singly and in couples, as my friend predicted, some of the grandest staghounds in England, all twenty-five inches and over, at the shoulder, and as alike as peas from the same pod, especially those of his own breeding.

Boore had lately come into the position of huntsman made vacant by the celebrated huntsman and hound breeder, Fred Cox, who for forty-five years had filled that position before him. Boore loves a hound and it was easy to see he had the eye and judgment in hound breeding to preserve and perpetuate the very high standard set by his predecessor.

The hounds duly inspected, we passed the enclosure where the stags were confined—some eight or ten of them—in a paddock adjoining a stable into which they are driven and from which they are carted, in turn, to be liberated for the chase.

LORD ROTHSCHILD AND MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD

When they are finally brought to bay at the close of the chase, they are secured by ropes or driven into a near-by staple, from which they are again forced into the cart. They are returned to the paddock to wait their turn to lead the chase again.

Now we come to the celebrated heavy weight hunters, for it must be remembered that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild rides at something over fifteen stone or two hundred and twenty-five pounds. This means that it requires a good horse to carry him.

Nearly all the hunters have been Irish bred and have been selected with great care and at prices consistent with the weight they have to carry as well as their ability beyond question to carry their owner over some of the stiffest jumping country in that part of England. It is doubtful if there can be found in any other one stud in England so many thoroughly qualified *heavy weight* hunters. There were probably a score of them that would weigh twelve hundred pounds and over, with bone enough for cart horses, and still with quality such as one only finds in the Irish hunter of such great size. While many of them were a bit rough and ragged about the hips, also a characteristic of the Irish hunter, they were exceedingly muscular. There was not what might be called a short-backed horse in the string.

"Must have length to get on," said the groom, "and a horse to keep with his Lordship's staghounds over grass must keep moving."

After a look through the racing stables, we repaired to the manor house through one of the most lovely, old-fashioned, formal gardens in England. The house itself is a dream of beauty and a joy to all beholders.

It was New Year's Eve in London. It was a day that even a Londoner, who seldom sees the sun in winter, calls "beastly." The lamps in the street had been burning with a sallow light

all day. A thick, yellow, greasy fog enveloped everything, bringing with it from the air above the smoke and soot from a million fires. It made your eyes smart and irritated your lungs and lampblacked your linen. It not only made everything damp and clammy to the touch but it penetrated your bones to chill the marrow and make you cross outside and inside.

Such a day was December thirty-first, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, in London. We had spent our Christmas away from home and now the New Year was at hand, but in such a melancholy garb as to bring on a fit of homesickness, or something worse, the blues.

In the hotel bar-room, the landlady was demanding an extra sixpenny piece from a transient. The soft expressionless face of the barmaid even failed to produce a grin as she tittered to a soft-pated youngster, who was drinking her health while he squeezed her hand over the bar, and the other chappies who had come in on the same errand were dull and stupid beyond the effects of "polly and scotch."

"Here's a letter for you, sir," said mine hostess, unexpectedly. It read: "Mr. Leopold de Rothschild wishes me to inform you that there is to be a meet of Lord Rothschild's hounds to-morrow at Vicarage Farm, Wingrave, Leighton Buzzard. Although it is a bye day, Mr. Rothschild thinks you would enjoy it, as it will be over some of our most beautiful country. This being a holiday for many, the attendance is sure to be good. Mr. Rothschild also wishes me to say that if you can come, answer by wire so I can arrange for your mount, which I have in reserve pending your reply.

"Tarver.

"Private Secretary to Leopold de Rothschild."

"If I can come!" I would go anywhere to get out of this, but really I am as bad as the ladies, bless them, I have nothing to wear. One pair of riding trousers is in the wash, the other

needs mending; however, if the fog is as thick to-morrow no one will be the wiser whether I have "anything to wear" or not. "If I can come." Yes, if I can crawl I will come. Wonder if the fog will lift. What is the forecast for to-morrow? "Stationary barometer, London and vicinity, Cloudy and fog."

I was slow making friends with Morpheus that night and when finally he took a hand he was so shy about it that my dreams came in a tangle. It seemed that while lying in a puddle of ice water (that was owing to the damp linen sheet that nothing could warm), a great stag came to the puddle to quench his thirst, which was so great that it seemed he would drink all the water and thus expose the dreamer's hiding place, for he had "nothing to wear" and had taken to this refuge in hopes the riders would pass him unobserved. Then came the hounds, and they all commenced to drink and they were as thirsty as the stag, who still continued to guzzle down the water until the pond was nearly dry. A few pond lily leaves were now all that were left by way of covering and he knew how Eve must have felt with all the animals of the garden staring at her when she and Adam received notice to vacate,—she having "nothing to wear." The dreamer saw the riders come galloping up to water their horses. Just then there was a pull at the pond lily leaves. The stag was eating them. No, he was mistaken. It was only a gentle pull on the bedclothes by the chambermaid, and, "I have brought your hot water, sir; the clock has gone five, sir. The boots will bring your riding breeches and hunting boots in a moment."

"How is the weather?"

"The fog is still on, sir,"—going to the window to raise the shade,—"but I think it's surely going to clear, sir."

It was evident that she had waited on hunting men before. She knew her trade and received a shilling for her cheerful prophecy when otherwise she would have had to do with a sixpence.

"Will you have your tea brought up or will you take it in the breakfast room? The cab has been ordered for you at five-thirty, sir."

What a relief that the lily pond was only a dream and that "it was surely going to clear." The bill was too much by a couple of shillings. Well, no matter. The chambermaid, boots and hall porter received a double fee, for it's "surely going to clear," and we must go a-hunting to-day.

"Euston Station," shouted the hall porter to cabby and, "look sharp to catch the six train for Leighton."

The fog seemed thicker and blacker than ever, but only think if it should be clear at Leighton and we not there.

Arriving at Leighton, I found the Red Lion Inn, a hostelry "for sportsmen designed." Madam Host was as full of go for the occasion as a brass band. The breakfast was splendid and although the fog had not lifted there were indications that it was trying to do so.

Many had come from London with their horses, a dozen or more, which were brought along by the same train. These especially designed cars for hunters, which are put on all the regular trains the day of any meet with any pack of hounds within twenty-five or thirty miles of London, are the best that could be contrived for the purpose. They are set on the switch at the station and the groom in charge looks after the horses until they are wanted to ride to the meet, or perhaps they are sent on at once and the rider follows in a public conveyance. The train from the north brought in as many more riders and hunters, and soon after breakfast, men and women in riding costume were all about the Red Lion Inn. Riders from a distance, say twelve to twenty miles, were riding up singly and in pairs so as to give their mounts a taste before going on to the meet.

The Landlady said she knew I was from America. She said she had a brother there. Although I had not had the

pleasure of meeting her brother, she took me especially in hand.

"Is this your first visit to the Red Lion?"

"Indeed it is, but I am sure it will not be the last."

"No?"

"I have just had the best breakfast I ever had in England."

Then we fell into a bit of gossip concerning the interesting people in the house and those arriving or passing the door.

"That's the Earl of Essex and his son, Lord Malden," she volunteered as an elderly man and a youth rode up together.

Lady Lurgan was next pointed out as one of the best lady riders in England. That's the Earl of Irchester, the Earl of Clarendon, and Lady Edith, his daughter.

That stout man is the Hon. Walter Rothschild, M. P., son of Lord Rothschild. He rides sixteen stone (224 lbs).

Lady Lillian Crenfell and the Earl of Leitrim, Col. Woodhouse, Col. Rich and son, and Commander Rich were next pointed out.

"The two young men who have just ridden up," said my hostess, "are the sons of the Earl of Rosebery, and the young lady, Lady Sybil Primrose, their sister, etc. etc."

Many other notable personages were pointed out to me by Mr. Tarver who, when we were mounted, piloted me to the meet where he presented me to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and several others. I mention this only to show the courtesy of an English nobleman to a man with no title save that of an American farmer, who, as was well known to Lord Rothschild, was in England on business working for his daily bread—his passport being his fondness for a horse and a hound and his love of the chase.

The meet was at Vicarage Farm, Wingrave, some three or four miles from Leighton Buzzard, where we have already taken the reader to visit the kennels and the house of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild.

Each cross road that we passed poured into the main road its contribution of riders, so that before the meet was reached the highway contained almost an unbroken procession. Occasionally a youth, or light headed rider in a new hunting coat, or a horse dealer who could not resist the opportunity to display himself or his horse, went galloping by on the side of the road as though he had been thrown out of the run and was making all speed to recover the hounds. There was a timid city chappie on a nervous three-cornered rake of a thoroughbred that the best architect or land surveyor could neither design nor measure. A very uncomfortable partnership they made for each other, but they afforded a lot of amusement for the lookers-on. The horse, instead of going forward head first, went drifting down the road sideways like a yacht that had slipped her moorings and was going down river beam first, sometimes stern first.

Now and again the horse would lower his head and throw the rider—a tall, slim man—onto his neck, then he would start straight ahead as if a flag had fallen before him, in any direction he happened to be heading, when the spell struck him. Sometimes he headed down off the macadam as if he were going to take the hedge. But instead he downed helm and changed from the port to the starboard tack and so continued until he finally fetched up on the opposite side of the road, drifting, drifting, bolting ahead, coming in stays, and so on from one side of the road to the other, greatly to the amusement of small boys and farm lads, who offered suggestions as the pair drifted past.

"Your 'orse is giving you lots of ride for your money," volunteered one farm hand over the fence.

Said another farm hand to his companion: "I say, Bill, I say, Bill, there goes a 'orse what 'ad 'is 'ead put on where his tail oughter be. 'E's built to go tother end to."

"No, hit's cause the rider is cross-eyed and 'e can't no

more go the way 'e's looking than 'e can look the way 'e's going. 'E oughter wear blinkers."

"Bill, you are wrong again. Hit's my opinion as 'tis only an oat as is pricking 'im. 'E'll straighten out when it gets past the tickling spot."

Here we are at the meet, a typical English cross roads where there is a big sign on a very small inn under a thick straw roof. It stood facing the village green and was called "The Golden Fleece." A private house on the other side of the green does duty as a store, post and telegraph office. A few other thatched cottages, covered with English ivy, squatted low on the ground, behind neatly trimmed hedge enclosures, their front yard filled with ornamental shrubs, flowers and roses. In the centre of the green is the public duck pond, the green itself being a pasture of the fowls, a playground for the neighbouring children, a whittling place for the village talent and a lounging place for any one so disposed.

Just back of all this, but hidden by a high hedge, shrubs and tree border, is the Rectory, which is better seen from a little way down the road where the snug little Rectory Lodge makes a break in the hedge. There you may look down the beautiful circling drive and across a meadow to the Rectory itself which, although more than half hidden by vines and shrubbery, looks ideal. On the opposite side of the road, back from the highway in a meadow of great spreading oaks, stands the "Hall," the home of the village Squire, a man who, if his temperament suits and it usually does in England, lives the ideal life,—a few hunters to ride, a few horses to drive, a game preserve on his own land, a shooting box in Scotland and a yacht on the Solent. He owns a thousand broad acres where he and his tenants breed pure bred stock which win honours at the fair in competition with her Majesty the Queen, and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The squire is an old man now, judging by his white hair

and portly build; but he is at the meet on a trusty Norfolk cob which looked as if it could carry a ton. While he may not cut it down across country with the younger bloods, he will see quite as much of the fun, for he knows every lane and gate in all the country round. It is his own land the hunt is to ride over. His sons are out on hunters of his own breeding. His granddaughter is by his side sitting astride on a little Welsh cob which will carry her to perfection and, as you can easily imagine, greatly to her grandsire's delight.

What a crowd there was! Something over a hundred mounted riders assembled at this meet, which is a hundred short of the usual attendance at the spring meet or when the fixture is at Ascot or at Tring Park, the home of Lord Rothschild.

Here come the hounds, headed by the huntsman, and the whipper-in, followed by a score or more of riders who have purposely lingered to keep them company. If the hounds looked a grand lot at the kennels, what shall we say of them now, this twenty odd couple of dog hounds selected with care as to size and markings? As they come trotting on to the village green beside the superbly mounted horseman and whipper-in in their pink hunting coats, white breeches and black velvet caps, the crowd receive them with a cheer. At this moment Mr. Leopold de Rothschild drives up with the other members of his family.

By the time they have answered the salutations of their friends, and a few strangers and out of town visitors have been introduced, their mounts are led up, their overcoats are dropped off and in a moment more they are in the saddle.

The most noted, if not the most interesting personage is yet to arrive. We have not long to wait.

"The stag! The stag! Here comes the stag." Again the crowd on the green parts like the waters of the Red Sea to

JOHN BOORE, HUNTSMAN

GIVING THE STAG 'LAW'

receive Pharaoh's chariot, and likewise closes upon it when it enters the crowded green.

Lord Rothschild, who, with his brother, headed the procession, was followed by the riders and the crated stag. We all moved on to witness the "enlargement," as the liberation of the stag is called. This took place a mile or more from the meet. The hounds, however, remained at the Village to allow twenty minutes or half an hour "law" to the stag before they were put upon his trail.

Finally, after entering a most beautiful field with great rolling meadows, a wide expanse of the richest and most beautiful agricultural district came into view. The crated stag was halted near the gate in the field. The door was thrown open and out stepped his highness. Then as the crowd of spectators gave a cheer, he crouched for a mighty spring that sent him high in the air. Thus, in a succession of bounds, he circled the field, returning to within a hundred feet or so of the van. He then jumped the hedge, almost in the presence of the crowd, whose renewed cheering sent him across the field to the right, giving us all a splendid chance to view him as he raced away over the crest of a distant hill to disappear in a clump of timber.

After allowing twenty minutes "law," as above recorded the huntsman and whippers-in came smartly on with the pack. The moment the hounds began to feel the line away went their tongues in one grand chorus and the chase began.

It was a glorious sight, hounds, horses, men. One and all race away down the vale, across the great fields, up the slope, over ditches, hedges and timber into the wood, where the stag was seen to disappear. That first twenty minutes, what a thrilling ride! It was such a twenty minutes as comes only now and then to those who frequent hunting fields. Those beautiful fields, that wonderful turf and the hedges, how they flew past and under us, they seemed to be coming at us like driftwood racing down a mighty stream.

"No ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings,
Scud half so fast."

We gain the hill, pass the wood and away again, crossing another vale. The blood of my Irish mount is up and go he will. The stag had taken to water in a small pond in front of some gentleman's home. It was a bad move, for now the hounds were upon him and raced him from scent to view, back through the little village of the meet. Finally they brought him to bay, in the outer entry of a little chapel in an adjoining town. Facing the hounds, he stood them at bay. He was soon secured and we all went back to our hotel at Leighton Buzzard, where one of the best of dinners was served alike to Earls and farmers, Dukes and traders.

"The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
Black and embossed; nor are his hounds deceived;
Too well distinguish these, and never leave
Their once-devoted foe; familiar grows
His scent and strong their appetite to overtake."

Somervile.

XVII

THE CHASE OF THE WILD RED DEER IN DEVONSHIRE

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS—LORNA DOONE'S COUNTRY—THE QUANTOCK HILLS—THE MEET—ANTHONY HUXTABLE—THE TUFTERS—THE CHASE—TAKING THE DEER—A LONG RIDE HOME.

WHILE in England in the winter of 1898, I received a letter from Mr. Alfred Skinner of Bishop's Lydard, Devonshire, inviting me to visit him and have a day with the Devon and Somerset staghounds, then hunting three days a week in the Quantock Hills, near Mr. Skinner's farm.

As this was not my first visit to the famous Devonshire country nor my first day with the Devon and Somerset staghounds, I knew something of what was in store for me: I was not long in deciding to test once more the hospitality of "Pond Farm," which, you must know, is of the genuine Devonshire sort, with Devonshire cream and Devonshire cider, to say nothing of the gooseberry tarts, etc. Added to this was my very vivid recollection of one of the grandest day's sport I had ever experienced with hounds; this was in '93. How many, many times had I lived over that memorable run! I had but

lately finished reading that fascinating novel, "Lorna Doone"; and to find myself riding to the "meet" in that famous "Doone" country, amid just such surroundings as the author had described, was a double pleasure and made the novel doubly real. I recalled also, with much pleasure, the breedy little roan mare that Mr. Skinner had secured for my mount; and how the hunted deer led us a steeplechase pace down one hill and up another, down again, and through farm after farm, over ditches and fences, some of which were big sod fences where a horse jumps to the top, balances there for a moment with all four feet in a bunch, and then jumps down on the other side. Often there is a ditch on the opposite side, sometimes on both: sometimes the fence looks low on the "take off" side but you find, after it is too late to change your mind, that it is five feet or more from the top of the fence to the landing on the other side. Then, seated on a horse that is balancing himself on the top of such a jump, it seems a terrible distance to the ground. There is nothing to do but put your trust in your mount, and take the drop as best you can.

I also recall there were nearly a hundred mounted riders that day, with a good sprinkling of ladies, and that it took a good deal of hard riding to keep some of our fair companions in sight, when hind and hound were racing out of view. I remember how, for one hour and twenty minutes, the deer set such a pace that fully half the field were left hopelessly behind in the first half of the run; and how she finally took to the sea, and after swimming out for a mile or more, returned to be taken on the rocky north shore of the British Channel, twelve or fifteen miles from where the pack first "laid on." Then the Master, Mr. Bisset, kindly presented me with one of the hind's feet, which I had mounted as a matchbox; and a month or so after my return to America, I had the pleasure of receiving the pelt of the deer, with the same gentleman's compliments. It is needless to say that, with

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS

such recollections as these, I was on the best of terms with myself for the whole week between receiving Mr. Skinner's letter and my landing at Bishop's Lydard.

The meet was at "Triscombe Stone," near the summit of one of the loftiest peaks of the Quantock range, and about seven miles from Mr. Skinner's house. We were joined on the way by gentlemen and ladies until, by the time we reached the foot-hills, we formed quite a cavalcade. It was very pleasing to see among them some old—I should say elderly—gentlemen; for one can hardly call a man of sixty or even seventy years of age, old, when one sees him mounted and bound for a hard day's ride over some of the roughest hunting country in England. These men are not old, and as long as they can sit on a horse and ride to hounds, they will outride death, and be, as we saw them, young at seventy. There were ladies also whose hair was beautifully sprinkled with grey, whose foreheads were scarred and furrowed by time, but they had become young again, as you could see by their faces, on which a smile was so near the surface that it appeared, if you addressed them with the most ordinary remark. There is certainly nothing in the world like hunting to turn backwards the hands on the dial of time! Nothing like a hard day's gallop to hounds to cheat the family physician out of his living and to put off the undertaker's approaching account. There were farmers on rough and unkempt horses which had rested from the furrow yesterday that the master might "go a-hunting to-day." Beside them rode lords and ladies, squires and gentlemen, their mounts, like themselves, well groomed, showing their "quality" in good blood and good breeding. There were also a good number of farmers' sons mounted on "green ones" that morning "caught up" from the fields. Their rusty saddle-irons and cobbled bridles made them a great contrast to some London swell on his five hundred guinea hunter, with a liveried groom in attendance, both dressed

after the latest hunting fashion-plate. They made two of a kind, the farmer's son and the swell, in that they were both equally anxious to display themselves. It was not difficult, however, to see that the farmer's son was enjoying it all far the better of the two. Then there was pointed out to me the town magistrate, who was never known to want an excuse to adjourn court when the Devon and Somerset staghounds were hunting the Quantocks; and there was also a physician who had driven to the meet, making a few hurried calls on the way. At the meet he exchanged his carriage for a hunter and away he rode, leaving his patients who did not happen to "live on the way" to die, or get well as best they could without him, for as the old song says, "he must go a-hunting to-day!"

There was also the clergyman in his clerical dress, the "sporting parson," as he is familiarly called—more by way of compliment than otherwise. Few, I imagine, find more pleasure in hunting than he; for next to the Master and the huntsman, he is the most welcome member of the hunt. He knows everyone and everyone knows him, and everyone loves him, especially if (as is invariably the case) he is a "good sport," rides well and rides straight. Even if you do not know him, you must love him. The sight of him in his clerical suit, seated on a well appointed hunter, makes you feel that he is your fellow man, capable of enjoying what you enjoy, and of being tempted as you are tempted; this draws you towards him, for you feel that he is better fitted thereby to intercede for your own shortcomings. It is a pleasure to see him riding about among friends and neighbours, seated on his trusty hunter, the present probably of Lord So-and-so, who admires his style of riding to hounds, if he does not patronise his sermons, and who for the same reason contributes liberally to the church subscriptions.

Long live the "sporting parson" to show us the way across the fields when hounds run fastest, and across Jordan as well

when the way looks hopeless! Of course, in America no one would think of applying the epithet "good sport" to a minister of the gospel, by way of praise. But in England the term seems to have a different meaning from that given it by us. There it is generally applied to one who is, as we say, "fair and square," who plays fair, whether at cricket or in business; stands by a bad bargain, though the law might release him; one who lives up to the golden rule. In short, who is, in the best sense of the word, a gentleman.

Others drove to the meet in coaches, with powdered footmen, while smartly dressed servants brought up a brace of hunters; others came in farm carts, butchers' wagons and traps of all sorts—to say nothing of the pedestrians, clad in all styles, from homespun to the latest Paris wrinkle in hat and frock, all making a pilgrimage to "Triscombe stone" to pay their respects to, if not to worship, the goddess Diana, who nowhere, I believe, finds more devoted followers than when she sets up her shrine in the Quantocks. What a grand procession they made, struggling along up the steep hill! Among the throng was a single Yankee who, from his desire to keep shaking hands with himself over his good fortune at being present, you could see with half an eye was having the best time of all.

Arriving at the meet, we rode up to inspect the hounds—twenty-two and a half couple, all over twenty-three inches tall and with untarnished pedigrees, traceable, it is said, for several hundred years. They are, without question, the most noted pack of staghounds in England, and the only pack in England "ridden to" in the chase of the wild red deer.*

The huntsman, Mr. Anthony Huxtable, is probably the most celebrated huntsman in Great Britain to-day. Punc-

*Since the above was written, the deer in Devon and Somerset have increased to such numbers that the country has been divided and is now being hunted by two other packs of staghounds.

tually to the minute, at 11 A. M., the Master rides up. He has a word with Anthony, then after allowing five minutes' grace for late-comers, he gives the signal to kennel the pack. This Anthony does in an old barn near at hand, at the same time drafting from the pack six of the most obedient hounds, with which he returns to the place of meeting. The Master then sounds the horn for "going to covert" and we all move on at a smart trot, headed by Anthony and the three couple of hounds. These selected hounds are called "tufters." The reason for taking only a few hounds to draw a covert is that the deer are so numerous that the whole pack would be uncontrollable, especially as it is only the hinds they wish to chase at this time of the year (spring), while in the autumn only the stags are hunted.

The tops of the Quantock Hills are bald of timber, but completely covered with heather—a bush growing from fifteen to twenty inches high. There are, however, numerous wooded ravines leading up the sides of the hills from dense forests. It is near the top of these ravines that the deer are at this time of day expected to be found. After riding along on the crest of the hills for half a mile or more, Anthony turns sharply to the left, and alone with the tufters canters down the side of the hill, and presently enters one of these wooded ravines; then he comes back up the ravine, so as to make the deer "break covert" over the top of the hills. All the riders and pedestrians, who have come along to see the sport, wait on the summit of the hill in the opening.

Five minutes later, out of the top of the ravine, into which Anthony has cast the tufters, there come bounding over the heather eight beautiful deer, three stags and five hinds, all in full view; in fact, some of the startled creatures find themselves right among the riders and spectators. Hard after them come the tufters, and Anthony with them. Quickly he notes the course the largest hind is taking, and decides on

OPENING MEET NEAR MINEHEAD

her for the chase. In the meantime, of course, the hounds are separated, for there is more than a deer for each; but a blast from Anthony's hunting horn, emphasised by a crack of his hunting crop, calls them to his side, when he quickly "lifts them" on to the line of the deer he has marked for the chase.

Away goes Anthony as if shot from a gun, while we rush along at the top of our horses' speed only to see him vanish from sight a half mile down the other side of the hill towards the bottom land. The Master and riders remain waiting on top of the hill. Half an hour passes, then some one shouts, "There he is!" and turning, we see the indomitable Anthony standing in the heather on the brow of a distant hill—the six tufters by his side—and signalling us to come on. The Master hurries away to unkennel the pack and bring them on, while the restless riders rush headlong down the hill, through the heather, where, if their mounts should stumble or catch a foot in some of the numerous rabbit burrows, there would be in all probability a broken leg for the horse and a broken neck for the rider. Down this hill, up a steep ravine, down again, up another hill and we arrive where Anthony awaits us. Soon the Master and the whippers-in with the pack, join us. Anthony now leads the way to the bottom lands, where he had followed the deer to make sure she had well broken covert.

As soon as he leads the pack across the line and the hounds catch the scent, they give tongue to it in a beautiful chorus as they crowd on the line and race away at the top of their speed. "Tally ho! Tally ho! Gone away! Gone away!" shouts Anthony, while the Master sounds the good news from his horn, and before we know what has happened, the chase is on. Our horses, which we have been saving as much as possible (greatly to their disgust), are now given free rein, and the way they lay foot to the sod over the first few meadows will never be forgotten. Arriving at a small stream, the hounds throw up their heads, their music ceases, and we are at the

first check. The deer, true to her instinct, has taken to water to elude her pursuers. The stream is about ten to twelve feet wide and four to six inches deep.

Now comes Anthony's opportunity to display his woodcraft. Which way has the deer gone? Up stream or down? Noting the direction of the wind, he instantly decides on going down stream; and keeping in the stream we follow along. Both banks are eagerly watched for foot-prints.

The hounds, meanwhile, are splashing listlessly along beside Anthony's horse. On they go for a few hundred yards, when suddenly one of the hounds stops, and rushes to the left bank. His hackles are on end and he begins to "feather." Others join him. Anthony halts; no tracks; can it be possible that the deer could have gone out there? The hounds seem to think so, but the bank is perpendicular and a good five feet high, with a thick thorn hedge as much higher growing on the very edge of it. Do the hounds mean to say that even a deer can from a standing jump clear that bank and hedge? Still Anthony waits. Then come a few faint whimpers as if the hounds could almost make it out. Still they are not quite sure. Then Anthony decides that they are right and cheers them on. One hound, in attempting to jump up the bank and crawl through the bottom of the hedge, gets a whiff of the scent from the field on the other side and gives tongue to it, even as he falls backward into the water. This settles the question; and Anthony, with cap in hand, leans over his horse's withers, cheering on the hounds with "Speak to it, Sampson! On to it, Bluver! Up, Sleepless, up, good hound!"

Sleepless is the first to make the bank, which is by this time so broken away that she is able to make good her footing, and away she goes, racing across the field, giving tongue at every stride. The other hounds become desperate at this. Again Anthony cheers them on with "Hark to Sleepless! Hark to Sleepless! On Challenger! Up Vixen!" until with charging

and falling back, and charging again, a footing is made, and all have gone streaming away in the field, which is hidden from our view by the hedge. The riders are all held back until the last hound has successfully cleared the bank, and then we rush on to where the highway crosses the stream. Following the road, we come in view of the field, with the forty-five hounds scattered all over it. They needed Anthony to help them puzzle it out. The trouble is, the deer has evidently doubled her tracks, and possibly redoubled them; hence the confusion: but Anthony riding into the field brings order out of chaos, and lifting the hounds smartly forward, they soon hit off the same line again; and we enjoy a glorious gallop through some beautiful pastures to another check.

Here we see the hounds doing some beautiful work; their blood is up, but they have overrun the line. Anthony calls them to "hark back." They pick up the trail where it turned sharply to the left, and away they go through a hedge. It is impossible for horses to follow, and the hounds rush away with a chorus of voices that makes our hearts ache. Perhaps it is the last we shall see of the pack to-day! We follow the knowing one in a race for the gate leading into the highway, in the direction opposite the way the hounds are running. Those forty rods to the gate! It seemed as if our horses, going at the top of their speed, would never reach there. There is a small boy right at the gate, and he opens it in time—may his sins to this hour be forgiven!

Down the highway we gallop for half a mile; then stop and listen. "They are still running on," says one; "we shall see them no more to-day." "No, they are coming this way!" cries another. "What shall we do? Where shall we go?" Such are the questions and thoughts running through everyone's mind. The old hunting rule, "When you don't know where to go, stand still," is all that seems to save us from going mad. Suddenly the hounds appear from behind a field of timber

that has hitherto hidden them from our view, their voices coming to us faintly now and then, keeping us between hope and despair. We see they are racing away in a circle that is bringing them our way. We rush along to intercept them. They halt, turn sharply to the right, and are coming straight for the highway where we stand. On and on we go for the next thirty minutes, till the hounds throw their heads in a farmyard; and a most welcome check it is. "Seven miles from the last check and covered in thirty-three minutes," says some one, consulting his watch. But while we are about to dismount for a breathing spell, the hounds break away at a rattling pace for another five minutes. It seems as if every field must be the last, and that the hounds must be on the very heels of their prey. Check again! It does not seem possible that many more such spurts can be left in deer, hound, horse, or man. The deer is evidently making for the sea, but until this check it seemed as if she could never hold the pace to reach there.

While waiting in the highway, beyond a farmhouse, the hounds pick up the trail again, and come across the road in front of us "full cry." It seems impossible that the deer could have taken that line, but so it must have been. Where the hounds came through the bottom of the hedge, the bank is fully eight feet high; on the top of this bank is a stiff hedge twelve to fifteen feet high. That a deer could jump the hedge from the field side, we have no doubt, but think of the drop on the landing side, and of landing in the middle of a macadamised road! One would think the slender legs of the deer could never withstand such a shock; but they have withstood it, for the hounds are running again, not to the sea, as we expected, but to the right, following the coast, two or three fields back from the beach. On she goes for another eight miles, almost straight away over beautiful level grass lands. At last the hounds are but a field behind their game, and the riders—

what is left of them—but a field behind the hounds and in full view of the deer. The deer is running slower and is apparently almost exhausted. The hounds also are slackening their pace, while there is nothing left of the horses, save their breeding. They stagger on, however, but are no longer able to answer to whip or spur.

One more field! It looks as if the hounds would overtake their deer in the next field. The foremost hounds are scarcely a rod from their prize. Anthony is right after them, cheering them on to the last mighty effort. Can the hind reach the river bank? Yes! With Anthony's favourite hound, Sleepless, right at her heels, she leaps into the river twenty feet below, and swims for the opposite bank. The hounds attempt to follow, but Anthony calls them back.

Taking a fisherman's row boat Anthony with the "whipper-in" and three hounds, rowed across the river. The steep, muddy sandbanks being impassable, the deer, seeing them coming, takes to the water again. The boat, however, soon overtakes her, and a rope is thrown over the head of the deer, which keeps on swimming, towing the boat along with her. They pull the boat alongside, and Anthony blindfolds the deer with his handkerchief. The three men now tip the boat to one side, and all taking hold of the deer lift her as high as possible, bringing her sides well up against the gunwale of the boat; then, rocking the boat back, at the same time lifting the deer, they land her on her back in the boat; next they tie her legs and bring her ashore, where she is despatchd with a hunting knife; the "pluck" given to the hounds, and the feet amputated at the fetlock joint and given to whomsoever the Master wishes to honour. The carcass is given to a butcher or some one who is directed by the Master to distribute it among the farmers over whose land the chase has gone. The head, however, is presented to the writer, who has it mounted and now admires it on the wall facing his writing desk. It was the end

of the spring season and this was deer number one hundred and one taken since the previous autumn.

The time occupied by the run after laying on the pack was two hours and forty minutes. It was four-thirty when we started for Mr. Skinner's, twenty miles away. We arrived there at nine o'clock. We had been in the saddle eleven and one-half hours (less the time spent while Anthony was taking the hind from the water) and had covered fully fifty miles without a mouthful to eat for man or mount. The grey could only walk for the last three miles. The rider was able to get into the house, but there was not enough left in him to pull off his own boots. But a bucket of hot oat-meal gruel for the horse, a hot bath and Mrs. Skinner's softest feather bed for the rider, brought both out the next morning none the worse, I believe, for as glorious a day's sport as ever was enjoyed in the hunting field.

To W. Phillpotts Williams, Esq.,
Master of the Melton Harriers.

"The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze, the Covert's utmost bounds.
Slyly she skirts behind, then cautious creeps,
And in that very track so lately stained
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foe she flies."

Somervile.

XVIII

THE CHASE OF THE HARE

THE HARE—THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOL METHODS—LONG LIVE THE CHASE—FOOT HARRIERS.

PERHAPS the best way to introduce the subject of Hare Hunting is first to introduce the hare. There is a saying among hare hunting men at the present time, which was centuries old when the morning stars sang together, "Find your hare before you catch him." In respect, therefore, to this time-honoured maxim, if for no other reason, we had better see our hare before we proceed to hunt him.

As before stated, the hare differs from the rabbit, which he greatly resembles, in being larger and faster. Rabbits burrow in the ground, where they go to hide, sleep, and bring forth their young. The hare, on the contrary, does not burrow, never goes to earth, and hides and sleeps in the open fields. Their food, habits, and way of running are quite the same.

The hare is born with a coat of fur, and eyes open. The

rabbit comes into the world naked and blind, a provision of nature that best adapts each to the different conditions under which it is born. If the rabbit could see at birth, it would wander from home before it was able to protect itself by flight from its hosts of enemies. The hare, on the contrary, being born in the open would alike fall an easy prey to its enemies if it made a move in their presence. They breed two or three times a year between April and August, and produce from two to four "larvet" at a time. They feed at evening and in the early morning, while during the day they lie flattened out in their "seal" or "form" in the open field, rather than in a hedgerow or brush-heap, where without a burrow they would easily be tracked and overtaken by foxes, weasels, skunks, etc., who seek their prey in hidden and secluded spots. Like the thieves that they are, foxes and the like have no taste for exposing themselves by travelling through open fields. Experience therefore has taught the hare that his safety lies in sleeping for the day in the open fields where his body is most exposed. A wise provision of nature, however, comes to his rescue, by giving him a reddish brown coat that seems to blend so well with every colour of the field as to nearly defy detection even when one's eyes are resting upon him. "Find your hare before you catch him" has a far wider meaning than one might suppose.

The ability of some persons to locate a hare is either a gift or the cultivation of sight, or possibly the development of the real hunting instinct such as our forefathers possessed, and which we still find so highly developed in our native trappers and in Indians who are born to and live by the chase.

Anyone, therefore, who is good at finding hares is a most welcome attaché to any hare hunting organisation. Such a one is scarce, even in England, where hunting the hare is in general practice, and he is in great demand. Frightening up a hare by walking upon her is not finding her.

The writer prides himself somewhat on having a fairly good eye for game in the forest, but he has never yet been able to *find* a hare, although he has hunted them often, both with hounds and gun.

It makes one feel chagrined to have some friend point one out just where you have been looking, or as usual, tell you where to look without pointing, and to see there, within a few paces, in full view, the object you seek. There she lies—every hair lying so snug and close that not one is moved by a passing breeze, not a wink of the eye or a turn of the head or the lifting of an eyebrow. As you study the object for a moment, the deception its colour practises on the eyesight disappears, and you wonder why you did not see her before. Your retriever has gone carefully over the ground, and he with all his keener sense of nose and sight also failed to see what in all probability he had been looking at. Presently she bounds away, and you must be smart even then with your gun, or your game keeps on running.

It is probably much more to your credit to find your hare than it is to stop him with your gun when he is found.

The care a hare takes in coming up to its "form" or place selected for the day's resting place (which form we are told is seldom occupied for more than two or three days in succession) is most ingenious. Instead of coming straight up to it, they begin to circle and double back on their trail, so as to make confusion worse confounded to an enemy attempting to follow them by scent. Then they will halt and give a tremendous spring to the right or left, so that to their pursuers their line comes to an abrupt ending; and so on by a succession of leaps until they finally land in the chosen spot in an open field, or at most in the shadow of a low growing shrub. They are said to sleep with their eyes open, but while you can nearly step on them before they will expose themselves by moving, when they do flee from their form, they go at a rate of speed that

only the fastest greyhounds can approach. They can probably run two rods to a rabbit's one. Comparing the English hare to the Jack rabbit of the western plains, it is hardly too much to say that the latter is as much faster than the English hare as the hare is faster than the ordinary rabbit.

Crafty and evasive as hares are in coming to their form, the tricks they play on the hounds are the most interesting part of the game. Brayden, in his delightful work "Hare Hunting and Harriers," says "The maze they weave in foiling their line is something astonishing."

"True sport," says the same author, "consists in the meeting of the hounds and the game hunted on nature's own terms in a free field, with no favours." A better definition of true sport never was given.

The writer is particularly indebted to that Sportsman Poet, Mr. Phillpotts Williams, former Master of the Melton Harriers, for several "glorious days" as well as much valuable information in regard to the chase of the hare.

All hare hunting men, as we said in the chapter on Jack rabbit hunting on the plains, point with pride to ancient history dating from three hundred and fifty to one thousand years B. C., to prove the remote date, if not the beginning, of hare hunting.

Coursing men go to the same goal in the ancient records for the starting point of their favourite sport.

Hare hunting in England goes back to an early period of English history—to Edward III, Queen Elizabeth, James I, and so on down to the present time.

Fox hunting is only a modern game in England as compared with hunting the hare. Fox hunting was not known, in its present form at least, until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when scarcity of deer, wolf, and wild boar, caused the chase-loving Briton to turn his attention to the fox. Although previously looked upon as vermin, to be killed in

any and every form, the fox proved, however, to show such good sport, that, for the time at least, it quite turned the heads of all the followers of the chase. Hare hunting was severely affected by this invasion, which swept the country after the fashion of all new brooms.

Hare hunting, however, had been in existence too long to give way entirely to the new order of things. It has not only survived, but comes up with a stronger army of supporters at the present time than it had even in its most palmy days. There is more dash and drive and hard riding to foxhounds. But the sportsman whose hunting instincts outweigh his taste for fast riding, enjoys best of all to see a hard working, melodious pack of harriers ciphering on a problem that is as fractions to addition, compared with the task that Reynard puts up as a puzzle to foxhounds.

Hare hunting in England may be said to be conducted by two different schools.

First, the "old school" practitioners who seek to preserve the more ancient customs and traditions of hare hunting, and stick to the so-called "pure-bred English harriers," a rather slow and laborious hound with a splendid nose, a free tongue, and a most melodious voice. (I believe this hound was originally a cross-bred animal between the Southern hound and the beagle, the Southern hound himself being an extraction of the bloodhound.) Harriers hunt up to their game in a methodical and workmanlike manner. If they account for one, or at the most, two hares for a day's sport, it is all that is required.

The old school followers of the chase of puss say that to kill a hare in less than about an hour is taking undue advantage, and a pack of hounds that does this should be reduced in size. The old English harrier, therefore, is greatly in favour with this school, which claims that the true gospel of hare hunting is to enable the game to work all her shifts and arts at dodging and circling and doubling. These hounds are from twelve

to fifteen inches—larger or smaller—according to the country to be hunted over; the speed of the hounds depending somewhat on their size. Fifteen or even eighteen inch harriers might be no faster in a country where there was much land under cultivation than twelve inch harriers in a level pasture and meadow country.

The hounds of the new school are much faster. They are mostly cross-bred dogs between harriers and foxhounds, wherein the harrier blood is retained for its more melodious voice and freedom of tongue, while the foxhound blood is looked to for greater pace. These hounds range from fifteen to sixteen inches.

Then again there is what might be called the High Church branch of the new school, where the hounds are out and out pure-bred foxhounds—undersized drafts from foxhound packs. These hounds being so much faster than the old English harriers, put their game to flight, and as the old school hunters say, race her to death in a run of fifteen to twenty minutes without giving her a chance to practise her arts of self-preservation. Then they go on killing as many more as they can in a day. This the old school denounces as taking an undue advantage of puss, and can not be looked upon as thoroughly sportsmanlike. Hounds for this class of hunting we believe are from eighteen to twenty-two inches.

It has been the writer's good fortune to study the game from the standpoint of both the old school and the new, and he unhesitatingly casts his lot with the former. Although no one enjoys a smart gallop cross country better, he loves best of all the hunting part of the game.

To sit a nicely mannered horse, or stout pony with a bit of a gallop in him, with a few jumps to negotiate now and again, to keep in the same field with the chase and to watch both the pursued and the pursuers, to be in possession of the tricks puss is playing on the hounds, and the secret of her hiding place, to

watch the hounds unravel her line, see them outgeneralled here and fooled there, as the artful game intended they should be—is, to the writer's mind, one of the most fascinating games that can possibly be seen in any form of the chase against any animal that lives.

Game and hound meet on fair and equal terms, for in the old school practice, no one thinks of giving away the secrets of puss to the hounds, but leaves them quite to themselves as long as they will hunt. Lifting hounds to a view may be justified towards the end of a long day with foot beagles or foot harriers.

To lift hounds on, and keep racing a hare until overtaken by speed, seems to the writer to be neither hunting nor coursing, but a cross-bred or mongrel sport between the two.

Of course, with the old school there is not much chance of a gallop of any length, for the constant circling and doubling of the hare often brings the game to an end in the same field where it began; so that a man on a stout cob that can go a good pace, is able to see much more of the game than the best mounted rider to foxhounds. The writer by no means wishes to impeach from the list of true sportsmen all hare hunters of the riding class. Their salvation comes not from the methods they pursue so much as the results.

Fast harriers—like fast foxhounds after fox—although they often have a kill in fifteen or twenty minutes, lose so many hares for the very reason they are so fast, that they cannot be called butchers, as some are inclined to say they are. Nevertheless, racing a hare to death is not hunting. The writer believes too much of the spirit of the chase is sacrificed in these days to pace.

The object of the chase in these latter days is not to kill hares and foxes so much as it is to preserve the time honoured customs and conditions of the chase as they have been handed down to us from our forefathers. Its most laudable object is

to preserve untarnished the highest ideals of true sport and sportsmanship.

An advantage of hare hunting is that it is not nearly so expensive a luxury as foxhunting, and is particularly enjoyable for men past the prime of life, who no longer delight in the more rigorous adventures of the chase of the fox. In other words, it lets us down to our graves more gently, and is thus well adapted to the latter stage of a sportsman's career in the saddle.

"As a lad he hunts with foot beagles,
As a boy with otterhounds,
As a young man with the harriers,
Then to foxhunting he may turn in the days of his highest ambition and bodily vigour,
Afterwards to enjoy the downward slope of life, still outriding death in the saddle, in the chase of the hare."
Long live the Chase!

There is another system of hare hunting, i. e., foot harriers —which the High Churchmen, so to speak, of the old school, claim is the only way to hunt a hare. Hounds for this purpose are of course still smaller or at least slower than the old English harriers. They are usually a cross between a harrier and a beagle, from say fifteen to eighteen inches.

There are some popular packs of these foot harriers in England. It is believed to be the most ancient form of the chase of the hare. There are some very old packs of foot harriers, especially in East Sussex, says H. A. Brayden, in his charming work, "Hare Hunting and Harriers."

"A man must be an exceedingly good pedestrian, and in the very best of trim, to keep within hail of a pack of hounds standing eighteen or nineteen inches in height, and blessed with plenty of pace." He says the packs of foot harriers in Great Britain "do not number more than a dozen."

"There are," says the same authority, "one hundred and ninety-eight packs of harriers in the United Kingdom, some fifty odd packs of foot beagles, which in round numbers make about two hundred and fifty packs, mostly in England, besides a large number of private packs which would probably swell the number to three hundred or more."

It is not the purpose of these chapters to go into the scientific part of hare hunting, nor to pursue the subject further than might interest the general reader, and give an idea of the character and status of the game, which will no doubt be of interest to most American sportsmen.

The writer's wish to see the sport more generally adopted in America leads him to devote another chapter to the subject, especially hare hunting with foot beagles at school and college, which is the best way of all to bring up a boy in the way he should go, to become a thorough sportsman.

"Happy the man who with unusual speed,
Can pass his fellows and with pleasure view
The struggling pack; how in the rapid course
Alternated they preside, and jostly, push
To guide the dubious scent."

Somervile.

XIX

FOOT BEAGLES

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE FOOT BEAGLES—THE DELAPRÉ HALL BEAGLES—A DAY WITH AN OXFORD COLLEGE "CRY"—COMPARISON OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COLLEGE SPORTS.

HUNTING the hare on foot with beagles has always been in great favour in Great Britain. Beagle hounds are generally admitted to be a very ancient race of dogs, which the writer believes are of French origin.

The foot beagles of Great Britain are largely owned in private packs and hunted as such, or in company with neighbouring beagles brought together for a day's sport.

A pack or "Cry" of foot beagles is about the best schooling a boy can have as a primary training to the science of hunting with otter, fox or staghounds.

Many a keen sportsman of a father has a pack of beagles for his sons and daughters to hunt with and he encourages them in it from the time they can run about. Before that they go out to see the fun from a baby carriage or in the arms of a sturdy English nurse or governess.

There are also a few packs of Basset hounds there, that

are used in hunting the hare, but they are not, as a rule, satisfactory, being too slow.

The Messrs. Cooper Bros., of Delapré Hall, Nottingham, formerly had a pack of Basset hounds. The writer had a day's, or rather part of a day's sport with this silver-tongued pack; they were very pretty and worked away on the line with great spirit and drive. Slow as they were, they gave the writer his fill of it before the day was half over and settled his convictions that he was no longer a boy, even if he did feel that way when he started out with thirty-five or forty young men and maidens for a day with these hounds.

Mr. Cooper has since written to say he has "given up Bassets and has now a fine pack of seventeen couple of thirteen and a half inch beagles, which are giving great sport." The elder brother carries the horn while the two younger brothers are his whippers-in. These young men, with the assistance of a servant, look after the kennel management of their pack.

Although, as intimated above, the writer had arrived at an age when following puss on foot is prohibited, he thinks it glorious sport and one that ought to be encouraged in every country school or college, where there are hares within reach.

Some American schools and colleges have cross country teams, but these are for amateur sprinters. Paper chases have had a rage here and there and, in lieu of nothing better, should be encouraged, but the principal element of success, i. e., unflagging interest, which is wanting in these games, is abundantly supplied when out with a real pack of beagles in the chase of a real hare.

Many of the schools of England, like Eton, and the colleges, as at Cambridge and Oxford, have packs of foot beagles.

In fact, there are three packs of foot beagles among the colleges at Oxford, i. e., Christ Church, Exeter, New College and Magdalene.

The writer not having had the personal experience, begs to include a letter describing such a day's sport, which he received from his son, who at the time was taking a post-graduate course at Oxford and who, while there, hunted quite regularly with the New College-Magdalene "Cry."

New College,
Oxford, England.
November, 1905.

My Dear Father:

You will certainly wish to know how we hunt the hare at Oxford. I can explain by telling of a glorious run to beagles we had this afternoon in the rolling country beyond Cumnor Place. These November days have a fascination in them that drives every undergraduate afield—some fellows in rowing togs to the Isis, others to "footer" and "rugger," some few to hunting and various field sports, and still others to beagling. A run in the open, over turf or through "plough", over ditches or through hedge, on foot after beagles, although not to be compared to a day's fox hunting in the dear old Genesee Valley, gives the body new life and the mind real joy.

New College and Magdalene keep a pack of beagles between them, which hunt the hare hereabouts on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout each term, while the Master himself hunts the pack during the long "vac." at his home. The beagles are kennelled just outside the City and are looked after by a kennelman under the personal supervision of the Master.

This was my first day at beagling. The nearest I have come to hunting since I came to Oxford is to take a few cracks out of my hunting crop, occasionally, just before turning in. This in hopes I may go on with the illusion in my dreams. So far, I have cracked and coaxed in vain.

If I had a little more floor space and a bridle and a horn, I would doubtless rig up a dummy horse and display a few

DELAPRÉ ABBEY FOOT BEAGLES: CHAS. COOPER ESQ., MASTER

pillows about the floor for hounds and go galloping away over hill and dale, tooting merrily and calling encouragement to Bluebell, Barmaid and Dexter.

As it is, my scout winks and blinks as the lash goes indiscriminately about for a crack. He looks with patient forbearance on my weakness, however, when I stand in the only available space I have and cry, "Speak to it, Barmaid! on, Workman, on, good dog." Crack! "Hark to Bluebell! hark to Bluebell! Rouse him, my beauties!" *Crack!* "Away with him, away with him!" etc.

But the chase. Of that you shall hear presently, for we must first journey to the meet. With lunch scarcely over I hurry into my knickers and rush down Holywell Street to the corner of St. Catherine's Lane and the Broad. The New College brake had been awaiting two delinquents besides myself and we three appearing had scarce time to clamber aboard, before we were wheeling away, bound for the open country. Aside from the fun of beagling, these country excursions are a treat; for though the Cornwall coast has its peculiar charm and the lake country its special attraction, yet the scenery round about Oxford has no superior in all England. From Magdalene College another brake has started bound for our destination. Still another from New College has preceded us, making three in all and about a dozen fellows to each. We are surely a lot of light-hearted, light-headed, college fellows out for a good time. A superannuated hedge cutter, moved by some sympathetic impulse, waved his hat in salutation as we clattered by. Children in legions scattered along our way, catching the contagious spirit, ran with us shouting in wild freedom till outdistanced. On we go, over the hill to Cumnor Place, passing the church suggestive of Amy Robsart and her churlish gaoler, Anthony Foster. Beyond Cumnor Place the country side becomes more and more interesting. An autumnal haze heightens the effect and gives to distance

an enchantment of its own. Occasionally we pass between long rows of oaks, their branches interlocked above. On all sides the foliage is beginning to colour and all about there is a seeming preparation for winter. Pheasants, no longer able to hide their thieving in the corn, fly up at our approach and disappear in covert. Squirrels, nettled at our rapid pace, take us on for a bit of a run from the tops of stone walls. From the rumble of the wheels and the jingle of the harness, from the clatter of the hoofs and the champing of the bits, comes the rhythm of that good old hunting verse—

"We must all go a-hunting to-day."

Some six miles from Oxford we pull up before a village inn—one of the real old-fashioned sort. A suave landlord, full fifteen stone in weight, extended his hospitality from the tavern door. The beagle van had already arrived and the Master was greeting each hound by name, as the kennelman slipped them one by one to the ground. By this time the Magdalene brake wheeled in upon us, which completed our number. Then divesting ourselves of top coats and woollens, we clambered down some thirty strong into a rabble of beagles and curious townsfolk of all ages. Toot, toot from the Master's horn, a hurried consultation with the innkeeper, wherein he advises drawing Squire Buffer's turnip field; more tooting and hunting jargon, and we are off to catch a turnip thief if we can. Foremost walks the first whipper-in, restraining with voice and hunting crop any beagle impatient to begin hunting on his own account. Following the first whipper-in walks the Master surrounded by the pack or "cry", then comes the second whipper-in, and lastly, plain followers of the chase. Attached to this goodly company are some truant schoolboys, the town cripple hobbling upon a crutch and a wooden leg, and a good number of wives and maidens with shawls over their heads; some old men, probably poachers

by profession, who would rather hunt than eat, fill up the group that has assembled to see us off. Moving along up the lane leading to Squire Buffer's, we turn to the left upon a grassy slope which drops gently away to a tributary of the river Isis. The adjoining field to the right is the Squire's turnip patch which we are to draw. This the Master proceeds to do. We follow, keeping well to the rear, ready however, to go away the instant puss is routed. When within some thirty paces of the turnips, a young hare springs away to our left down the slope. Toot, toot, from the Master and twenty silver-tongued beagles proclaim the good news for miles around. We race away towards the stream. Puss will doubtless turn right or left to avoid the water. Not to the left, for a country huxter is holding the road on that side; then let us keep to the right and well to the rear for it is more likely he will circle back toward the turnip field. This he did and was soon lost to view among the turnips. What a treat it was to watch the "Freshers". They have fairly gone the pace and would outstrip the beagles themselves were it not for being reproved by whippers-in, for in beagling, like hunting, some run to beagle, while others beagle to run.

Puss had indeed played a trump card either from chance or instinct for as the pack ran in among the remnants of a turnip crop three splendid hares sprang away in opposite directions. Halt! The Master knows his business full well. Toot! toot! toot! The beagles whimper and coax to go on, but the Master is stern, the whippers-in turn the leading beagles smartly back and the whole procession comes to a check. The Master then lifts the pack to where the nearest hare has sprung away. The scent lies strong and beagles give tongue to it in chorus. Off again, whither who knows! In this uncertainty lies one of the charms of beagling. This hare with a fling and bound scurries away down stream. He will turn under half a mile, but which way? To the right is the

stream twisting on its way to the Isis, to the left is the lane with hedge-fences and each hedge flanked by a ditch.

Those who fancy they know the game keep well up above the pack, to the left along the lane, towards which the hare is turning. Choosing this course, I had negotiated the hedge into the lane and flung the last bit of mud from my boots; but in charging the hedge on the other side of the lane, I found myself fast in the wire, which tore my coat and still retains a patch of my knickers as a memento of the encounter. Meanwhile the hare has crossed the lane into a ploughed field and is making back in a wide circle towards the turnip patch. Beagles and whippers-in were hard after and all coming my way. At my sudden appearance in breaking loose from the wire, the hare made a sharp turn, through the two hedge fences enclosing the lane, and raced away towards the stream below. Back I go through the lane hedges again. Puss sees the error and makes another try for the turnip field and might have succeeded had not the intervening hedge suddenly bristled with belated beagles who had been checked by a bit of wet ground. This was a facer, but Puss lost no time in a council of war. Standing on my vantage ground I saw him bound away down towards the stream. The water is cold, swift and from bank to bank appears to be some twenty-five feet in breadth. Surely the hare will not take to its icy current. No, indeed, but he does a trick fully as courageous. On he goes and in his splendid stride leaps the stream at a bound, landing well over on the farther side. Well jumped, my beauty! "Hold hard", cried some one, as a half dozen "Freshers" break through the hedge with a rush.

"Hold hard, here come the hounds."

Sure enough, beagles, Master and whippers-in come to full view, the beagles with noses to earth drive ahead with one strong instinct speeding them on after the flying hare. The Master and whippers-in racing after, like myself, cast about for a

bridge. The highway crosses the stream some three hundred yards below. It is a long way, but a dry one and that settled it. I own to funking such a bath in November with a bridge in sight. A few moments later the beagles are swimming in mid-stream followed by the Master and whippers-in, who nothing daunted, plunged into the stream and are wading waist-deep to the opposite bank. The bridge crossed, we are lost to the pack; beagles and all have disappeared over the crest of the hill and not even a mellow note comes back to locate their whereabouts and cheer us on. Upon the crest of the hill however, stands a shepherd, outlined against the sky, waving his arms in wild gesticulation. We soon come up to him, but excitement has run riot with his tongue, for his gibberish is quite unintelligible.

There is something picturesque about the British "navvy" when his sporting blood is up. Picturesque in his soiled, ill-shaped and patched garb, his unkempt beard and native speech. Something truly unaccountable, in his wild enthusiasm for field sports. The voice of a hound warms his blood to fervid heat. A wild desire to run and cheer on the labouring hounds possesses him. In his disconnected speech and bright eyes one hears the voice and seems to be accosted by the fellow's early Saxon ancestors. The gist of his words, however, was to this effect:

"I just seed 'im 'ere, sir, just 'ere now, sir, goin' down behindt the 'edge. Thor now, look thor, sir, 'ear 'em, those be good music, sir."

Presently the pack came to view, circling toward us. Evidently from their direction, the hare had again turned, bent upon doubling and recrossing the stream. Doubtless the shepherd with his frantic gestures had already turned the hare, for the beagles, first heading for the stream again, were now circling away in the opposite direction, toward a neighbouring chapel. Puss must now give in or outwit his pursuers.

Trying the latter he circled circuitously this way and that, in and out, drawing continually toward the chapel. The pace was heart breaking with hedges, ditches, and a ploughed field before us. The beagles, however, are bracing to their work, and running silently. Something in the scent tells them the chase is nearing an end and by some instinct in common we also feel it to be true. The chase now seems well in hand. Suddenly the hare is viewed away, the beagles break loose their melody again and are gaining on the hare at every stride. A dozen paces more and the pack break out in short yelps of joy, as they race from scent to view. At this comes renewed strength to weary legs and we stride on with all our might. One more ditch, another hedge, over an iron picket on which one fellow is left hanging by his knickers, and we find ourselves in the chapel enclosure among mossy headstones and hoary yew trees. With a toot, toot, toot and whoop-hallo, the carcass is thrown high in the air to drop in the midst of twenty eager beagles, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to secure a share of the spoils.

Meanwhile the sun had reached the west horizon and it was decided therefore to hunt no more that day, but to repair to the inn for tea. The inn lay three-quarters of a mile away and twilight had settled in before we reached the tavern door. On long tables within were tea, bread and jam. In less time than I can tell it, the boards were swept bare, our host distraught and a famine still raging. Meanwhile the beagles had been loaded, and our traps were now waiting before the tavern door. On leaving the inn, I chanced to pass the tap room. I fancy few such rooms in England have survived the modern notions of a correctly appointed bar-room. The floor was flagged and somewhat lower than the threshold. On three sides of the room casks were piled high one above the other to the ceiling. The latter was low and black with the smoke of three hundred years. Rough hewn beams furnished the

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY 'CRY'

ceiling support and from one which spanned the centre, hung a dingy, battered, bronze lamp. Beneath was a table warped like a potato chip and around the table sat three of the natives imbibing. Chief of this clan was the sporting cripple above referred to, whom I overheard remark to his pal, " 'Ave been 'ere summers above fifty years and 'Ave niver afore 'eard tell as 'ow an 'are jump the Weir Water."

Said a loquacious sot in rejoinder: " 'Ave 'eard my faather tell as 'ow 'e did."

Whether it was the hare or the old fellow's sire, who performed this daring feat, I did not stop to inquire or whether indeed a hare had ever been known to jump the Weir Water before. By this time the affair has very likely possessed the whole village. No doubt all the wonderful feats of fifty years past will be aired in the discussion and the Squire, himself, will do well to settle the point before the villagers take sides.

The journey back to Oxford was scarcely less interesting than our excursion out. There is the same steady rumble of wheels, the same jingle of harness and clatter of hoofs. On cresting the hill beyond Cumnor Place we were, nevertheless, glad to see the lights of Oxford near at hand. From any vantage ground Oxford appears well by day, bristling with spires and towers. At night, however, when only lights are seen, the mind runs back along English history to the earliest times, even before barefoot monks trudged this road, or before the days of King Alfred, who is said to have sown the seed that later brought forth the colleges.

Englishmen have always been proud of Oxford and well they may be. Ever since those early days the flower of the Kingdom has journeyed hither like pilgrims to Mecca.

Think how for centuries the schoolboy on the incoming coach has first seen the object of his dreams. How his heart beats high at the sight which to him must have seemed the promise of a "new heaven and a new earth."

There is little time for reverie, however, as the trap has already swung into St. Catherine's Lane and stopped.

Each beagler hurries away to his own rooms as rapidly as tired legs will travel, in time to don togs of a better sort and at the stroke of seven o'clock sit down to dinner with his fellows in the grand old College Hall.

Affectionately,

Your Son.

It is greatly to be regretted that, while we have plenty of athletics in our American schools and universities, we have very little sport.

School and college athletics in America, in the writer's mind, are in a very lamentable condition. He speaks from an intimate acquaintance with one of the largest universities in this country, a university numbering over thirty-five hundred students. Yet all the athletics of this great institution are carried on by fewer than three hundred men or about one in every group of twelve. In the so-called major sports only such men as are able to demonstrate marked ability in their freshman or sophomore years are wanted. Many try but few are chosen. Coaches have neither time nor inclination to bother with any except the very best. We hear a lot about college athletics, but "college athletics" are one thing, outdoor sports for sport's sake are another.

In the American university above referred to, the undergraduates who do not qualify and go in for athletics are either not at all interested therein, or are content to look on, bet on the result or talk wise, like a lot of professional talent at a horse race. At Oxford, England, there are also about thirty-five hundred students. Every day throughout the collegiate year from two thousand to twenty-five hundred of that number are at their favourite outdoor sports the better part of each afternoon. The result of these two systems of teaching is

simply this: in America our men are old at forty and at fifty most of them have shot their bolt, made a pot of money or lost it, or both, and tumble into graves or sanitariums with half their allotted days unnumbered; while in England, the men who played at school and college as much or more than they studied are living on for twenty or thirty years after we are dead and forgotten.

It must not be inferred from the unstinted praise of the writer for English methods of school and college field sports and the natural indulgence in the chase, that he is an Anglomaniac. He is not. He hopes he is sportsman enough, however, to take off his hat to any system better than our own wherever found.

From all the talk that one hears about games at college, one unfamiliar with the number of studies prescribed for each undergraduate would think boys did little else except play. They tell of a farmer who wrote the dean of one university, to say that the boys there seemed to have a good time playing games but he would like to inquire how much the additional tuition would be if it included writing and spelling.

Nevertheless, it is nothing short of a calamity that this lack of play at our schools and colleges is the case. As specimens of the free school and college book-crammed, the American youths win, but as examples of finely developed manhood and womanhood, they are far below what they should be. As models of professional athletic training a few out of many shine supreme, but as animals, as a rule the majority are deficient. In these days of so-called advancement, we claim America leads the world. In mere money-getting, in mere book learning and professional coaching, she does. It is a lamentable fact, however, that too many of our children are growing up book-wise, body foolish and money mad.

Let us look about us. Are we not developing a nervous, highly strung race of people, which shine and go like rockets

while they are in transit, but, like the rockets also, die in the attempt?

Our boys and girls are forgetting how to play, the result must be in America as it has been in Spain and France, a nervous, excitable, hysterical race of effeminate men and women.

Again at most American Colleges the men who are able to demonstrate professional ability in their freshman year are worked and coached to the utmost limit of their powers. There is no place for a boy who wishes to become proficient at rowing, for instance, and who does not want to make a drudge and a slave of himself in order to keep his place. With every other school and college field game it is the same. As we said before, college athletics are not sport, they kill sport.

So little do our boys and girls play that they are losing all taste for it, unless they can win. They cannot stand defeat, it breaks their hearts. Win or nothing. Chagrin, disgrace, mortification is the only reward for the second best. This is the greatest weakness in school and college sports in America to-day.

What is needed most is some form of schooling that will not only grow thrifty, healthy animals with nerve, courage, health and endurance, but such as will inculcate that best of all Christian virtues; i. e., living by the golden rule. Where and by what form of training can these things better be accomplished than an open-air play ground? Where and by what method can we better teach our children how to play fair and take defeat as well as victory, in a sportsmanlike manner? How, or by what process can we develop in our children a guarantee to health and long life, better than by that daily exercise in gentlemanly and womanly games of field sports, which store their systems with energy to carry them through the trials and cares of life to a ripe old age? We delve and slave and deny ourselves many comforts to give our children the best training

ETON FOOT BEAGLES

for their minds that we can command, while the growth and training of their bodies are left almost entirely to chance.

As a nation, we seem to lose sight of the fact that children are animals and as such should have our first consideration. The writer makes this plea for the growing boy and girl of America, that our schools and colleges let up on mind cramming and professional athletic training and teach them how to play, how to play fair, how to win and take defeat; and that parents should insist upon it that such a training becomes a part of their children's education.

To return to foot beagles, "Hunting," says the immortal Jorricks, "is the image of war without its guilt." It possesses qualifications that appeal to all thoroughly manly natures. It develops those qualities found in thoroughly masculine men, that are most admired by thoroughly feminine women.

Long live the chase!

To Mr. Lindley Bott,
First Whipper-in to the
Essex Otterhounds.

"Where a winding stream amid flowering mead
Perpetual glides along and undermines
The cavern's bank by tenacious roots
Of hoary willows, arch'd (find) his gloomy retreat."
Somervile.

XX

OTTER HUNTING

THE OTTER—NATURE OF THE GAME—THE OTTERHOUND—HIS GREAT COURAGE AND ENDURANCE.

FOX hunting men who have never hunted with otterhounds generally look on the sport as something suitable only for school boys and girls to play at, during the summer season, when foxes are unwarrantable. They think, perhaps, it may do well enough as easy lessons for children in their first essay towards the science of fox hunting, or for the over zealous sporting blood of a Briton, who cannot afford to supply himself with a mount. As to comparing the game with riding to hounds after the fox, the wild red deer, or even a drag, most hunting men would probably "cross themselves and pray to be forgiven for harbouring such blasphemous thoughts." The writer's preconceived ideas of the game were after the prevailing notion, but he wants to say right here that he has been converted. He believes it is only fair to say that for anyone who loves to see hounds work and whose soul is tuned to hound

music; and for the men and women, too, who have the true hunting instinct in their blood, otter hunting takes second place to no other form of the chase. Whoever has followed the writer's experiences in the hunting fields so far may be surprised to hear him say he has never had a day to hounds that, for unflagging interest and hunting excitement, outranks the day's sport he had with the Essex otterhounds, which he is about to record in this chapter. How shall he go about it? How shall he find the words to set the picture before his readers with all its varied lights and shadows?

As the otter in America is so little known except to trappers of the Hudson Bay country and other remote parts, he will need a letter of introduction to most Americans before they realise what an important personage he really is, and especially, what it means to outwit and outgeneral him.

George T. Underhill says, "The Otter is more nervous and fiercer than any other English beast of the chase"; Otto Paget says, "This sport, I think, offers more opportunities for displaying craft and resources than any other form of hunting"; to all of which the writer says "Amen!"

There is probably less known about the otter than about any other wild animal. Natural History does little more than catalogue him. His history, as the biographers would say, "is shrouded in obscurity." This, however, never worries the otter. He outranks all other game for shyness. He inhabits nearly every stream in Great Britain, but it is very rare, indeed, that one is ever seen, even by the most ardent fishermen or by the owner of the stream on which they are most numerous. No doubt he lives and thrives in hundreds of water courses in the States and Canada, where no one would expect to find him and when only a pack of otterhounds or a Hudson Bay trapper would locate him. Publicity is the one thing above all others the otter wishes to escape. In this, as in every other line, he is most successful. In build the otter resembles the

weasel, to which family he belongs. He lives on land, but is especially at home in the water. His short legs make him a bit awkward on land, and it is in the water that the beautiful adaptation of his conformation to his habits and mode of pursuing his game is most strikingly exhibited. He is long in body (from snout to tail, twenty-six to twenty-eight inches, from three feet to three and one half from tip to tip), but stands only about four or five inches high. He is provided with big web feet, and has a sleek coat of brownish fur that slips through the water as if it were greased, all of which enables him to dart about under water with the greatest ease and speed. He is lithe and serpentine in his movements, assisted by a long stout tail which does duty as a rudder to steer him about, and as a propeller as well. He is armed with a very sharp set of teeth that are particularly adapted to holding their slippery game and from which none of the animals he preys upon need hope to escape. They are professional poachers by trade and artists in catching fish. Although a fish is shy, wary and quick, the otter can go it one better at every play, and generally wins. They won't mind my saying that although they have not the craft and cunning of a fox or the speed of the deer, still they are as artful and evasive as his Satanic Majesty. They can give even the shifty hare points in dodging, while no ghost or phantom can match them in the art of appearing and disappearing, and appearing again where least expected. For keeping hounds and followers guessing until they don't know their own names, they have, among animals, no equal.

"'Tis here: 'tis there: 'tis gone."

As a family they are a roving band of gypsies. If one is here to-day it is a sure sign he will be somewhere else to-morrow. They travel long distances at night, and sleep in a drain, which they enter under water and follow to a convenient rest-

OTTERHOUNDS

ing place above the water level. A favourite spot for them is a hollow willow-tree, and on one occasion the Essex Hunt had the pleasure of seeing one dive from the top of one into the stream below. When pursued they take to water. They can stay below the surface for six to eight minutes without coming up to breathe, and when they do come up it is only for an instant when they simply poke the end of their noses carefully out, hardly producing a ripple. They take a lot of finding as well as a lot of hunting. Without the hounds to follow the scent, as it rests above the water or floats down upon it, a kill, even with spears, would be almost impossible. After hounds have bolted their otter and hunted him by swimming in the water, this is called hunting his wash.

As to their domestic relations the otter, like the domestic dog, is believed to hold to the doctrine of free love, with no special season for courting or bringing forth their young. Madam Otter, like the masculine members of the family, is possessed "of a roving turn of mind." Her domestic duties and family cares come upon her once or twice a year like house-cleaning and interfere somewhat with her natural habits of roaming. Twins and triplets usually come to bless this domestic relation and when the stork is especially good-natured and generous-minded, he leaves four, and sometimes even five, little cubs with Madam at a time. She frets a little over this enforced confinement perhaps, but she would not be happy without it. The "old man," at the first signs of trouble coming on, has an engagement in the next county. This deprives him of the privilege of sitting up nights with croupy children and other such domestic duties. Later on he may have a look in when passing, "but if he is at all impudent and inclined to boss or domineer over the children, out he goes, his hat is kicked into the stream after him and the broomstick is set outside to guard the door."

These domestic quarrels, says the huntsman of the Essex

Otterhounds, get hold of the old man's nerves; they jar him, and scolding is something he cannot abide. Therefore he never ventures in again until the family is grown or he finds the broomstick has been removed from before the door, which is taken as a sign of welcome by any gentleman otter passing that way, or, as the English say, who put the sign "apartments" in their windows at the seaside resorts, "We don't take roomers, but we might entertain a proposition to take respectable 'paying guests.' "

Like all poachers and rovers the otter leads an exciting and happy life. He has a keen eye for the largest fish in a stream and a special tooth for salmon trout. To be perfectly frank about it, the otter is a thief and is accordingly taken without compunction. He eats quantities of frogs and snails, and has been known to take ducks under water, and to kill young lambs. When he inhabits well stocked streams, he only troubles to cut a piece out of the shoulder of the largest trout and leaves the rest of the fish on the bank. His presence is often discovered in this way.

"A jolly life the otter leads
That lurks by Eden water;
He has nothing to do but fish about
And take his pick of the eels and trout
That revel at dusk among the weeds,
The dainty old thief of an otter."

He not only kills the trout but drives them to deeper streams beyond the reach of the fisherman's alluring flies. It is amusing, however, to hear some jealous otter hunters claiming the otter does not kill fish. This sounds like the over-jealous fox hunters who talk about foxes not killing chickens. The writer prefers to take the other view and to feel all the time when in pursuit of the game that a thief is before him

and that as one of a party of law and order men and women he is out in the name of retribution. It then becomes a pleasure to run the rascal down, and one can finally see him broken with rejoicing, especially when, as in England, the war is conducted in such a thoroughly sportsmanlike manner. The evasive rogue has been, thanks to the Master's intimate knowledge of his habits, outwitted and outgeneralled at his own game while the hounds have worked as hard to take him as he has to escape. Like the fox, also, he pursues his game by stealth, therefore he cannot complain if he in turn is also pursued. In this respect the otter and the fox make most ideal game.

"So here's to the beast called the Otter,
He's wily and canny, the Otter;
No sport is more thrilling,
No beast takes more killing,
Than the varmint that's known as the Otter."

"The Otterhound," says the noted English authority Youat, "used to be (two hundred years ago) a mixed breed between a southern hound and a rough coated terrier, and in size and form between a terrier and a foxhound." We are also told they were formerly used for hunting the hare and were called Welsh harriers.

The pure bred otterhound—for so he is now considered—is of a dull brownish colour resembling the Airedale, of whose blood he no doubt has a dash. This is also suggested by his indomitable will, his wiry coat, the carriage of his head, etc. He has a deep melodious voice and lets it go with great freedom.

One trouble in breeding otterhounds is that the otter season is on at the time the hounds cannot be spared for breeding purposes. Most packs used for otter hunting are, there-

fore, largely draft foxhounds and a lighter hound known as Welsh hounds, which are not unlike our own so-called American hounds. Most packs have several couples of old foxhounds, as it has been proved that while they take to the water, although not as free in giving tongue, they are considered more reliable. Foxhounds take very readily to otter hunting after they have been once well blooded to the game and will seldom leave it for any other trail, even that of the fox. There are in Great Britain some twenty odd packs of hounds devoted especially to otter hunting. The country of an otter hunt extends over considerable territory. The hounds are moved from county to county, spending a few days or a week hunting the neighbouring streams. In fact, they are about as shifty as the otter himself.

Most packs contain from fifteen to twenty-five couples, about half of the number coming out for a day's hunt.

The otterhound, as bred to perfection in England at the present time, is a bold, resolute and most hardy animal, and while not as active as the English foxhound or harrier, his grit and endurance are wonderful. He must be in icy cold water for hours at a time, at least in the beginning of the season, and when he comes upon his game, it's a life or death grapple with one of the fiercest fighters that is known, for the otter is quick as a fish and his powerful jaws and sharp teeth make his bite something for a hound to remember.

The otterhound, therefore, needs to be, as he is, one of the most ferocious of dogs. Once he goes into a fight it is to the death—like the otter, he never quits while there is a breath of life in his body. He fights to kill; in this respect he takes second place to none, not even the bulldog. The latter, when once a hold is secured, simply hangs on wherever the hold may be, but an otterhound bites and fights to kill. This ferocious temper, we are told, makes it dangerous to attempt to keep many of them in the same kennel, as they are apt to fight

HUNTSMAN LEADING THE PACK

THE ESSEX OTTERHOUNDS

among themselves from sheer love of combat. When once a row is started they all join in and are said never to quit as long as two hounds can stand up and fight. We are also told of several attempts to keep packs of pure otterhounds together, but their fighting propensities have discouraged the most ardent fanciers of the breed. For this reason, we believe, most packs are largely made up of foxhounds. The otterhound, like the otter, seems particularly adapted to the work he has to perform. He is provided with a strong coat of rough wire hair which seems capable of resisting cold. For, although he is much in the icy water, when heated with exertion, he is more exempt from rheumatics and other kennel ailments than any other hound. His face and muzzle are guarded by a profusion of long wiry "whisker" hairs that gives him a devil-may-care look that in no way belies him, and is a point greatly admired by fanciers of the breed. Whatever his origin, he is naturally adapted to the chase of the otter. Many generations of use for special purposes have undoubtedly helped to strengthen and perpetuate the particular characteristics of the breed, which, aided by an Englishman's eye and natural gift for breeding for improvement, has produced an almost ideal animal for the work he has to perform. In grit, courage, endurance and fighting propensities, he has no superior, perhaps no equal, in the canine family. He needs all these accomplishments and a good stock of each to draw from, when it comes to the chase of a beast that takes so much arduous hunting to find, and so much fighting courage to kill, when found, as the otter. It must be said, however, the fighting characteristics of the otterhound, above referred to, are not so noticeable with the Essex hounds as one might be led to think from the above. Mr. Lindley Bott of Chelmsford, whipper-in to this pack, assures the writer the pure-bred otterhounds in their pack, which are about one in three, are not given to fighting more than the others. The Essex men have found that a cross

between otter and foxhound makes a most reliable and good working hound. They retain the mode of the otter and the keen scenting qualities of the foxhound.

> *"Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth*
> *Loud op'ning spends amain, and his wide throat*
> *Swells ev'ry note with joy."*

"From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood."
Somervile.

XXI

A DAY WITH THE ESSEX OTTERHOUNDS

THE MEET—THE TERRIERS—HOUND MUSIC—A GREAT DAY'S SPORT—LOVE-MAKING—HOW ENGLISH SPORTSMEN ARE ACCOUNTED FOR—TALLY-HO-OTTER—THE OBLIGING MILLERS.

THE meet of the Essex hounds, previously referred to, was at Bishop's Hall Mill, Chelmsford, Essex, England. In company with Lindley Bott, first whipper-in, the writer went out, on the morning of July 4th, 1903, to witness and participate in his first otter hunt.

A good number of brethren and disciples of the faith had already assembled; they were mostly young people, say from sixteen to thirty years of age, with occasionally an older sinner, say from forty to fifty, which latter age included the tenderfoot from America. Speaking of the tenderfoot reminds him of a laughable incident that happened during this particular hunt. A follower asked the writer how he was enjoying himself. "First class," he replied, "although a tenderfoot at the game, I am enjoying it immensely." "Really," replied the native, looking down at the writer's shoes, "are your feet hurting you?" "Well, not exactly," and to let the native down easily as possible,—"but they are getting a bit weary."

Let us hark back to the meet. The masculine contingent were mostly dressed in flannel knickers with shirt and jacket

to match, golf stockings and heavy shoes. Dark blue short-coats with white breeches was the dress for Master and whipper-in. The ladies—bless their smiling faces—were dressed for the most part in short skirts of some homespun material that would stand grief, a blouse to match, stout shoes that laced up high, and head gear in variety, from a high theatre hat covered with posies, to a plain straw sailor. Some of the ladies wore the Hunt Club blue. All carried in their hand a straight, iron pointed staff, about six feet in length, a most useful instrument in negotiating fences, ditches, brooks, etc. Besides being very useful at times, it was like carrying a gun. It made you feel as if you were really going hunting. In olden times it was customary for the followers to use a spear on the otter whenever the opportunity offered, but this is not nowadays considered "good form" in sportsmanship, and the spear of former days is now carried as a staff like an Alpine stock.

Hark! No! yes! 'tis the sweet, mellow note of a distant horn that announces the approach of hounds. 'Tis quite enough to set our blood going. Conversation comes to a standstill; the story stops for want of a listener, and even the latest gossip comes to an end with, "Tell you the rest later on."

Listen! 'Tis a sound that cheers you like the voice of your dearest friend.

"Warrior! Warrior!" Crack! "Warrior!" It's only a whipper-in rating a hound, but it puts your heart in the right place without further ado, and your blood at a gallop in anticipation of the pleasure that's coming.

"Here they come!"

Headed by three little wire-haired, go-as-you-please fox terriers, the huntsman, "Marching as for war," comes leading the pack around the bend of the road.

There is nothing like hunting to shame a case of the blues. From now on we'll let the other fellow do the worrying. It beats whiskey for making you light-hearted, or opium for

getting you past trouble, and care is as rattled at the note of a huntsman's horn as a girl at her lover's first call.

Here they come, hard as nails every one of them. The foxhounds come on with a grand stately air (the heavy artillery of the Command); the otterhounds look as if they would hold on like death (they are the infantry); then the lighter Welsh hounds (the cavalry contingent), full of endurance, speed, fire and dash. Finally the little wire-haired (old English bred white) terriers, three of them, with each particular hair standing by itself. They went as they pleased, and took upon themselves the welfare of the whole command. They barked at a small boy who only sat on a fence and looked at the hounds as they passed by and at a big traction engine for committing a similar offence. Chickens and farm dogs, however, were beneath their notice. They drove a vile smelling motor car down the road in a hurry, and a rattling mowing machine to the other side of the field. They went anywhere without let or hindrance, and acted as if they were *it* all the while. If a big foxhound jumped down a fourfoot bank into the stream, the little wire-haired threw himself headlong after. When the Master rallied the hounds to the "drag" of an otter, the little brats were as likely as not in the very middle of the fray.

The horn has sounded, and, headed by the Master, Mr. I. Rose, the skirmish begins. After a short turn down stream, the hounds return and all move on up water, the followers and hounds about equally divided on either bank with two whippers-in on one side of the stream, the Master with another whipper-in on the other side.

Hounds were making good every inch of the way, some on land, some swimming along either bank, poking their sensitive noses in every recess likely to have harboured an otter. Up the stream for a mile or more go the followers, in single file along the narrow trails. Presently, an otterhound

gives tongue under an overhanging clump of bushes on the right bank. Into the water rush the hounds from either shore, each one straining to obtain a nostril-full of the seductive scent. 'Twas a false report, or a drag so old as not to be considered worth mentioning, and a hairy-faced otterhound, Sinbad, who had so much to say about it, was reprimanded by the Master with "Now, then, Sinbad, hold your tongue." On we go for another forty rods; meanwhile most of the hounds have clambered out and gone racing up the bank, shaking themselves free of water that flew in all directions like sparks from a pinwheel. Some halted and braced themselves for this relief while others managed it as they went. They were never at all particular where they shook themselves, and the ladies' dresses often took up a good shower like a sponge; the grass, of course, was wet from their dripping, but the ladies paid not the slightest heed to these shower-baths and marched on through the wet grass with no concern.

Of course, there were fences to climb, ditches and brooks to be jumped or forded. As a rule, ladies are as awkward at fence climbing as a cow is at fiddling. Otter hunting ladies are the exception. They may be a little conscious of exhibiting a pair of big heavy shoes to the gentlemen following close behind, but on they go, bold, resolute, and determined to keep their places in the ranks. They are for the most part dressed for their work and out for business and fun. Several, however, exhibited a more feminine weakness by appearing in white skirts. They looked smart and clean at the meet, but they must have relied on first impressions to carry them through, for by the time they had been passed by three or four hounds shaking muddy water at them, and had climbed or crawled through a few fences that the leaders had made wet and muddy, they looked only fit for a wash-tub. Still they had a big picture hat left and on they went as brave and free, if not as stunning, as at first. Perhaps it was their first essay,

TRYING A LIKELY STREAM

HELPING THE LADIES ACROSS

—bless their weakness for adornment,—and they will know better next time.

The staff is a great assistance, especially in vaulting fences. With one hand near the top of the staff, the other on the fence, one can go over a fairly high fence in an easy, graceful vault; it is quite as indispensable for the ladies as for the men. It is a vaulting pole for jumping ditches, a steadying staff when stepping from stone to stone over shallow brooks, or a sounding pole in wading a stream. As we move up stream the challenge becomes more frequent and more pronounced. Half of the pack are now owning to it with increasing clamour. They are working now with ever greater vigilance, until, presently, it becomes an almost unbroken song, the otterhound leading in depth of voice, the Welsh hound excelling in sweetness, and the foxhound in melody; what a grand chorus! Here from under a clump of overhanging bushes comes a burst of hound music followed by impatient whimperings, then charging on along the shore until once more the whole pack unites in one tumultuous roar that brings everyone running to the spot. Again the harmony swells to a climax and dies away, amid fault-finding mutterings and scoldings, disappointments, like the fading echo from distant hills.

Thus the trail moves on with ever increasing interest. Halting, trying back, and again going forward. The hounds are now full of fire, and their dash and drive, through brambles and underbush, are something beautiful to see. And again, when some reliable hound swimming along, suddenly gives tongue, all the other hounds running along the bank, jump, or rather throw themselves heedlessly into the stream, three to five feet below. Splash, splash, three, four or five at a time, disappearing beneath the water, to reappear again, giving tongue to the scent as they come to the surface with a mouthful of water. Then again, when slipping backwards into the stream in attempting to climb out at some wet, slippery or

yielding bank, "ding-dong" goes their tongue, as if they would sooner die in the attempt than neglect to proclaim the good news. Time and again some hound was thus seen going under with a flounder, then bravely coming to the surface just as another hound ahead of him lost his footing and fell upon him. Again he comes up like an otter, with more than half-drowned breath, to try again in a different place, only to repeat the fruitless exertion. Such fortitude, such endurance, and amidst it all, such manifestations of joy. The joy of hunting. It was indeed a glorious sight! There is no form of hunting with hounds that begins to equal this for interest and excitement. Grand and inspiring as it was to the writer and most of the followers, a pretty little picture was enacted at this point, that showed there are still deeper feelings in human nature than are brought out in the most exciting moments of this most exciting chase. Seated on the opposite bank, along which a dozen or more hounds were swimming and giving tongue, were a sweetheart and her lover, oblivious alike to the "heavenly music" of the eager pack and the passers-by. In the midst of all they saw only each other, heard only each other. There is nothing strange or unnatural about this. It was the same old story, the interesting part of it was that it must have been the real thing, for if an English youth and maiden can make love to each other oblivious of what was going on about them on such an occasion, their affection each for the other must have been "the pure quill." The writer wanted very much to take a snapshot of the pair, but it seemed too good to go into his wicked camera and he let it pass. All the world is in love with this sort and so it should be, for—Hold hard there, Author. Don't you hear the joyous cry of "Tally-ho otter" from twenty rods up water, and you are not there to see the first "view halloo." It serves you right, you will never make an otter hunter if you run riot at a bit of love-making.

On rushes the crowd, nearly every hound taking to land

that he may get on the faster. A few old reliable hounds, however, are taking their time, or are waiting the horn. They have learned that by the time you see an otter come to the surface, he's not there. The next time he shows himself he will probably be many rods either up water or down.

The view Tally-ho was near a large elm tree that leaned far over the stream. It stood on the very brink of a perpendicular bank, which at this point was some four feet above the water. It was about the roots and bank beneath this tree that the hounds had gathered, two or three even climbing the slanting trunk for twenty feet or more, giving tongue as they went. Those in the water, if they had been growing more clamorous as the drag went on, were now at the very climax of rage and fury. While the eagerness of the hounds for scent of fox and wild deer is very great, that of the otter seems to put them in a state little short of madness. The otterhounds were particularly free of tongue, especially Gamester, who was many times corrected by the Master, for he loved too well to hear the notes of his own musical voice, which went clanging on when nearly all the other hounds had said their say. "Gamester! Gamester! gently, more gently, Gamester!" calls the Master; then, with a half-stifled bay, the hound plunges on, muttering to himself. In the water at the roots there was a regular football scrimmage, while on the bank the little terriers were digging at a "holt" or "hover." When the fury of the onslaught had somewhat spent itself, the Master walked on up stream calling to the hounds, which reluctantly obeyed. Even then some of them kept returning to the tree until rated on by the whippers-in. From now on for the next forty rods, hound music ceased. This brought us to a grist mill. The Master tried for a little way above it and then we all returned to the leaning tree. Again the hounds proclaimed the find. This seemed to settle the question beyond a doubt. Then the Master cast back or down water for forty rods or more, work-

ing slowly back again to the leaning tree. Then from the opposite bank he waded, waist deep, across the stream for a more critical examination of the bank under the tree. By prodding the bank under water a "holt" was discovered, and as digging was out of the question, owing to the roots, some one was dispatched to the mill below to ask the owner if he would draw off the water so as to lower the stream at this point, which was much too deep for successful otter hunting. The situation was also described to the sport-loving miller above this point, and straightway his mill ceased turning.

For about an hour now, all hands gave themselves to rest, gossip, sandwiches, and tête-à-têtes, against cocks of new mown hay. Flirtations and love-making are not to be mentioned.

However, this is a good opportunity to look over the crowd. Of course, there were at the meet the usual number of truant boys from the telegraph office and shops, townspeople and their servants, farm and mill hands with their masters; all these, by virtue of an unwritten law, came out to see the meet start, followed, perhaps, for a field or two and returned to town and work. Nevertheless there were still on the battle field and in the thick of the fight, mothers with babes in their arms; expectant mothers with children on foot; nurse girls with weanlings hanging to their hands and skirts; there also was the governess with more sturdy lads and lasses from the hall, and a tutor with a couple of dull ones he was priming for college. The young doctor was there without his case and the curate without his Bible. Such, in addition to the regular members of the hunt, were the self-invited and very welcome contingent who were followers for the day. How can English boys and girls help being sportsmen when their mothers transmit to them, before they are born, the thrill of the chase with which their own blood is charged, and who feed it to them afterwards from the maternal fount as they sit on the banks of an otter stream,

THE MASTER AND HIS PACK

CATCHING THE SCENT

(as we saw them that day), while hounds made "heavenly music" and the crowd were cheering them on?

No, it is no longer a wonder that England is such a delightful country for sport, nor that her children are the best and keenest and most genuine sportsmen in the world. Their blood is charged with it, they take it with their food and the air they breathe is full of it. The writer has witnessed many interesting gatherings in the hunting field, but for singling out men and women with true sporting blood and for bringing up boys and girls in the way they should go to become genuine sportsmen, otter hunting takes the lead.

Hold hard there, Author, action begins:

> *"Once more the welkin rings, hounds, men, hills,*
> *Rocks and woods in full concert join."*

The self-appointed members and the whippers-in have stationed themselves on either bank both above and below the holt to see that the evasive otter does not go away unnoticed. The Master wading across the stream, which is still nearly leg deep in the middle, makes another investigation. In one hand he carries his staff. In his arms, the three, wet, dirty, wire-haired terriers are squirming in their eagerness to reach the holt; meanwhile two or three followers go into the water about the tree to keep back the hounds and *feel* if they cannot see the artful otter if he swims past their legs under water.

It was rare fun to see the courageous little terriers charge these holts, one on the bank, the other at the hole, which was formerly under water but now exposed. How they did make the mud and dirt fly in their frantic efforts to dig their way in; but the numerous roots prevented their entering much beyond their length. Just as the Master had made up his mind to take off the terriers and resort to pick and shovel there was a great cry from twenty or more rods down stream *"Tally ho*

Otter, Tally ho Otter." Hounds and followers rushed along down stream to the view-halloo, then on further down to another view. Now came a long wait with much swimming and music from the hounds. Presently, from way up stream came another view, and this time some distance above the leaning tree, and so it went on for three whole hours, first up stream, then down, then back to the holt. By this time the followers were well strung out on either bank, for possibly forty rods above, and as far below the slanting tree. Now the Master cheers on the hounds and the game grows steadily in interest and excitement. Views are now becoming more frequent up stream, then down. Finally after a grand rally far up stream, in which direction the Master was always endeavouring to drive the enemy, on account of getting him into more shallow water, a dozen men followers go into the stream (standing side by side, forming a sort of fence to keep the otter from again going down stream). The water here was about knee deep. From now on, the battle was a hand-to-hand engagement. The otter was coming more often to the surface to breathe, and excitement among followers and hounds was very great. Finally, the otter came up in reach of a hound called Regent, and such a struggle between beast and game I have never seen. The otter went under and the hound went with him and stayed with him until he brought him to the surface. By this time the other hounds had gathered, and the death struggle began. The followers were cheering, hounds were furious, while the mêlée probably seemed greater than it was, owing to its being in the water. In the thickest of the mêlée the little wire-haired terriers were ever present. In grit and daring they were simply marvellous. Finally the Master succeeded in getting the otter by the tail, while others were engaged in whipping off the hounds, and when he pulled the otter from the water and handed him up the bank by the tail the two wire-hairs were hanging to the carcase like leeches, never

THE KILL

TERRIERS HANGING FROM OTTER

letting go their hold until they were brought to the bank and their mouths were forced open by a staff. The trophies, mask, pads, pole, were presented to whomsoever the Master thought best, which included the writer, adding another highly prized trophy to his collection.

A splendid lunch followed at a fine old manor house near by, and the writer, at least, votes his first day's experience after otter as one of the most interesting, most exciting day's sport he has ever experienced with hounds.

To Capt. John Daly,
Dublin, Ireland.

"He was bred near Dublin City,
Ay he can't go it's a pity,
And he walks just like a lady with her sweetheart at a ball:
See him now so lightly treading
Like a flea upon your bedding,
Ah! He'll bear yer honour's scarlet through a run without a fall."

Rhymes in Red.

XXII

FOX HUNTING IN IRELAND

THE IRISH HUNTER—HIS BREEDING AND SCHOOLING—THE GREAT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW—BUYING A HUNTER.

A CHAPTER on Hunting in Ireland would be most incomplete if it did not have a good deal to say of the Irish hunter. In repeated visits to the Emerald Isle, the writer has had the best of opportunities for studying the methods of horse breeding, feeding and schooling that have evolved the Irish hunter and given him the enviable reputation of being the best of his kind in the world.

First and foremost among his natural advantages is the fact that he comes from a limestone soil, which is believed to account for his unusual growth of bone. Secondly, that he is nearly clean thoroughbred in breeding, which accounts for his perfect saddle conformation, and his wonderful endurance distinguishing him in any hunting field in Great Britain above all others. As a rule, he is a rather plain looking horse with a

large head and ragged hips; while there is, occasionally, a real good looking one, the majority have little to boast of in that particular. His motto seems to be, handsome is that handsome does, and on that ground he shines supreme. His mother is generally seven-eighths, fifteen-sixteenths or thirty-one thirty-seconds thoroughbred, his cold blood coming through carty farm mares, to which he sometimes throws back in some one particular, perhaps such as in the feet or head. Sometimes he looks very carty behind and breedy in front, or vice versa, and sometimes he comes out nothing but a weedy thoroughbred; still these are the exception. As the American trotter is the best representative of the character of the American people who produced him, so too has the Irish hunter acquired a character decidedly Irish. He is, in a word, a light-hearted devil-may-care creature that is always ready for a harum-scarum cross-country racket, which he thoroughly enjoys. His heart is in the game from start to finish. What he can't jump, he crawls over or smashes through. He is just reckless enough to think nothing of himself, and heedless enough to go where he is sent, regardless of how or in what form he is to land. A cross-country lark suits him to perfection. He is, as the saying goes, "Seldom sick and never sorry." With such a character it may be easily understood that the Irish hunter is a born cross-country horse to begin with.

Now we come to his schooling. His mother and his "granny," as they say in Ireland, were themselves ridden to hounds by the Irish tenant farmers who owned them. They were mated in the spring, many of them before the hunting season was over, and hunted during the fore part of the following autumn. Then they were turned to pasture, where they drop their foals the following spring. In many parts of Ireland the pasture lands were formerly small enclosures of from two to ten acres, and were divided one from the other by sod bank fences, or stone walls, which at the present time

are as a rule, in a very dilapidated condition. The brood mare with a foal at foot can go from one enclosure to another at will. These old stone fences of course they jump. They jump on top of others and jump down again on the opposite side. If the top of the bank is wide enough, they stop there sometimes like a goat to pick what grass they can reach before they descend. Readers of "Cross Country with Horse and Hound" may recall the great importance the writer attaches to this early training of foals at foot. It was with pleasure, therefore, that he afterwards found in Ireland so much to corroborate his own ideas of the advantages thus gained.

In the tumble-down wall country they jump the low fences or pick their way carefully over the tumbled down places. Then again on the rugged commons back from the sea there are ravines to climb out of, so that by the time a colt is two or three years old, what he doesn't know about getting over banks, stone walls and ditches is hardly worth mentioning.

Hunters by breeding, hunters by instinct, hunters by natural training, not only do they know how to negotiate these fences but their natural habits have given them nerve and courage. They cannot see what is on the opposite side of a bank but, no matter, if they can get up on it there must be a way to get off it.

So much for the soil, climate, breeding and natural surroundings that in every way help to develop an animal to the manner born.

Now we come to the part played by the owner. First of all, the Irishman has the best of hands, and more horse sense than any other nationality the writer has ever met with. They have bred horses, thought horses and talked horses for so many generations that they have very keen horse instinct. In some parts they use principally a single rein bridle on a curb or Pelham bit. When a man has a seat so secure and hands so

good as to break a colt with such a bit, he is not far from being an artist of the pigskin, and a horseman complete.

The story of the development of the Irish hunter accounts for his coolness, boldness, light-heartedness, native wit, and wisdom. It accounts also for his great will power, high temper and judgment.

To these extraordinary combinations we may generally add, if Irish schooled he will have a light mouth with the best of manners.

While it must not be imagined this is a description of every Irish horse that is sold as such, they are the general characteristics that have won for the race the distinction, as above stated, of being the best of their kind. Still, after all has been said, the great Dublin Horse Show is quite a disappointment so far as high class animals are concerned, at least the show of 1904 was decidedly so to the writer. Several reasons are assigned for this:—First, the war in South Africa is said to have taken away too many hunter-bred mares; second, English dealers have men scouring the country, picking up the plums as fast as they are ready for market; again, the principal entries for the show are made from what is left and the cheaper grade of horses, entered with the object of selling them. The fair is, therefore, a sale fair quite as much as, if not more than, an exhibition. There were, in 1904, eleven hundred and fifty-six entries, most of them exhibited in the saddle classes, and at least fifty per cent of this great number were not hunters at all in conformation, but simply hacks and most of them harness types, pure and simple. So much of this sort lends suspicion as to their being Irish-bred. Many of them looked decidedly Yankee. At least, one could chop off the tails and pull the manes of five hundred grade trotting bred horses in the States, and make the same inconsistent show of saddle horses that was seen in about one third of the animals at the Dublin Horse Show. The truth is, the Irish breeders

have been parting too freely with the goose that lays the golden egg, and to keep up the supply, we fear they have fallen into evil ways. There are a great many very high class animals to be seen at the Dublin show and, with the weedy hacks and harness types thrown out, it is still the greatest show of the kind in the world, and ought to be included in the sights worth seeing by every American visitor, who happens to be in Great Britain at the time. Nevertheless, barring mere numbers, there are more high class hunters to be seen at the great Yorkshire show in England than in Dublin.

Not the least amusing part of an American's experience in Ireland will be the buying of a hunter, especially if he goes as a stranger among some of the breeders, or smaller "Jobmasters," as the dealers are called.

We were well advised in this respect before we started out. We cannot do better, perhaps, in bringing this chapter to a close, than repeat in substance sufficient of the horse talk that usually accompanies such a sale.

"Can she jump?" "Is it leap that ye mean, faith and a house would not stop her if ye have the courage to put her at it." "What's her breeding?" "Is it a pedigree that yer wanting?" "Yes, bedad, she has and two of them. Her father was by Erin Gabrah and he's got a pedigree that long a book couldn't hold it." "And his dam?" "Yes, and that's what I'm telling ye, his dam was the best mare in Ireland, won no end of races, so she did, and her father and mother before her, since the days of the ark." "Did she come over in the ark?" "Faith, if any horse ever did, it was her or her father. Have a lad up, or try her yerself for a turn about the pasture. A child of three years could ride her and a silk thread would never break for the holding of her and yer couldn't make her do wrong to save yer soul." The mare was saddled, and it was evident she had little or no experience at all; in fact, she was but four past, and in all probability had not been ridden a

dozen times in her life. "Quietest mare in the world," said the owner, as the mare was led up to be mounted, "not a trick or vice, and never was sick or sorry since she was foaled."

The mare proved, as we expected, thoroughly green but she seemed to have the making of a good one.

"How much?" "And is it the price o' her that yer asking? Faith I'm thinking o' keeping her for the Dublin show, she'll win first prize there to be sure; come away and don't be tempting me with money."

"What do you ask for her?" "Oh, now ye haven't the heart to be coaxing the likes o' that away from me. She's the best mare in Ireland, and she cost me a clean hundred guineas and was the cheapest mare at the money I ever bought. But yer a dacent sort, so yer are, and a good judge of horseflesh. Make me an offer and if I can live by it and have a bit of corn for my pig, ye shall have her." "Eighty pounds." "Eighty pounds! why, man dear, yer only joking! Eighty pounds, and her with a pedigree the length of a yardstick. Make it a hundred and you can have her. No! Well, now don't be hard, say ninety-five; there now, I can't say more, can I? Shure and yer not going away without the mare, call it ninety pounds and have finished with it. She'll bring me two hundred at the Dublin show the week after next. Wait a minute, sure man, yer not going away without giving me the pleasure of drinking to yer health. Now then, come along in and don't be shy of a bit of good Irish whiskey. Plain water or soda? Soda, right you are, and now sure, man, ye'll not be leaving the best mare in Ireland. Make it ninety guineas. No! bedad, I'll say pounds just to please you. It's a bargain, do you say? No, well I know yer a man of rare sense and a good judge, make it the ninety pounds and I'll put in a good halter and a rug, so I will. Eighty-five, is that your very best? Ah! There's my hand, she's yours. Faith and ye are a lucky man. No! Well,

won't ye give any more? Well, man dear, make it guineas for luck and she's yours." And so it was settled, eighty guineas.

"A high price is paid for that winsome mare,
The farmer seems pleased with the day,
And on his way home he is heard to declare,
He'll buy a new dress for his missis to wear,
And take her to town to the play."

The difficulty in buying an Irish hunter in England is first, the very high price that is asked and received for the best, and secondly, English hunters, even if Irish bred, that have been hunted at all in England are, for that very reason, quite disqualified for hunting in America. English fences are invariably hedges, ninety-five per cent of English cross country riders shun timber as they would the ways of Satan.

Horses hunted in England invariably brush through the tops of hedge fences. When they go to America and try the same trick on the stiff posts, and rail and rider fences, they come to grief. A horse is such a slave to habit, he can seldom be relied upon to overcome one thoroughly.

It is far better in buying English or Irish bred horses for hunting in America to buy them unbroken.

If a schooled hunter is required, they had better come from the stone wall countries of Ireland, where they learn to jump clear.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
And many a fall in the field;
But there's many a gallop that follows a trip,
And many a wound that's healed.

XXIII

A DAY WITH THE MEATH HOUNDS

TIPPERARY—DIFFICULTIES ON THE WAY—AN EXCITING DRIVE—THE MEET—IN AN IRISH BOG—A COUPLE OF LOST SOULS.

"IT'S fixed and as slick as a lick of paint," said Captain Daly, "you are to ride to Tipperary. So be into your hunting clothes when the cock crows at six; give your mind to ease, for I'll be there to fetch you."

The writer remonstrated, for Tipperary was the Captain's favourite mare. Stories of her wonderful jumping, staying qualities, and speed had reached him a month before, in England, where a friend had said, "If the Captain gives you a mount on Tipperary, you will surely have the day of your life."

The writer remonstrated against taking such a horse, but the Captain dismissed it with, "Come now, don't disappoint me. I'm to ride Colonel So and So's horse. The Colonel is laid up, but wants his horse to go out, so he'll not be so far above himself when he wants him again."

The next morning the Captain drove up in an Irish "Jaunting car" and we went "nipping along" to the station, right smart. A game or two of nap on the train made the time pass quickly.

"Lord save us,—*here we are!*" cried the Captain, looking out of the window, and there was a hustling for coats as the train was already at a halt. The Captain stopped to give directions to the stable boy where to bring our horses. There was but one cab left waiting at the station, and that a hansom into which a man had already entered. Nothing daunted, up rushes the Captain to inquire if the stranger was going to the meet and if we could ride. "Come in," said the man without more ado and away we went. It seemed this particular gentleman was a little overstocked with Irish malt. He wore a dress suit and was just getting home from an "all night," as he called it, with the boys. We drove smartly on until the Captain looked out and said, "Where the devil are we going?" "To my house," said our host, "to take lunch with me." "But we do not want to go to your house, we want to go to the meet." "Why didn't you mention it sooner?" said our host, who, seated in the middle, began poking his umbrella up in front as a signal for the driver to stop. "Now we are in a fix," said the Captain. "We are going the wrong way altogether, man, we'll be late to the meet."

"Drive us to the meet," said our host to the cabby. "I'll see you safely there, gentlemen," said he. As the cab straightened out in the opposite direction, our host began quilting the old nag on the broad sides with his umbrella as if he were beating a carpet.

"Give yourselves rest to your minds, gentlemen, I'll stay with you to the death." Whack! goes the umbrella, but after a time our horse, who had been doing his best for some time, failed to respond. Our host then proceeded to stab him with the ferrule end of his umbrella. This touched a new spot and we went away at renewed speed with roars of laughter. As we went along in this noisy fashion all the curs turned in to yelp and cheer our progress. This encouraged our host, and he jabbed again, but, instead of answering to the thrust by going

ahead, the old nag resented this prod at the roots of his tail, his fore feet stopped going ahead, while his hind feet went for the umbrella. In an instant two bright horse shoes came straight through the dashboard and stopped only within an inch of our obliging host's nose. The umbrella was a wreck, and we were all in a shower of splinters, for the dashboard was in kindling wood.

Cabby pulled up short and our host began to swear and take on at the loss of his umbrella. Cabby's view of what had been going on had been hidden by the top. He reined up to the side of the road, jumped down, and began to apologise. "I never knew that horse to do such a thing before," said he, "I am awful sorry, sir." "He won't do it again," said the Captain. "So hurry along, my man, and there'll be an extra half-crown to you if you get us at the meet in time." Our host was for prodding the old nag some more, but the Captain interfered. "Who is paying for this game?" inquired our host. "I am," replied the Captain. "Not much, didn't I invite you to ride with me?" and it looked as if a row was in pickle, but the Captain headed it off with a call to the driver to "Stop at the first 'Wetting-up place,' " where the troubled waters subsided. While this went on the Captain had spoken privately to the barmaid. Then he himself took a drink out to cabby. He whispered to the writer on his return to jump in the cab. Hardly was the latter seated, when after him bolted the Captain. Away went cabby, leaving our host standing at the bar with another drink coming.

"How did you manage?" "Oh! I told the barmaid to keep him there, that cabby would come back for him. I gave a tip to cabby when I brought him his grog. Holy smoke!" broke off the Captain, "but wasn't that a close call? The umbrella just saved our friend from getting it full in the face. So that is settled but, confound it, we are late." As luck would have it the riders came our way and last of all came Tipperary and

the Captain's mount, and we were soon in the saddles. On a rise of ground a little beyond were a hundred or more peasants, men, women and children, every one armed with a shillaly, or something to shy at the fox. By this time, we had worked our way well to the front and the hounds entering a bit of second growth timber, three or four acres, almost instantly began to show signs of giving tongue. "Look sharp," cried the Captain, "we'll be off in a minute, and whatever you do, for heaven's sake, keep out of the bogs. If you get into one once you go plum to China before you touch bottom. Have no fear of Tipperary, give a roar at her and there is not a bank in Ireland to stop her."

Hark! "A tally-ho-gone away," from the other side of the bush. Tipperary was held, facing a thicket, to keep her quiet as possible, till the hounds gave tongue. Such a roaring and hollering as went up from the foot people when the "gone away" was heard by them—you would have thought each one had a fox of his own to cheer. No fox ever left a covert anywhere in the world with such a delirious mob to put him on foot.

The Master began hollering *"Hold hard! hold hard!"* but only one man obeyed and he was the Yankee, a tenderfoot to the game as it is played in Ireland. "Pay no attention to him," shouted the Captain, "he was born hollering." That is what Tipperary thought also, for, unable to withstand restraint any longer, she stood straight up in her tracks and began clawing the air with her fore feet like a pantomime actor climbing a rope. Presently, she came down to the earth again, her head still facing the thicket, when another great roar went up from the foot people, the hounds gave tongue, and with a mighty spring,Tipperary jumped straight into the thicket. This was so unexpected the rider was nearly dislodged.

The delirium of the moment was upon her, go she would and go she did, straight through the underbrush in the most

direct way of reaching hounds. She said, as plainly as language could speak, "Please yourself, sir, but brush, or no brush, I am going."

If the first jump into the thicket scratched the writer's eyes out, the next one scratched them in again. His white hunting breeches were green from bumping against moss-covered saplings, his hat came off, the hat cord parted company with it, his face was scratched and bleeding from a dozen wounds. On went Tipperary through the brush to the river bank, where the water was only knee deep, and she cantered straight through it, but it sobered her some before she gained the opposite bank, at least, her uncontrollable effervescence had found a vent, like steam from a safety valve, and had reduced the pressure to the safety point, and we arrived at the first check on the best of terms.

"Look as if you had been fighting with cats," said the Captain when we came together. "Where is your hat?" "I don't know, and that's not all, wherever it is, there it may stay. That Tipperary didn't jump out of her skin at such a racket shows she is hide bound. She jumped me out of a good portion of mine, as you see by my face and you will find it hanging on some blackthorn bushes on the other side of the river near my hat. Go find my hat and miss this run?—not for a hundred such hats; besides it is where the bushes are so thick a bird could not fly through them. Don't ask me how I came to be in there, I'll tell all about it when we get home."

We were soon off again, and the Captain kept the writer in sight for the next few fields, where he finally cut loose for himself. The run seemed to be a succession of short dashes and checks, dismounting only to mount again and be off, which reminds us of the Irishman, who was taken to task for making too long a report of a railway wreck. If brevity is really the soul of wit, here it is in his next report—"No. Eight off again; on again; gone again. Finnegan."

We were "off again and on again and gone again." Rider and mount had just settled down to a smart hard gallop and were both enjoying the exhilarating sea air as we drove through it in the ecstasy of the chase.

The writer had discovered one thing, that while Tipperary was a model of a hunter in many respects, she had a *weakness*, and that was the *strength* of her will. When she proceeded to take matters into her own hands and decided for herself, to say she had a mind of her own is putting it very mildly. We were sailing along like a yacht to a heeling breeze, with about all the sail she can comfortably carry. We were in the wake of a woman riding a grey hunter, but when about to overtake her it was discovered that Tipperary and the rider had distinctly contrary views about slowing down. For some reason the grey or its rider had a particular attraction for Tipperary. When it came to slowing up a bit as we approached a bank, for fear of getting too close and jumping on to the fair rider, should she come to grief on the opposite side of the bank, Tipperary would have none of it.

The lady and the grey were on the best of terms—a couple of sportsmen who knew each other and the country. Tipperary would not slacken and when she was asked to turn to the right her head answered to the pull but her body was still steering straight for the grey. A big bank was before us and this must not go on, so hitting Tipperary a clip with the hunting crop seemed the only thing to do to drive her to the right and past, or at least alongside, the grey. Answering to this touch of the crop, she veered to the right and leaped upon the bank like the flight of a frightened stag, touching the top lightly with each foot to insure her balance, but "Saints and Ministers of grace defend us!"—the drop landed us in a narrow lane. Another bank faced Tipperary as high as herself, but she never hesitated or wavered.

She landed in the lane on all four feet, and as if her legs

were springs, or as if she were jumping from the end of a spring board, she arose again in the air, lighting airily on the top of the next bank, then dropping into the next field with the greatest of ease.

The difficulty was then apparent; the grey had been heading for a part of the fence easily jumpable, which landed in the corner of the next field where there was no lane. Tipperary evidently knew this corner, and was making for it, and might have followed the grey and no harm come of it. The Captain, no doubt, would have taken the risk, knowing a sure-footed horse was before him and that Tipperary never made a mistake. Well, there we were in the field of ploughed land, and there was nothing to do but jump back into the lane, stop there and go out through the gate in the end of it, into the field where the lady and the grey had gone. The return jump was also against Tipperary's judgment, her idea being to go on after hounds, and she seemed to argue that if she could jump into a field she could jump out of it again, and to turn back was only a waste of time. Three times she refused to jump the bank back into the lane.

"Give a roar at her," cried an Irish labourer, "give a roar at her." So at it we went again, but a roar from the rider was likewise ineffectual. Then out came three labourers into the field, one stood behind, one on each side, and with hands full of soil from one, a shillaly from another, and a roar and swinging of arms from all three, Tipperary scrambled up the bank and there she stopped. Then taking matters into her own hands again, walked a few steps along the top and let herself easily down into the lane. The gate was locked, but the labourers lifted it from its hinges, opened it wrong end to, and after receiving a suitable reward, sent us off again with a cheer.

There are some days when trouble won't be pacified with one or two attempts to do us. This was the writer's day. We were "on again and off again," when the first thing the writer

knew, Tipperary was taking the last stride that would land her into a bog. O lord and Tipperary, the Captain's favourite horse and—"Whatever you do," he said, "For Heaven's sake keep out of the bog. You will never touch bottom until you land in China."

Whatever would happen? What a flood of things go through the mind, visions of sinking, sinking, that horrible death, or at best being pulled out by ropes and tackle, while you listen to all the uncomplimentary remarks of the natives concerning the tenderfoot's dilemma. And the Captain—it seemed as if it would be easier to sink at once and die rather than to see him looking on such a scene from the bank. Fortunately, the bog was only about ten or twelve feet across. Hope that came like a straw to a drowning man, said "The footing might hold." But it was not to be. Tipperary saw what was coming, and braced herself for the plunge. Into it she went leg deep and stopped. When Tipperary went down, the awful consequences of such a death-trap swept the writer's brain clear of thoughts. Instinct and self-preservation were alone in command. The writer takes no credit to himself for the actions that directed his course. There was no time to think, self-preservation did it all. As the noble beast settled in the black trap the writer threw himself headlong forward, so as to land sprawling on all fours, rather than on his feet, and well to the right of the struggling mount, as the best possible position to avoid sinking himself. In this position he wriggled and scrambled along to the opposite bank (rather to solid ground, for this bog hole was all on the level), keeping as much of his body touching the surface as possible. Tipperary, leg deep in the awful trap, was floundering after.

By tugging at the bridle the writer was able to help Tipperary a little. His companion, with his hunting crop hooked into the breast strap, also helped. Finally, with a most desperate effort Tipperary gained solid footing for her fore feet and

the next struggle brought her out. While Tipperary had a few moments in which to recover herself, the companion, with hands full of grass, rubbed off the thickest of the muck from the writer's clothes with the remark, "I could do a better job with a shovel and a hoe."

Never in the writer's life was he more supremely thankful than when he saw the noble beast making headway and likely to come out in safety.

. As a rule, horses in a predicament of any nature make one or two struggles and quit, but there is no such word as "quit" in the vocabulary of an Irish hunter, for his breeding will pull him through where most others fail, and so it did in this case. Only one other gentleman saw this unfortunate affair; he alone, followed the writer's foolish lead. He was just far enough behind to pull hard to the left and get past the bog on fairly good footing. The other riders were lost to view by an intervening growth of bushes.

One can hardly imagine what the writer looked like; hatless, his face scratched, his stock all blood, and his clothes, at least the front half, as black and greasy as the treacherous muck could make them.

Fortunately, there was a dry seat for the saddle and we mounted; one of us a sadder, a wiser, but above all, the most thankful man in Ireland.

A few questions and answers showed that neither his companion nor the writer knew his way, but we finally came into an open field, next to a "Tater" patch, where a man, whom we first mistook for a scarecrow, shouted something at us. At this we inquired, "Have you seen anything of the hounds?" "Is it the dogs that ye mane, faith and I did, there were hundreds of thim and them's a-roaring."

"Which way have they gone?" First our informant pointed in one direction, then in the opposite. This we took to mean that the hounds had turned back in the direction we came from.

"How long since they passed?" we inquired. "Yesterday morning," came the quick reply. "Come over here," shouted the friend, holding up a flask as a sign that we meant no harm. "Now see here, we are strangers here, this gentleman got hung up in the bog, we wish (meanwhile exhibiting the contents of the flask to the best advantage) you would put us right on the highway, and when you do, we will be pleased to have you drink to our health." "Faith and I will, yer honour." At this our informant dropped his hoe where he stood and started. Then he began to ask questions. "Where did ye come from?" And it turned out that neither of us knew beyond the fact that we came from Dublin by train, got off at some station or other, and drove somewhere or other, to some meet or other. "Holy Bridget, but sure ye are a couple of lost souls if ye don't know where ye came from, where ye have been, or where ye be now, and whereat ye be striving to fitch to. May the saints be with ye! for it is not me that can tell ye."

Our health had been drunk, each separately, so as to give no offence. Soon after we reached the highway, we met some riders who put us right. Thus one trouble after another came to an end, including the finding of the Captain who was probably worrying about his dear old Tipperary and his lost Yankee friend.

To James Howie,
Kilmarnock, Scotland.

"Tally ho! See the pack how they fly to his cry,
A crash through the woodland resounds,
The farmer's 'view halloa' goes up to the sky,
He marks the good fox with a wink of his eye,
And a smile for the clustering hounds."

Poems in Pink.

XXIV

FOX HUNTING IN SCOTLAND

A DAY WITH FARMER MCDOUGAL—A BIT OF SCOTCH HUMOUR—WEE MCDOUGAL—A FEW SCOTCH STORIES—TOO LATE FOR THE MEET—THE RACE OF HIS LIFE—BONNIE SCOTLAND FOREVER.

BONNIE SCOTLAND—who has ever been to Scotland, and does not love it, and not only the country but the Scotch people?

Rural England is one of the most beautiful countries in the world, but there is something about Scotland, that the writer likes even better. It might be hard to define what it is, perhaps it is the brown purple moor, the brawling burns, or because it is less artificial and more as nature finished and furnished it.

It has been the writer's good fortune to visit Scotland many times during the last fifteen years. The country, the scenery, the climate and the people seem to suit him and fit him as if it were his own native land.

A few days' grouse shooting over the brown purple moors in August and September and a few days' deer stalking in October is enough to give Scotland such a character as few other countries possess, but that is in pickle for some future time, that may bring to light Glorious Days With Guide and Gun. For the present, at least, we will content ourselves with a day's run to the Earl of Eglinton's hounds—fifty couple hunting the Ayreshire country four days a week.

James McDougal is the nom-de-plume of a very prosperous Scotch tenant farmer, and noted breeder of Ayreshire cattle, living near Kilmarnock. It is at his hospitable board we are to stay the night, and with a bonnie start the morn, pay a visit to several other noted breeders on the way to the meet of the Eglinton hounds.

The first thing to strike one's attention, on entering the parlour, is the great array of challenge cups and other trophies, awarded Mr. McDougal for his skill in the breeding of cattle. In this department of agriculture our friend is an artist.

After a cup of tea and several varieties of Scotch scones have gone the way, with a relish, our friend, who is himself impatient to be with his red and white beauties, says:

"Maybe when ye ha' finished with yer tea, yer would no mind a wee look roond among the beasties. Dinna ye mind the fifty pound challenge cup in the corner? Aye, well it is no all mine, till I win it once more; twice I have brought it hame from the Highland show, and it's been here noo sa lang a'm thinking ma Missis would no like to see it removed. Perhaps ye could say when ye see the coo a'm sending to win it fa good and a', what yer thinking o' ma chances of pleasing the missis."

Arriving at the stables, our host leads out a string of the most perfectly formed dairy cattle to be found in Scotland, which is to say they are the best and most perfect dairy cattle in the world. McDougal had for months been fitting these particular animals for the great "Highland" show. They were

as clean as soap and water could make them. Their horns and hoofs were polished and oiled. The hair had been clipped from the neck, the better to display the beautiful way it sat upon the shoulders. The hair along the back had been parted and flattened by a brush and comb; they were, indeed, the most beautiful and most perfect lot that can be imagined.

Our host is a great "free kirk" man and we like to touch him on the subject occasionally just to tap his humour, if nothing more. So we remark at last when our adjectives have given out over the cattle, "You free kirk Scotchmen have a lot to answer for; the good book says we must not covet and here you keep leading out one magnificent beast after another, while for every one a black mark goes down in the big book against me for coveting it. Now what do you say to that?"

"A dinna ken but a'm thinking," he replied, in a slow and solemn way befitting so grave a subject. "A dinna ken but a'm thinking, ye will find there's a wee note on the margin of the book saying ye had sufficient cause."

The cows being duly examined and admired, we return to the house to talk "Coo" and hear the history of the winning or losing of the cups.

Paintings and photographs, representing noted bulls and champion cows, cover the walls, and make material to talk about after honest folks should be in bed.

The programme for to-morrow is that we are to drive to the meet in a two-wheeled cart, while William, the manservant, on a "fell" hill-pony, leads our hunters on to Glencliff moor, some twelve miles away.

Breakfast over, we go to the stable yard to inspect our mounts. Master Thomas McDougal, aged seven, and Jamie, his wee brother, are there ahead of us, the former up on one of the hunters, walking him about.

"Whatever are ye up to noo, ma wee mannie?" called the

delighted father to Master Thomas, "Ye must no be riding King Arthur, the morn, for he must gae away o'er the Glencliff Moor and 'tis a long road, an ye must nae weary him." "Paw," interrupted the wee Jamie, "Canna a no ride the ither horse aboot the yards, a would no make him run?" "Indeed would ye no, ma brave mannie, and what for would ye be riding him then?" inquires the indulgent father, loath to say no, until he had his son's reasons for wanting to ride.

"A canna let Tammy say he's the better o' me, paw. A'll no fall off." This proved a knock-down argument and up goes the wee Jamie, the father fixing the reins in his well-soiled hands, and his feet in the stirrup irons, the leathers being crossed over to the opposite side to accommodate his short legs.

"A'll gie ye ane turn aboot the yard," said the father, "and na mair; we must awa."

The big Irish hunter, Kildare, who has been rattling his bits to quiet his impatience, seems to quite understand what is needed and with arched neck and demure stride walks around the straw yard, the father holding him well in hand, telling his hopeful to "Sit ye straight, so Kildare will no be ashamed of ye and wish for yir brither."

"Noo come away doon, ma brave mannie," said the indulgent father when the circle of the yard had been completed, "yir mither'll be ga prood o' ye the morn; run away noo and tell her what a bonnie laddie ye are for riding Kildare." But the youngster had not far to go, for just by the stable yard corner stood the smiling mother, who to hide her own pleasure said to her husband, "Ah, James, ha ye na more mind than to put the wee Jamie on Kildare!" and she shook her head as much as to say her husband was daft.

By this time, Bess, the driving mare, was persuaded to go between the shafts of the two-wheeled cart, having explained to her the while, "Ye ha a lang journey afoor ye the day, ma

lady, but we'll make a few calls and a doot na, ye'll be asked to have a wee taste o' corn sa ye'll na hunger."

Finally, we are off, Master Thomas and his shadow, the wee Jamie, riding to the end of the lane; the wee Jamie between his father's legs, takes the reins without question. "Ye'll no be late returning the night," calls the good wife after us, "supper be waiting ye at seven." Once more we wave adieu and the husband calls back, "Mind that William dinna forget to feed the white quey (heifer) in the middle box when he comes in at noon."

Bess, practically driving herself, turns the corner a bit short, and the wheel scrapes the hedge in passing. "Ah, ma wee mannie, what for dinna ye go wider o' the corner? Dinna ye ken that Bess would run ye into the hedge cause she's too lazy to go roound?"

At the end of the lane Master Thomas and wee Jamie get down with "Noo then, ma brave laddies, ga away hame and, whatever ye do the day, ye'll no forget ta mind yer good mither, will ye noo?" "We'll na forget it, paw," answers the sturdy Thomas, as he takes wee Jamie by the hand, and McDougal's pride in his sons is plain to see. "Canna ay no ride King Arthur the morn, paw?" cries the wee Jamie, who thinks it a good time to close a bargain. "A dinna ken," replied the father, "but a'm thinking he'll be gae weary the morn. Mind yer mither and the next time King Arthur is saddled ye shall ha' a wee ride."

We had not gone far when we came in sight of a grand old manor house on a rise of ground some distance back from the highway, an ideal place. The house itself and even its chimney were fairly smothered with vines.

In the great pasture field, between the house and the highway, were half a dozen hunters, brood mares and their foals. The great oak trees were busy with gossiping rooks; the whole effect was one of contentment, peace and happiness. "If I

owned a place like that," I remarked, "I should never want to leave it." "Indeed, mon," replied our host, "ye min'e have tae leave it; the man who lived there don't live there noo, he's dead."

"Then we could not see him to-day if we should call?"

"Na, a dinna ken but a'm thinking he is clumping the skies hunting a feller by the name o' Thomas."

"How is that?" "Well," replies our host, "he was the squire o' the town, but, nevertheless, he took sick and had to dae and when it was talked aboot that he was gaein' to dae, a woman living fourteen miles awa' when she heard aboot it came in to see him. Her own good man Thomas, having gon awa' up some three month afoor, the good wife thought it would be a bonny chance if the squire was goin' to dae to send a word to her Thomas. When she came in to see him she said, 'A heard yer gaein' to dae.' 'So the doctor tells me,' said the squire. 'Would ye mind taking a message to ma Thomas what's gone awa' up yon?' 'Well,' said the squire, 'what is it?' 'Till him, said the woman, 'the bairns are going to school and the garten is growing fine, and we have a newy pair of shafts in the wagon; and till him we ha' some newy little pigs and the quey (heifer) has a bonny little calf also a quey,' and so she went on and on and finally, having made such a good account of everything, she closed by saying, 'and till him we'r gaein' on sare weel we'out him.' The squire cut her short at this, with 'And think ye a'll ha' nithing to do, when I ga' up yon, than ga clumping (tramping) the skies, hunting yer Thomas?' The squire," added my host, "was a gruff old man and sort o' contrary like, always saying one thing and doing anither; so a doot na he is noo clumping the skies hunting a feller by the name o' Thomas."

Bess meanwhile, hearing a story going on, took advantage of it to slow down to a walk. "Noo ga awa', lass," said our host, in a voice intended to convey reproach, pulling back on

the reins as a sign for Bess to go a little faster and added, "Yer no to be listening, lass, when ye hear talk o' yer neighbours."

Presently, we come to the foot of a little hill and Bess comes to a full stop. "Ga awa' noo, yer no to be weary, canna ye no see the bonnie ricks (stacks) of James Donnon? A dinna ken but a'm thinking ye'll be invited to ha' a wee taste of corn." Thus addressed and carefully persuaded by a light application of the whip, which for severity would hardly dislodge a fly, we "raise the hell" and come to a halt in Mr. Donnon's yard. I looked at my watch and called my conductor's attention to the fact that time was flying and we were not over half way to the meet. Mr. Donnon came out and proceeded to take the mare from the cart (there is not a hitching post in all Scotland). "A'm thinking," said my conductor, "we ha' scant time for stopping. We would like for a wee look among the coos. We'r awa' to Glencliff moor the day," added my host and then looking very serious, "for a fox they say ha' been stealing the widow McClure's chickens o' late and na doot the poor woman is grieving." "Ah!" cried Mr. Donnon, "what a tender heart ye ha' for the widow." "Aye," replied McDougal gaily, "but dinna ye mind that Dickens says 'Beware o' the widdy?' A'm no forgetting that, James." "Come awa' to the house for a wee taste," pleaded our host. "We're short for time," replied my conductor. "A can understand that," replied Mr. Donnon, "when ye ha' a widdy in yer heart, and a fox in yer mind, but ma missis will no think kind o' ye, McDougal, if ye dinna come in and say a word."

That settled it, and with a look of resignation, and a mischievous smile on our host's face, we follow Mr. Donnon to the door, which the good wife opens before we can reach it, with a genuine Scotch welcome impossible to counterfeit.

Like many of the farm houses in this part of Scotland, there is one large room and in the middle stands a long dining

table to accommodate a large family. In one end of the room a spacious fireplace and oven where the cooking is done, the opposite end of the room being given up to two alcoves just long enough to accommodate two beds. These beds are about the height of a sixteen hand horse and are far more difficult to mount, but once located in the middle, one sinks below the horizon of feathers like a ship in the trough of mighty seas.

On either side of the fireplace, are cupboards, invariably painted green. While you are removing your coat, Madam, who has inquired after Mrs. McDougal and the "bairns" in general, then each one in particular, goes to a cupboard and takes out a snowy white table spread, unfolds it once or twice, sets out some bread and cheese, the right number of glasses and lastly a bottle of Walker's "Mountain Dew." Donnon says grace, then we help ourselves to the bread and cheese, and a "wee taste," in which to drink to the health of the Donnons. This delightful hospitality given and received, it was then in order to retire to the stables for a look among the beasties. Time, however, was going on and we had several other calls to make on the way to the meet.

Bess came from the stable smacking her lips over the last taste of corn and was once more persuaded that it was her duty as a good and faithful servant to go between the shafts.

Our next stop was at one Mr. McFadden's and as that gentleman was expecting us he was on the lookout. It was but two miles from our last stopping place, but no matter, Bess must come from the shafts again, and the same Scotch hospitality gone through with. Our host was a sandy-haired, side-whiskered, upstanding Scotchman with a Scotch plaid cap of the Thomas O'Shanter build, light blue eyes, a red face, and a redder nose. "Come in, McDougal, sure and ye'll no be passing wi' oot taking a wee drap." "Well noo," replied McDougal, "we just had a taste at your good neighbour's, Mr. Don-

non's, we'r no feeling the need o' anither the noo." "Ah! man, and would ye taste with me neighbour and no ha' a drap wi me?" "Well noo, McFadden, we'r no hungert fa a taste ourselves, but if it will be giving yourself an excuse, na doot we ma accommodate ye."

There was no dodging it, so in we go. Our host hastens matters a bit by saying, "But I will tell you fair, McFadden, the time we give to the tasting we must take from the coos." When we had left McFadden's our host turned to inquire. "Did ye no remark the Walker brand on our friend's nose?" "Is that from Walker's best?" I replied. "No," replied mine host, "that is just the trouble. A little good Scotch is good, a good deal of bad Scotch is hell, and a dinna ken but a'm thinking our friend McFadden is going somewhat in that direction."

Once more we journey on, but the next stop on the programme had to be omitted.

Now for the meet. When we arrived there, hounds had already gone, and we had a good excuse for skipping another taste at the hunt breakfast, which Lord So-and-so had provided. Bess, however, went into the stable for her taste of corn. We mounted our hunters, the groom waiting for Bess to do her fourth taste for the morning before he started her for home.

Our host and the writer were of course in the usual agony that thrives on all late comers to the chase. We ride blindly on, perhaps opposite to the way hounds are going or the nearest point to reach them, galloping madly on for half a mile, then halting to listen, and galloping as hard back again. Presently, it comes on to rain and we seek shelter under the lee of a hay stack and wait. How the minutes drag and our minds hurry. We are glad it rains. It gives us an excuse to stop tearing about on a wild goose chase. McDougal lights his pipe and tells a story: how when he was a lad, he came to the farmhouse where the hunt breakfast was held, to spend Sunday with a school mate. They were out on the lawn after dinner

and he was whistling a new Scotch air, just to show his friend how it went, when out comes the mother and said, "Here you, laddies, come here; noo ye may have a' the Scotch whiskey that ye will and ye may go wit the lasses o' a Sunday to your fill, but whistling on the Lord's day a'll na ha'." And this reminds McDougal of another one. A minister of the gospel, from America, occupied a pulpit of a church in Edinburgh one Sunday, and going for a walk on King Arthur's seat in the afternoon and not knowing the strict rule of the Free Kirk, was puckering his mouth to a church hymn, when a labourer accosted him with, "O ye are a sare bad man; if a had nane ye'd a whistle on the Lord's day I'd no coom to hear ye preach the morn." Still the rain swished past and we dismounted to lean against the stack for more complete shelter. McDougal, feeling chagrined at missing the meet, was blaming himself and the lazy Bess by turns. He thinks he is especially called upon to entertain his guest and keep him from going mad because of missing the meet and probably missing the chase altogether. "Can ye no see the hoose o' James McPherson who lives just yon by the foot o' the moor? Aye, when a wee laddie, the father of the present McPherson came late to school one day and the school mistress said to him, 'Ah! Master McPherson, ye'r late again the morn, what excuse ha' ye this time, for a'm no liking to punish ye till a've heard what ye ha' tae say for yourself.'

" 'Please, mum, we had a wee lassie come to the house the morn.' 'Ah! indeed,' replied the school mistress, 'I suppose your father was very pleased?' 'Na,' replied youn' McPherson, 'ma father knew naught aboot it, he was awa' in Edinburgh.' 'Indeed!' 'Aye, and it was a good stroke that me mither was hame or there'd been no one aboot the hoose to welcome her, and—What?" broke off McDougal, springing to his feet, "did ye no catch the note o' a hound?" Placing his hand to his ear, "There's no mistake aboot it," he cried, "and see, both

King Arthur and Kildare (who were also eagerly listening) are of the same opinion."

Hurriedly mounting, we ride out for a better view, and just in time to catch sight of a travelling fox leaving a flock of sheep. What a sight! Every sheep with head up was watching with curious interest the bundle of fur rolling along over the crest of the hill.

"That's him," cried McDougal, meaning he was the hunted fox. "Do ye no mind him dragging his brush as if he was aboot quitting tha job, and can ye no hear the hounds' music in the wood below? They'll be out in a wee." And we hurry on to the line over the crest of the hill, toward which point the fox was making. Meantime, hound music had ceased altogether, but hardly had we reached the point we were making for, when a hound came through the hedge from the wood below, struck the trail, and with a challenge that called every other hound to the line raced away towards the top of the hill where we were waiting. What a sight! One hound after another joined in the chase and the "heavenly music" rose to one grand chorus that filled all the vale and came on the wind to us mingled with its own echo. On came the leading hounds, the sheep fleeing in all possible haste. Of course there was a check, as Reynard knew there would be when he sneaked through the flock. When the last hounds had come up with the leaders, who failed to pick up the line by their own cast forward, up stands the big McDougal high in his stirrups, swinging his hat and shouting, *"Talla-ho-gan-awa'! Tally-ho! Tally-ho-awa'!"* 'Twas enough, on came the eager pack to his cheer, picking up the line as they raced each other to the crest of the hill. Then, in a pace that silenced their tongues, they drove on like a cavalry charge down the beautiful slope. There was not a single rider in sight. The swampy bottom land whence the pack came had probably stopped the field.

For three miles the big-hearted McDougal, on the big-

hearted King Arthur, led the way, hard after the pack, down the hill, through a narrow strip of covert out on to the open moor. Here we were joined by the huntsman and a whipper-in on fresh horses. There was a moment's check, and on again over the great open moor. What a gallop! Hi! hi! hi! On we went for another mile or so when finally Mr. Reynard rolled over in the open and "his spirit," as the old biographers were fond of saying, "took its flight to that bourne from which no traveller has ever returned."

What a lucky ending for such a disappointing beginning! The rain had ceased. The sun in patches here and there was sweeping over the great heather-covered hills, lingering now and again in a valley or loitering in a ravine, only to burst forth at greater speed over the rounded crest of a foothill; then to continue the chase after the shaft that preceded it, until lost in the misty atmosphere of the distant hills.

The writer's pen is surely at a loss to describe the beauties of the moors as they broke upon us that day. Here and there a patch of fleecy white cloud, recently wrung dry of rain, was resting quietly in a dark ravine or again in the lee of an abrupt shoulder of a hill. These fleecy white patches suggested that the great mountains behind were waving on the chase of the clouds or was it the chase of the fox?

Reader, have you ever seen the fells and mountains of Bonnie Scotland when the heather was in bloom? If so, you will surely say, with the writer, that it is one of the most beautiful sights in the world. If not, can you imagine thousands and tens of thousands of acres of moor, hill, ravine, and mountain, covered with a carpet of the richest brown and softest purple? Not a tree nor a shrub to break the evenness of the landscape—now and again little patches of the greenest grass, or a spot of black barren earth that rather adds to than detracts from the general effect. In the low lands the heather grows to a height of eighteen or twenty inches, which grad-

ually lessens as you ascend to the clouds where the bleak winds keep it shingled short. Long or short, its purple blossoms lend colour to its own dark brown shrubbery, so that this wonderful carpet is seen in all the varying shades between brown and purple, depending on the light and shadows or the angle of the hills and undulations as they meet the eye. Who can resist falling in love with Bonnie Scotland!

Of course we were wet to the skin and twenty-one miles from home; but in all Scotland there were not two happier men than rode the distance through repeated rain storms, losing our way, but finally by climbing a sign post and striking matches to illuminate the arms, we were put right. Reaching the main road, King Arthur gave a neigh of delight, for he knew where he was. Mr. McDougal mistaking the meaning, remarked, "dinna ye be greeting (crying) laddie, yon are the lights o' Kilmarnock."

We reached our destination quite fit for supper and the rather long night cap which Madam had in pickle for us. This we saw at a glance by the tea kettle simmering by the open grate fire. "Is it to your liking?" inquired the good housewife. "Splendid," we replied, but McDougal in characteristic Scotch replied, "It's na too bad, it's a wee mite sweet, perhaps, but a'm thinking t'will do." Then looking slyly over the top of his steaming glass he adds, "A dinna ken but a'm thinking it might ha' been worse."

We offered a toast to the health of all the McDougals—may their shadows never grow less; to all the late comers at the meet—may they never lose heart; to the foxes of the fells and the moor—may they ever continue to show hounds the way; and the Kilmarnock hunt—may it always have sport; and last to mention, but first in our hearts, *Bonnie Scotland forever.*

PART III

HUNTING IN FRANCE

To Baron de Dorlodot.

"My ideal sportsman and gentleman true,
A man of endurance and pluck,
The best pigeon shot that all Europe can boast,
In wild boar hunting he captures the most,
While with foils he is ever in luck."

BARON DE DORLODOT

XXV

HUNTING IN FRANCE

THE NATURE OF THE GAME—BARON DE DORLODOT—THE KENNELS—THE FOREST OF SENOUCHES.

FROM rude snares and drives into mire, on down through the age of the crudest weapons and the hand spear to the present day, the taking of the wild boar has been attended with great danger. The lion is styled the King of beasts, but he is a coward in comparison with the wild boar. The wild boar, being a purely herbivorous animal, has no occasion to prey upon any other animal. Stealth is, therefore, to him an unknown quality. His fighting is always defensive and, as against his common enemies, the wolf and bear, he invariably came out ahead, therefore he has come to think of himself as the master of the universe.

There is no animal, in the whole list of big game or small, that has such an exalted opinion of his own power and ability to defend himself against all comers, as the wild boar.

He is armed with great tusks in the lower jaw that are from four to six inches in length. The points of these mash or rasp against shorter tusks in the upper jaw that keep the points of the lower tusks as sharp as a knife.

With these weapons, short handled although they are, he defends himself and at quite a range. His agility is so marvellous that nothing can escape a gash that comes within his reach and his reach, when standing, covers a radius of five or six feet to right or left. He can charge ahead, or turn end for end, in a single spring. When fighting from a standstill, his hind

legs form the pivot of his action. His shoulders are deep, heavy, and muscular, and carry at least two thirds of his weight. He is covered with a close fitting coat of wiry hair that protects the toughest of hides, like an armour plate on a man of war.

During the reign of Louis XI, we are told, if not before, the chase of the wild boar was elevated to the sport of kings. The customs inaugurated by this sporting monarch have very generally been followed to the present day. Since then the sport has always attracted the nobility of the country, and although there are but few wild boar hunting establishments in France at the present time—owing to the scarcity of forests of sufficient size to attract the game—the few gentlemen who still carry it on, do so in a princely fashion, preserving, as far as practicable, the customs and usages of ye olden times.

There are but a few places in France where the wild boar is hunted and these establishments are not hunt clubs as in England and America, where anyone is at liberty to join; but are private packs, under the exclusive management of certain wealthy, or titled gentlemen, who own the hounds and everything pertaining to the establishment; and who only welcome such people to the chase as the Master delights to honour.

It was, therefore, with good old fashioned schoolboy delight that the writer received an invitation from the Baron de Dorlodot to spend a week with himself and his family at his beautiful hunting retreat, in the heart of the great forest of Senouches.

The Baron de Dorlodot is easily first among the great sportsmen of France. His name is everywhere known on the continent, and in England and America, as the champion pigeon shot of Europe. Among the prominent events that have fallen to his gun in pigeon shooting is the great Paris prize of 1868, offered by the Emperor Napoleon. At Monaco, in 1885, he won the twenty thousand franc prize and a cup

THE BOARHOUNDS

valued at five thousand francs. He has also won many international events at Monte Carlo, and other places in France. His crowning achievement was the winning of the grand prize and cup, the best prize in England, in 1899. He has also met many of our best American shots, in our own country and abroad. An idea of his skill may be had from a single incident. On the opening day's shoot, in the Château de Vieusart, Belgium, he killed one hundred and two out of one hundred and three live partridges. At pistol shooting the Baron de Dorlodot is considered invincible. "He is sure," says *Le Sport Universal,* "to hit a five cent piece, three times out of four, at thirty paces, while at fencing he is so clever, supple and rapid of execution that even the professional swordsmen of France stand very much in awe of him." He is much devoted to yachting. At one time he kept a racing stud, but a few unsportsmanlike acts on the part of competitors disgusted him with the game and although he loves the horse, and especially the thoroughbred, he prefers a pastime that calls for personal skill and exertion.

In hunting the wild boar, the Baron de Dorlodot finds the one sport that above all others is best suited to his taste and wonderful ability. Wild boar hunting requires a man of the highest courage, the temper of steel, wonderful endurance, "stick-to-it-iveness," and an inborn love of the forest and the chase. During the thirty years the Baron de Dorlodot has been engaged in wild boar hunting, over one thousand wild boars have fallen to his skill. A great many hounds have been cheered on to their death by the Baron who, single handed, has come to their rescue, and with a short sword (blade about twenty inches), the infuriated boar has been sent to the land of his fathers. It is not at all an uncommon occurrence to have three or four dead hounds lying about the spot where the wild boar makes a stand, and as many more wounded, and sent yelping and flying in all directions. Many of the Baron's hounds, and

several of his hunters, as well as the huntsmen and indomitable Baron himself, carry scars and cuts from the tusks of boars with which they have come in contact.

Baron de Dorlodot's commodious hunting lodge is occupied by himself and his family, from November to April. It is partially new and partially the restored hunting castle of King Louis XIV, who formerly came there to hunt the wild stag. It is beautifully located and well adapted to the wants of the present owner and his broad hospitality. There are many boxes for hunters, buildings for carriages and automobiles, besides the very elaborate kennels, cooking rooms, and hospital for sick and injured hounds, breeding kennels, etc.

The granite posts of the entrance gate to the grounds are surmounted by wild boars' heads in bronze, while the interior walls are decorated with trophies of the chase by the hundred. No less than thirty or more mounted wild boars' heads ornament the walls, and clusters of antlers decorate the ceilings of the hall and the spacious dining room.

There are forty to fifty couples of working hounds at the kennels; some are pure French bred hounds, some are half-bred, the rest English foxhounds. The latter are well adapted to wild boar hunting; having speed, endurance and courage. The French hound and half-bred, or French-English cross-bred hounds, have better noses and are decidedly better in giving tongue, which in these great forests should be as far reaching and as clamorous as possible. The hounds are marked with a number on the left and the initial "D" on their right side. These numbers and letters are made by clipping away the hair instead of branding, and are about four inches high.

The Baron de Dorlodot's huntsman, Antoine, is the most noted huntsman in all France. He has grown old and grey in following the chase of the wild boar and has been for twenty-two years the premier piqueur to Baron de Dorlodot. His natural instinct serves him well and makes him past master in

THE DORLODOT HUNT

the art of locating the game. The joy on his face as he approaches his master, hat in hand, to inform him that he has located the kennel of a wild boar is a pleasure to see. The numerous hairbreadth escapes from death, and the ugly scars he exhibits on his legs, the result of personal encounters with infuriated boars, are something he may well smile at, as he fondly does, when he feels himself still alive and able to do duty in spite of them.

The forest where this grand display of wild boar hunting takes place is well stocked with game, and contains many veterans that are big, strong and wicked. This is owing principally to the great abundance of beechnuts, acorns, and many other kinds of food that make the wild boars of the forest of Senouches attain a larger size than any others in France. They are likewise the most courageous and desperate to encounter. They are great travellers, covering from twenty to thirty, and even fifty miles in a single night, so great is their natural disposition to roam.

It is needless to say, it requires a lot of training in woodcraft to outgeneral them, for when once on foot they have speed surpassed only by the deer and the fastest horses and are greatly superior to the former in endurance or staying qualities. Twenty to thirty and even forty miles, is no uncommon distance for a wild boar in the heyday of his vigour, to lead the chase before he succumbs.

It may be seen from this that the hounds to follow him must be of the very best in speed and endurance.

Not only does it require talent of the highest order in the huntsman and hounds, the best in courage, speed, endurance, and voice in the hound, but the Master, who directs the attack and plans the chase, must also possess as keen an instinct as his huntsman, and boldness, as great as a general in command, for his superior judgment must decide for both.

Madame la Baronne de Dorlodot always follows the chase

in her carriage, and knows the forest so well that she is always able to arrive in time to witness the final ceremonies of the game.

The uniform for gentlemen is green, trimmed with gold lace, hunting breeches of green velvet with long white stockings coming nearly to the hips, high hunting boots, and a belt with hunting knife (a short sword with about twenty inches of blade). A carbine carried by the Master and one of his sons, is attached to the saddle. The cap is of green velvet. The hunt buttons are of gold with a wild boar's head in silver.

The ladies wear a dress of green of the same shade as the men and similarly decorated and a three cornered hat of green, trimmed with gold lace. The uniforms are worn by such gentlemen only, as the Master has honoured by presenting them with a set of hunt buttons. This mark of distinction also entitles the wearer to carry a hunting horn and to take an active part in the chase. The wives of such gentlemen wear the colours and uniform as described for ladies, whether they follow the chase on horseback or by driving.

The horn is of the style that is worn over the right shoulder and encircles the body, passing under the left arm, the tube passing nearly three times around the body.

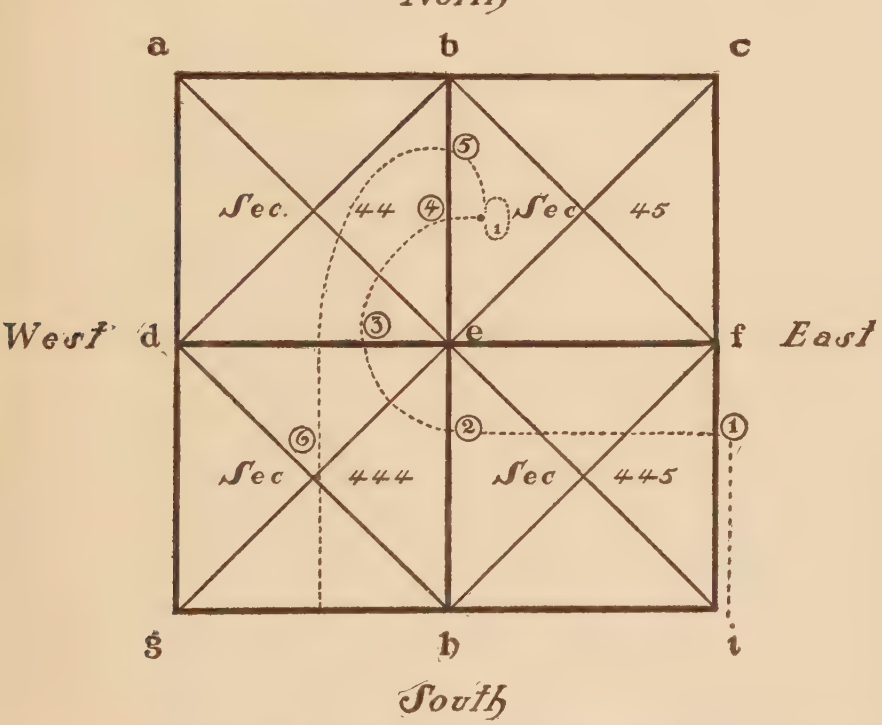
Before we proceed to show how the game is located and the chase itself is conducted, it will be necessary to know something of the nature of the forest.

Baron de Dorlodot owns some 30,000 acres of forest and rents the shooting and hunting privileges of about 10,000 acres more.

The Forest of Senouches has, here and there, clearings, and the boar travels from one wood to another. The great diversity of the country lends animation to the sports. A large number of peasants are constantly employed in cutting off the timber. The system of forestry contemplates cutting over the whole tract in twenty-five years, that is to say, they begin on one side

READY FOR THE CHASE

of the forest and are twenty-five years cutting the timber from it, when there is twenty-five years growth to begin with again. The clearings thus made take all the underbrush and small trees, leaving a large straight tree here and there to grow on for another twenty-five years, or until it begins to show decay. This underbrush and twenty-five years growth of timber is cut off close to the ground so that the portion recently cleared is



beautiful open forest, with just enough large trees left to shade the ground. The uncut forest is, for the most part, a thicket of underbrush and so dense in some places that a bird could hardly fly through it. The whole great acreage is laid out in roads and lanes. The roads form squares so that in about every three-quarters of a mile the turnpike roads come together in four corners. Running diagonally across these squares, in each

direction, are lanes cut through the forest for the convenience of getting out the timber and firewood as the accompanying illustration will show.

The diagram referred to represents four sections of a forest, the dark or heavy lines are the turnpike roads, about 100 feet wide; the lighter lines represent lanes which are about fifty feet wide. These roads and lanes have been laid out with engineering skill, and are as straight as a line for miles in every direction. Each section or square is staked and numbered.

"From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales; the moving storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate."

Somervile.

XXVI

THE CHASE OF THE WILD BOAR

LOCATING THE GAME—THE COVERT SIDE—THE START—THE CHASE—HALLALI!—THE CEREMONY.

WILD boars, like foxes, seek food during the night and sleep during the day. They kennel almost anywhere that they happen to be when morning begins to break.

Sometimes they go in small droves, that is, the younger ones accompanied by some of the older females; but the males, except in the rutting season, seem to prefer to travel and kennel alone.

By daybreak the huntsman, with a well trained hound, goes out into the forest to locate a boar; possibly, one of the Baron's sons with another hound goes in another direction. We will, for the sake of illustration, start with the huntsman and his one mute hound, led by a line (rather the hound leads the huntsman by the line), along the road, beginning at the south-east corner of section No. 445 (see the preceding diagram). When half way or more across the east side of the section the hound, who is carefully hunting every yard of the way, halts and begins to "feather"—that is, his hackles begin to stand on end. Without giving tongue he makes a sharp turn to the left. The huntsman now examines the road carefully and finds the

slot (foot-marks) of a boar that has crossed the road (they seldom follow along in, or beside, the road). He breaks some bushes and lays them in the road to mark the spot where the boar entered the section at 1. The huntsman and hound then move on to F and turn west to E, then south, when part of the way from E to H the hound again halts and "feathers" to the line of a boar that has crossed there from section 445 to section 444. The footprints are again carefully examined and noticed to be the same as were those met with at first.

This place is also marked, and the huntsman and hound move on to H, then to G, and D. On the way from D to E the hound again hits the line, showing the boar to have left section 444 and crossed into section 44, then on they go to E and turn north until they find that the boar has crossed the road, E—B, into section 45. The huntsman goes on around section 45 back to E. The hound having found no track going out of section 45, the game is located as to section. The huntsman now goes down the lane from E towards C until he meets the lane from F to B. He follows this lane from where they cross each other to B. The hound having found no trace of a boar having crossed the lane, the huntsman returns home about 9 or 10 o'clock and reports to the Master that he has located a boar in the west quarter of section 45; that he is a five or six year old, etc., etc. The Master consults a map of the forest and determines the method of attack, and where to station the riders and the relay of hounds.

In the meantime, the members and guests of the household have come down at any time they feel inclined to find tea, coffee, or chocolate, bread and butter and cheese on the dining room table. Breakfast will be served at ten-thirty, when for the first time one is likely to meet with the family, except a stray one now and again, who is taking the morning cup as you come down, or before you have left the dining room. Breakfast is over by eleven-thirty, and at twelve everything is in readiness to

THE RETURN OF THE HUNT

start, the huntsman and whips are waiting on the lawn with the hounds. The Master's hunter and the carriage that is to conduct Madame are in waiting at the door. Friends and guests are walking their horses about until the moment when the Baron and Baronne come out to the carriage. When headed by the huntsman and hounds, followed by the riders and carriages, the "Equipage" moved towards section 45.

The Master and huntsman and riders are halted at F. The boar's kennel, K, has been approached in such a way that the hounds do not cross the trail he made when going to the kennel, as they might break away. The hounds are now put in couples, two hounds coupled together by a short chain from collar to collar, three or four being attached by short lines from the coupling chains, to one long line. In this way the relays are handled by servants who are stationed at F, C, E, and possibly at A and D. The Master then directs a certain number of riders—men to whom he has presented the hunt buttons and who wear the hunt uniform, and are therefore entitled to wear the horn—to station themselves at F, G, B, A, and D. It must be remembered that the forest in this part is covered with thick undergrowth, so that it is impossible to ride anywhere except in the roads and lanes.

When time has been given for the hunt members and hounds to reach their assigned places, the hounds are made fast to a tree by the lead line. The Master and huntsman and three or four hounds move on via E, two or three riders perhaps accompanying them. When they arrive at the spot where the bushes lie in the road at 4 to mark the spot where the boar crossed the road, these two couples of hounds are slipped; at the same time the huntsman rushes in after them on foot, and everyone at this point begins to shout or blow horns in order to set the boar on foot.

As before stated, the boars are so conceited as to their own prowess, that they often disdain to move, especially after they

are four or five years old, and will stand in their tracks and kill or wound every hound that comes near them. Therefore all this noise and racket to arouse him. It is a very dangerous business for huntsmen or Master to go in with the hounds to meet a full grown boar. Sometimes such boars have to be shot in their tracks as they will not move. It is on this account that only two or three couple of selected hounds are allowed to go in to help start him. These chosen hounds have previously been wounded by a boar and know enough to keep out of his range. If, however, they succeed in putting him on foot before the other hounds come upon him he will usually run on until overtaken, in which case he stands at bay, although he fights desperately at every stand he makes, until in the end his keen fighting edge is gone, and the danger of his doing harm to the hounds is correspondingly lessened.

Instantly hounds hit upon the line they begin to give tongue, and with the shouting and tooting of horns, we will suppose, the boar is set on foot. Like most other game he makes one or two short turns, doubling back on his track and then sails straight away through the forest.

As soon as he straightens out for a run, the Master, noting the direction, sounds a signal from his horn to liberate the hounds at C and F: these run on to join the trusty four who are already giving tongue to the line. After doubling back on his track, somewhat as shown in the illustration, the boar crosses the road into the section 44 at 5.

Of course the riders stationed at E and B are on the lookout and as he crosses this road, they sound an alarm on their horns. A few moments later the boar is seen by those stationed at A and E, as he crosses the lane A—E into the southern quarter of section 444, when the hounds, at A and B, are slipped and rush through the forest to join the chase.

The riders at F rush down the road towards E. From C they ride down the lane towards E. From B and A they ride

THE GREY BOAR'S LAST STAND

down the lanes to the centre of the section. Meanwhile the riders stationed at E and D view the boar crossing out of section 44 into section 444. The remaining hounds, at D and E, are now slipped and the riders are racing at the top of their speed southwards, cheered on by the riders at G and H, who have viewed the game, leaving section 444 at 6 going South,—and the chase is on.

There is little or no jumping, but the riding at times is at a pace little short of steeplechasing.

The wild boar runs remarkably straight when once really away, and for the next two or three hours you may have your fill of galloping on and ever on before he comes to bay.

Instantly he stops, the hounds change their baying to barking. This first halt lasts but a few minutes, the huntsman or Master rushes in to see if there are any killed or wounded hounds. If so, some one with a horn is left in charge. The boar having recovered his "second wind," again rushes away for another twenty minutes or half an hour, halts again and once more proceeds to give battle to his old tormenters, then on again for ten minutes, and another stand. Again he is on foot, but more slowly now. When he halts again it will, in all probability, be his last stand.

Hounds are baying and barking at his heels as he plods wearily on. Now the riders cheer on the pack "Hallali! Hallali! Hallali!" The Master dismounts with short sword in hand and going up amongst the hounds dispatches the boar with a quick thrust, just back of the elbow joint, that pierces his heart.

The wounded hounds are looked after, needle and thread being used to sew up their wounds, lint and bandages to dress them, and a wagon, that answers for an ambulance, is soon at hand to carry them to the kennel hospital, where they are as faithfully attended as a person would be, and made much of by every member of the Baron's household.

The funeral obsequies are a most ceremonious affair. The

Master sounds the death rally that calls together stray riders and hounds. A gun is also fired as a signal to those who may be out of hearing of the horn.

The boar's carcase is now brought out in the highway or open grass plot, and the hunt servants attend to taking off the pelt, head and feet. When the pelt has been removed it is again spread over the carcase and the funeral ceremony "L'Hallali—la curée" begins. In the meantime the ladies, who have accompanied the chase in carriages and carts, come on with wine and cold meats, etc., and a general visiting and congratulation goes on.

Twelve men in uniform, each carrying a horn that encircles the body, as already described, stand facing the carcase, six on one side and six on the other. On the other two sides stand rows of spectators, completing the circle.

First the six men on one side play the first line of the death song, the other six play the next line and so on alternately through the song, the horns being purposely keyed to make the music harmonious.

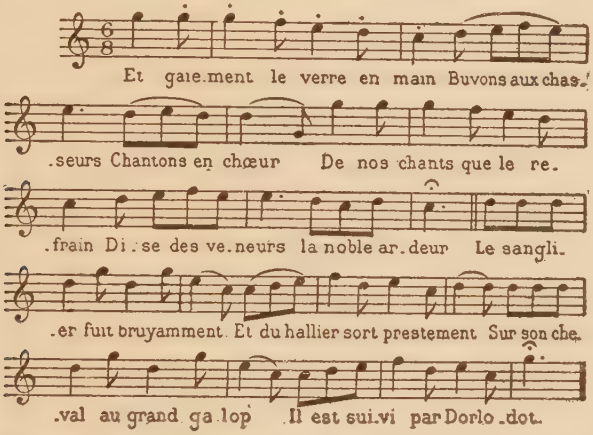
How beautiful it sounds echoed and re-echoed through the great silent forest! Altogether the scene is quite indescribable. The hounds, meanwhile, are standing in the circle between the musicians and baying as only French boarhounds can.

When the last verse is being rendered the huntsman steps to the carcase and, taking the boar by the ears, moves the head right and left as if it were alive, until the hounds are quite beside themselves with eagerness to pounce upon it.

As the last notes of the last line die away an attendant removes the head and pelt and at a signal from the huntsman, every hound rushes in. "Halt!" shouts the huntsman, when every hound has his nose within a foot of the prey, and every hound stops and moves not a muscle, so well are they trained. When the lot have their position, twenty odd, with noses pointing towards their game and not two feet away, the huntsman

SINGING THE DEATH SONG

cries, *"Charge"*; and no sooner said than done, every hound has his teeth fastened into the carcase, and the tug of war begins. While the snapping and snarling pack are surging first one way and then the other, now losing hold and recovering it again, piece by piece, joint by joint, the parts give way and are devoured. Amid this scene the crowd sings the death song as it had been previously played. The special words and music of Baron de Dorlodot's hunt are given herewith.


Et gaie.ment le verre en main Buvons aux chas.
.seurs Chantons en chœur De nos chants que le re.
.frain Di.se des ve.neurs la noble ar.deur Le sangli.
.er fuit bruyamment. Et du hallier sort prestement Sur son che.
.val au grand ga.lop Il est sui.vi par Dorlo.dot.

Sometimes it is too late to undertake this ceremony in the woods far from home, and the boar is carted home and laid out upon the lawn in front of the kennels. A bonfire is kindled and torches are lighted for additional illumination to the scene.

When it is all over and the hounds have been kenneled, we return to the house to discuss the run over and over again as we sit about the hospitable board.

Baron de Dorlodot's Hunt Button

"The prudent huntsman, therefore, will supply
With annual, large recruits his broken pack
And propagate their kind; as from the root
Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent-tree."

Somervile.

XXVII

WILD STAG HUNTING IN FRANCE

A DAY WITH THE MARQUIS DE CORNULIER'S FRENCH HOUNDS—TAKING THE STAG IN A LAKE—A MOST EXCITING DAY'S SPORT.

THE wild stags of France are very similar to the wild red deer of the Devon and Somerset country in England. They are much larger than the common red deer of North America, and but little smaller than the elk of the Rockies, which animal they resemble very much.

They are located, and the chase is started with a few hounds, joined by relays as the stag gets well away, very much as already described in the chapter on Wild Boar Hunting.

Through the kindness of Baron de Dorlodot, the writer was enabled to participate in the chase with two celebrated packs of staghounds in France.

Our first day to stag was with the celebrated pack of pure French hounds, owned by the Marquis de Cornulier. These were certainly the most musical pack the writer has ever heard. They are said to have originally been produced by a cross

THE MARQUIS DE CORNULIER'S STAGHOUNDS

between the bloodhound and the greyhound, or possibly the greyhound was in some cases used as the sire. At any rate, they resemble the greyhound in conformation quite as much, if not more, than they do the bloodhound. They are even more intelligent-looking than the average English foxhound. Even the celebrated Grafton or Pytchley hounds in England that are noted for most musical tongues are not to be compared with this pack of French hounds for music.

The stag, in this particular chase, kept twisting and doubling his track, not going more than a mile in any one direction, until finally, as is customary, he took to water (a small pond of some twenty or thirty acres).

The shores for the most part were fringed with cat-tails, marsh grass and flags. What a sight it was! My pen seems entirely unable to describe the scene. The stag was quite fresh when he entered the pond; the hounds, however, were right at his heels, and twenty-five couples went plunging over the bank —a drop of three or four feet—in the most fearless style that can be imagined; all giving tongue, and the lot of them swimming as fast as possible after their game. Their music, as I have said, was uncommonly melodious when on the land, but out on the water it was even more so, and there was plenty of it. Across the pond the stag takes to a patch of thick growing rushes, which close in behind him, and shut out the hounds as they are unable to touch their feet on the bottom or penetrate the maze by swimming. They finally go ashore in open water. The stag, meanwhile, is hidden in the rushes. The hounds are now sent in from shore, the huntsman wading through the break to encourage them on. In ten or fifteen minutes, out goes the stag into the pond again, the hounds standing on the shore plunge in after him, and once more the "heavenly music" fills valley, hill and forest for miles around. Forward and back, up and down the pond swims the deer, with the same stately air and majestic carriage of the head as he had on land, and

ploughing through the water like a steam tug, with forty or more hounds swimming after him. Thus the chase went on, the stag hiding in the rushes, only to be driven out again with the clamorous pack in his wake. Once he came out in open water, and ran for twenty or thirty rods inland, a portion of the pack right at his heels; but fatigued and heavy with the water, he saw this move was a mistake and returned again into the pond.

Nearly three hours were those hounds taking that deer after he reached the water; they were about two hours upon his trail before that. It was dark by this time, but a bonfire lit up the scene, and the funeral dirge was sounded, the hounds giving tongue the while. When the last honours had been paid to the stag and the story of the chase and the endurance of the hounds had been recounted in song, we said farewell to one of the most exciting days' chase the writer ever participated in.

After the two days' wild boar hunting with the Baron de Dorlodot's hounds, and the day with the Marquis de Cornulier's staghounds, just described, it was arranged that we should spend the fourth and last day of the writer's visit on this occasion in following the staghounds of the Marquis de Chambray, some twenty miles distant.

"For," said mine host, "the Marquis de Chambray is the most noted Master of hounds in France, and his hounds are the direct descendants of the Royal pack of King Louis XI. They are entirely different from any other hounds, and I should not like you to return without having a day with them."

"But twenty miles is too far to go to a meet."

"We will go in the automobile. I will wire to a liveryman in the neighbourhood to meet us with a two-wheeled cart, and we will see what we can, driving along the roads and lanes of the forest."

The next day, just as the clock had gone eleven, we started for the meet, which was at noon and twenty miles away.

STAG TAKING TO WATER

The Baron de Dorlodot is a very Jehu to drive, and he sent the machine flying over the beautiful roads at the rate of forty miles per hour for over a good part of the journey. It was a glorious ride, and the writer's first experience in a conveyance of this kind. All the time there kept running in his mind the words of Sheridan's famous ride to Winchester. Eleven-thirty-three! and the Marquis de Chambray only five miles away.

We arrived at the meet in time for a bit of lunch at a farm-house, where we were introduced to the venerable Master and several of the prominent members of the chase, and with time to inspect the hounds before going on to covert.

Whatever may be said of the decline of athletic sports in France or the gradual disappearance of the famous Royal hunting establishments of the country, still the Normans may point with pride to a number of gentlemen who have preserved, to the present time, the ardent love of the chase, and who take pride in conducting the same in the brilliant costumes, and according to the usages and traditions, of former times. First among the number must be mentioned this famous Master of staghounds, the Marquis de Chambray. During his Mastership up to the day of our visit, January 24th, '91, he had taken his nineteen hundred and eighth stag. Although his hair is as white as snow, he seems as hale and hearty as most men of half his years. In respect to the ancient custom of the chase, he still wears deerskin breeches, tanned with hair on, as may be seen in the accompanying illustration. It is claimed by the members of the hunt, that should any of the famous hunting Kings of France come to life, they could find little to criticise in the methods of locating the game, the chase itself or the breeding and management of the hounds; furthermore, this most affable gentleman is held up as an example of the highest type of the French nobility of the old régime.

We must hasten on to notice the hounds, for they are hardly

less celebrated than their indomitable Master. After lunch, the writer was taken in hand by Monsieur Roger Laurent, nephew to the Marquis de Chambray, for a proper introduction of their celebrated pack of hounds and a bit of their interesting history.

Marquis de Cornulier's Hunt Button

WAITING FOR THE END

"Resolved to die,
He fears no more."

XXVIII

A DAY WITH THE MARQUIS DE CHAMBRAY'S HOUNDS

THE WHITE HOUNDS OF THE KING—STARTING THE LORDLY STAG —A PERCHERON STALLION IN HARNESS—HALLALI! HALLALI!—THE 1908TH STAG—IN DEFENCE OF THE CHASE.

IT was during the reign of Louis XI, who came to the throne in 1461," said Commandant Roger Laurent, "that this particular breed of hounds originated. King Louis XI received from a poor gentleman a certain white dog, called 'Souliard,' and it was from this celebrated dog, that the famous race, ever since known as 'The White Hounds of the King,' descended."*

Louis XII continued in the same line, and so on down to the reign of Charles IX, who published a book on hunting, and could not say enough in praise of this race of dogs.

Henry IV of England was so pleased with the working of these hounds, that he introduced the blood into his own Royal pack. James I of England took over a pack of them, and also

*It is said in the history of the times, according to an article in "*Le Sport Universal*," that on account of the way they distinguished themselves above other hounds in the chase, the King decided to keep no others.

commanded certain French gentlemen to go to England to teach the lords and nobles of that country the true principles of stag hunting.

Under Louis XIII the Royal hounds consisted of two packs. They were known as the "Great White dogs of the King," and the "Small White dogs of the King." The great stag hunter, King Louis XIV, had a hundred of these hounds, and under Louis XV they numbered one hundred and thirty-two.

These hounds are mostly white, with light fawn markings, of medium size. They seem to be a distinct family, as they have little or no resemblance to either the present French or English hounds. Some of them seem to show the effects of in-and-in breeding, but as a rule, they are a very uniform and beautiful lot, that are worth going a long distance to see.

Luncheon and the inspection of the hounds over, the venerable Master sounds the horn as a signal for moving on to covert, and we look about for the two-wheeled cart, which the Baron de Dorlodot said he would wire to have in waiting. Imagine the writer's surprise to see the Baron making for a big, lumbering, two-wheeled cart, a sort of gig; at least it had a top let down for the occasion, and was hung on platform springs. The wheels of this cart were quite heavy enough for a farm wagon, the shafts were large poles of natural second growth oak, while between them was a great white Percheron stallion, over sixteen hands high, who would weigh something like sixteen hundred pounds. The trap was about half that weight and the three occupants added at least five hundred more. The turnout figured out something like this, a sixteen hundred pound horse to a thirteen hundred pound load.

"Fancy," said the writer to himself, "our trying to keep the pace of a pack of hounds after deer, in such a turnout as this!" The whole thing seemed such a burlesque, that the writer never expected to see even the tail of a crippled hound. He felt sure

THE MARQUIS DE CHAMBRAY

he could get on quite as well, and probably quite as fast and a great deal more comfortably on foot. Fortunately, he kept most of these thoughts to himself, but he evidently said or looked enough to call from the Baron, "You shall see."

The driver perched himself upon an improvised seat on the dashboard, his feet braced against the crossbar of the shafts, while the genial Baron and the writer occupied the blanket-covered seat behind him. The traces were very slack and when this great stallion went into the collar, the conveyance started with a jerk that nearly upset us backwards.

We followed along slowly in the procession.

Meantime, the relays of hounds and riders had gone on to take up their respective stations, similar to the method described in starting the chase of the wild boar, two or three couple only remaining with the Master, in charge of one of the hunt servants. These hounds, in England, are called "Tufters," and are the most trusty and obedient hounds of the pack. These forests are full of deer, therefore it is necessary to single out and get the one to be hunted well away, before letting on the pack.

The stags of full age are the ones to be hunted. Such a one is located in the early hours of the morning, when, like the wild red deer of England, or the wild boar of France, he has retired from his feeding ground to a quiet retreat in the forest, there to enjoy his cud and sleep, sometimes alone, but more often in company of a number of other stags, or the younger members of the tribe.

To single out a warrantable stag from the number, and set him well away with the "Tufters" to his line, requires, in these great forests, great skill and woodcraft.

Presently, we arrive at a place where there are deer tracks crossing the road in such numbers as to suggest a flock of sheep. The Master invites us to inspect the footprints made by the stag we are following. Ladies and gentlemen alight from their carriages, and many of the riders are also shown these

slots. This adds greatly to the interest and enables all to feel that they are personally engaged in the chase. Often a gentleman or lady who is driving to hounds, is of great assistance to the hunt. These footprints are very carefully studied. It is surprising how some of the ladies can carry in their mind's eye most accurate details as to size and shape, and slight variations between right and left fore-foot, or a flaw in the shell of a hind-foot, in fact the slightest irregularity in anything about the footmarks.

While we are carefully examining these details, the relays of hounds and hunters have stationed themselves as the Master has directed. At a signal from the Master the "Tufters" are slipped, and away they go into the forest, cheered on by voice and horn to the lair of their game.

"What Ho! There! Look to our stallion!" No longer can he be called a lumbering cart horse, for at the sound of the horns, he rears in his track until it looks as if he would surely turn somersault backwards into our laps. This accounted for the unusually long traces. Had he been properly hitched, something must have given way at this extraordinary performance.

Our driver was wearing a smock coat, blouse, or whatever it may be called. It was puckered across the breast, and gathered in about the low fitting neck, and came well down below the knees. From beneath its ample folds he now draws what in the Western country would be called a "black snake" lash (a limber black leather cutting-whip) about four feet long, which he flourished about our heads with a crack like the report of a gun. At this, the great stallion comes down to the earth again; then, with a wild challenging neigh, that fairly shakes the forest, the noble beast springs into a canter with his first stride. Talk about riding on a gun-carriage of light artillery, or on a fire engine at full gallop, or being run away with in a lumber wagon over a corduroy road, all of which the

A MEET IN THE FOREST

writer knows by experience to be of a stirring nature!—well, this two-wheeled French gig with a wild stallion to draw it, and a very devil of a driver with a black snake behind him, was gun-carriage, fire engine, and a runaway lumber wagon combined.

Out from their retreat broke at least twenty wild and startled deer. It was as grand a sight as ever a huntsman could wish to see. Among the lot, his head with towering antlers sweeping high, came forth the lordly stag. What a sight! The females and younger members of the herd bounded away, but not the monarch. Stately and proud, he moved along as became his station. The woods, meanwhile, were ringing with shouts of men, tooting of horns, and baying of hounds, to which music our stallion set up such a roar as would shame a lion.

The writer has witnessed many stirring sights in the forests after the lordly moose, caribou and deer, but the carriage and gentlemanly bearing of this noble stag, was a sight never to be forgotten. It recalled an old school-day couplet among the favourite selection for speaking pieces.

"Ho! cowards! have ye left me to meet him all alone?" Thus our grand, our haughty, our noble game, disdaining to run, walked across the opening and disappeared among the dense underbrush. On came the hounds, joined by relays from different directions.

Crack! Crack! went the black snake, and the chase was on. What a ride! it was bad enough along the forest road. We entered a lane with such a sharp turn to the right that the left wheel of the cart went spinning around in mid air. There were no carriages in front of us, and the way that great wild stallion snatched that two-wheeled trap down this lane, was, I am sure, a record breaker. Farm wagons had cut great ruts in soft places during the wet season. Now it was dry, hard and lumpy. In some places the undergrowth met over the

centre of the lane, for which we had to duck our heads and be sharp about it, too. Dead sticks and limbs blown from trees, lay here and there across the track. Some of them crushed beneath our chariot wheels, others sent us in mid air above the seat, which picked us up now and again in a way to loosen our back hair. On we rode, hanging on for dear life. We saw it all, at least, we believe we saw as much of the run as any one mounted rider.

Hallali! Hallali! We were driving more slowly now. At last we saw the stag, not two rods away, moving slowly along parallel to the way we were going. His head was still carried erect, but not in the jaunty light air as at the beginning. His crown of antlers was getting heavy. Thirty hounds were barking and baying in his wake. The end was near at hand. He halts, throws up his head in his same lordly fashion, and stands as motionless as a bronze statue. "Hallali! Hallali!" shout the riders, "Hallali! Hallali!" All fear seems to have left the stag. He is entirely oblivious to everything and everybody about him. He looks as unconcerned as the great bronze stag on the lawn in front of the château de Chambray. He seems to be listening for some far away sound in a dreamy sort of way. In fact, he seemed, as no doubt he was, in a sort of cataleptic state, that a kind providence provides for all in the face of death. This is his last stand. The Master inquires who would like to dispatch him. A young man in scarlet and wearing the hunt buttons of the Marquis de Chambray quickly dismounts and walks straight up to the stag, who turns not nor moves a muscle. The notes of the death song from the accompanying horns tell the great forest for miles about, that the noble spirit of the stag has paid the debt. The stag is then brought out on a beautiful grassy mound, where the roads and highway of the forest meet, and the beautiful ceremony about the carcase, as already described, takes place.

Congratulations, a sandwich, a bit of cold meat, and bottles

HOUNDS READY TO BE SLIPPED

of wine come forth in great abundance from some mysterious source and employ the ladies in giving and the gentlemen in receiving.

The happiest man in all the crowd was one Yankee, as you could easily tell by the expression of his face, as he started for home with a boar's head and pelt from the Baron de Dorlodot, taken in the chase the day before, the foot of the stag taken in the pond, from the Marquis de Cornulier, and the head, pelt, and a foot of stag number one thousand nine hundred and eight,* from the Marquis de Chambray. These trophies were the next day put in pickle by a taxidermist in London, and thus taken to America to be mounted. They now grace the walls of a modest little home, where the owner regards them as the most priceless trophies of his collection.

As the writer looks back upon the many glorious days he has spent with horse and hound, guide and gun, yacht and paddle, his only regret is that so few of his countrymen know the meaning of it all. He feels that in comparison with most men he has lived a hundred years.

"Be it fair or foul, come rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed in spite of fate are mine,
Not heaven itself o'er the past hath power,
What has been, has been, I have had my hour."

The general idea in America seems to be that only the wealthy can indulge in such sports. This is a mistaken notion altogether, as the writer is a living example to the contrary. The men who seem to get the most out of life are not the

*The illustrious marquis celebrated the capture of his two thousandth stag in 1902. He was then over seventy years old and when the writer last visited the Baron de Dorlodot, in 1903, had taken his two thousand and twenty-second stag.

wealthy or the idle rich, but the hard working business men, who steal a half holiday whenever they can. If it is in them, they'll find the way.

There is no country in the world where one can find so many men and women who possess the financial independence to enable them to indulge in such pastimes. The lamentable thing about it is that as the rich grow richer, at the same time they seem to be giving way more and more to idle luxuries. It is only a case of history repeating itself. Still, strange as it may seem, some well meaning men and women are doing all they can to discourage the chase in every form. They don't want the foxes killed, nor the horses ridden so hard as is necessary to go the pace. At the death of a chicken-thief fox they rave. If a rider is injured, it "serves him right."

The strange thing about this dumb animal worship is that the more dumb and helpless the animal is, the more some people gush. There is no sentiment in human nature so blind as exaggerated heart sentiment, which is the usual source whence comes a lot of sentimental bosh and fairy tales in the form of nature studies. A morbid feminine instinct seems to possess some effeminate men and over sentimental women, not toward the human but toward the dumb race.

We have all heard of the woman who kissed her cow and clubbed her husband over the head with the milking stool, because he allowed the cow to kick over the pail of milk. "Dear old Bossie." "Brutal man." The most consistent dumb animal worshipper the writer ever heard of was the chap who could not bring himself to eat an oyster, because it would kill the oyster. "Bless his precious little heart." Whose heart? Well, help yourself.

The following is given as a sample criticism on the chase. It is from a man in a western state. He says he "is shocked at the barbarity of the foreign idea of sport." He says he has "a choking throb of pity for the hunted, and furthermore that

WAITING

although the people of the United States may not have reached a perfect understanding of the ethics of true sportsmanship, they have advanced so far beyond the spirit of the chase as to cause pride and gratitude to every citizen among us."

While the act of taking the life of game is in itself no edifying sight and is part of the chase very few of the followers ever witness or ever take part in, the writer is supremely thankful that he has *not* "advanced so far beyond the spirit of the chase" as to have lost the manly courage necessary to pursue it or to have advanced so far by our so called "higher civilisation," as to have his mind filled with effeminate ideas and ways of thinking. Sentimental sentiment is something very pretty to contemplate but in this case as usual it goes without logic or reason.

Here is a person living in a western state, where stock-raising is the principal industry, holding up his hands in holy horror at the death of a stag taken in the chase, and thankful that he is in "advanced" America where such things are not considered sportsmanlike. At the same time in his own state there runs every day of the year a river of blood from the throats of innocent domestic animals at the thought of which he never turns a hair. How can such persons filled with "choking pity" for the death of a stag, bring themselves to eat the meat of domestic animals slaughtered, not in mercy to those who are left behind, as are the stags and wild boars in the forests of France, where they are too numerous for their own good, but to be devoured? How can such critics of the chase ever eat lamb that has had its frolicking days of innocent play in company with a mother brought suddenly to an end by an unfeeling barbarous butcher? How can one "choking with sentiment" for the hunted, bear to visit a stock farm or lend his presence to an Agricultural Fair where he must mingle with farmers and butchers whose business on the one hand is to rear, on the other to butcher, thousands of "innocent lambs,"

"pretty pigs," and "darling little calves," that are purposely brought into the world by the design of man only to have their throats cut and give their lives up as a sacrifice to man?

There are hundreds of thousands of domestic animals in every western state yearly thrown into pens with not one single chance for their lives, not one single hope of escape, which every sportsman gives to every animal of the chase. In fact all animals of the chase are given nearly equal chances and if taken are usually outwitted or outgeneralled at their own game.

What would our western critics advise if a delegation of farmers adjoining his property should come to him as they did to the Baron de Dorlodot and say that if he did not do something to keep down the number of wild boars in this forest, they must bring the question to the courts, for they were destroying their crops to an unusual extent? Would he say, as the Baron de Dorlodot did, "Gentlemen, I am getting old, I am now hunting the wild boar two days a week; I will hereafter hunt him four days a week and if that does not do, I will have to hunt him six days in the week."

There are some effeminate men and some sentimental women who would sooner tie a bit of perfumed ribbon about a fox's neck or a fish's tail and let them go again, the one to be caught in a steel trap, or to die of starvation or disease, the other to be devoured by the larger fishes, than think of taking the life of the one by pursuit in the chase or the other by the artful casting of the sportsman's fly.

If the chase is such a degrading factor in the upbuilding of national character, then must Merry England be one of the most degraded countries in the world, for nowhere in the world is the chase so universally indulged in by all classes, and especially by the most intelligent, courteous and refined people, as in Great Britain. As previously stated there are in

AFTER THE DEATH

England, Ireland and Scotland about four hundred and fifty organised packs of hounds; two hundred packs are for the chase of the fox, one hundred and ninety-eight packs for the chase of the hare and the remaining number are devoted to the chase of the stag, the wild red deer and the otter. Many of these packs hunt four and five days a week throughout the entire season.

Among the followers of the chase in England, as in France and Germany, are the nobility from the Royal family down. In England they are the members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons almost to a man; the officers of the army from the commander-in-chief to the lowest subaltern; the Judiciary, from the Chief Justice to the village pettifogger; doctors of divinity and doctors of medicine.

Not only is the chase followed by the aristocracy and wealthy classes of England, but the spirit of the chase pervades every mother's son and daughter of the Kingdom. If there is any single characteristic that dominates all classes in England, it is the spirit of the chase and sports afield. The former is but a continuation of the latter when the school and college days are over.

Little England instead of being a backward, demoralised, barbarous country, has led the world as an educator and civiliser. She has accomplished more in these lines to the present time than all the rest of the world combined.

As for the chase making people think and act in a brutal or unsportsmanlike manner, as some would incline us to think, where, in the history of any other nation or people can be found such consideration, such Christian-like conduct as has always been shown by the English for their enemies in battle and to their foes when vanquished. In these respects Great Britain has ever been in the lead of the world. If the English have one virtue that outshines all others, one national trait that distinguishes them above all others, it is their inherent love for

domestic animals. Are these the signs of a degenerate, brutal race?

It may be argued that while all that has been said heretofore is perfectly true and consistent with well known facts, still there remains the death of an innocent creature. If that could be eliminated from the chase altogether, or if their taking off could be robbed of its cruel feature, as many good people view it, the horror of the chase would be less a reproach, so that the more sensitive could endorse it. First as to eliminating the hunt altogether from the chase, this is done in many cases where a trail is laid by someone dragging a rag sprinkled with anise oil and assafœtida on the ground. This is better than no chase at all. Others hunt the wild fox without stopping their earths and therefore seldom catch one. This fox who kills our chickens and young lambs, the otter who kills our finest trout, are most ideal game. For they are thieves and vagabonds, and one always feels in their pursuit that an outlaw is before him and when at last he is overtaken, that the untimely death of Mrs. Farmer's hens or Mr. Farmer's trout has been avenged. Some people who sanction the hunting of the fox often draw the line at rabbits, wild boar and deer. On many occasions it is absolutely necessary to kill off a certain portion each year as already shown, and all game preserves are hunted on that plan, the oldest stag always being taken except when this plan does not keep them down to a number the preserve will carry. Then the females are also taken. Still there is the question of taking life that stands in the way of some good meat-eating people who have probably never made a study of the hunted. They do not know, perhaps, that the Providence which permits each family to prey on some other family or to be preyed upon by some stronger family, has included in the plan a special provision for robbing death of its horrors and even of its sting. People with oversensitive imaginations picture to themselves the horrors of such a death

from their own, not the animal's standpoint, and make out a very blood curdling case. But the truth is that most domestic animals suffer more by being caught by a hired man for any purpose whatever than does a wild animal that is pursued to its death.

This provision of animal economy might be questioned if it did not likewise apply to man, who, when he is in turn pursued, or when sprung upon by wild animals, experiences the same sensation. There are any number of instances on record where men have been pounced upon by wild, ferocious animals, and who have escaped with their lives by the timely aid of a friend or guide. These invariably tell us that when the final moment came all sense of fear and danger left them and the horror of death had no sting whatever. They have recorded afterwards how they saw the panther lash his tail and work his claws preparatory to the spring. Still their mind was in perfect composure. They had in one instant passed beyond the horrors of death and the sense of fear. They report also having experienced the shock and the tearing of the flesh, but felt no pain or discomfort until afterwards, when their normal faculties returned.

Men in battle do the coolest things, acts that pass for heroism and bravery, when the truth is they have simply passed beyond the state where they sense their positions. Men and women under conditions of sufficient importance do heroic acts, the recollection of which makes them faint away afterwards. It is the same unfailing provision of nature that steps in at the right moment in the lives of the hunted, especially when taken by pursuit consistent with the creative plan, and carries them past the taking off point without a pang. The writer, as before stated, believes that it hurts a domestic animal more to catch it for any purpose than it does for the hunted stag to be pursued to his death.

I do not think, for instance, the stag whose death the writer

described in this chapter had the slightest fear. He simply realised the moment had come and faced the conditions without a quiver, head erect and eyes that saw all that was going on. This stag had been fleeing from real and imaginary enemies from the day of his birth, so that the mere act of being pursued or fleeing for safety was second nature. He practised all the craft of the race as his instinct taught him with a clear head and a cool judgment and finally when it did not prove to his advantage as it had on all former occasions, he accepted the fall and died in his tracks without fear.

To the writer's mind, there is no way or form of taking wild game animals that is so sportsmanlike, so human, and at the same time, so consistent with their natural environment, as to take them in pursuit.

What have we in America to compare with the chase in the upbuilding of the nation or of individual character? Perhaps the western critic would suggest billiards or pool or poker amid clouds of tobacco smoke and the reeking odours of the bar, in preference to the degrading influence of the chase. He might suggest croquet; or if that is too fatiguing for warm days, he might prefer a pound of candy and a game of tiddle-de-winks under an electric fan.

No, we don't know how to play in America. The nearest most of us come to it after we leave school and college is to buy a ticket to the grand stand and shout ourselves hoarse at a lot of hired men playing baseball. It is, to the writer's mind, nothing short of a national calamity that we have no game, like the chase, suitable for men. We are by this so-called higher civilisation, to which the critic points with so much pride, degenerating in build, lacking in endurance, stamina, courage, nerve, health, nearly everything except book learning that goes to the up-building and perpetuity of a noble race. What schooling have we in this country to make a true sportsman of a boy? Almost nothing. He will certainly not acquire it in an

BLESSING THE HOUNDS

American school or college except in a vague sort of a way, for as we have already shown only about one college boy in twelve goes in for field sports.

We may grant that it is too bad that even a chicken-thief fox or an old stag should contribute his life to this upbuilding, but they are only a drop in the bucket compared with the hundreds of thousands that are butchered daily for the upbuilding of our physical natures. And of the two we do not think it too much to say that a day's ride to hounds, even if the life of dumb animals taken in the chase pays the price, will do more for the bodily upbuilding of the followers than all the butchered meat that the same number of persons will consume for the day.

It may be argued by some who approve of the healthful exercise of horseback riding, but who will not tolerate the chase of a dumb animal, that a person might ride fifteen to fifty miles four or five days a week on the highway in lieu of the chase; *but they won't.* A person might walk five to twenty miles a day on the highway, as many do in the chase of a ball on a golf course, but they won't and probably couldn't if they would. Some claim they can follow a golf ball all the afternoon with less fatigue than a walk of a few blocks for the sake of walking.

Returning to the horseback rider, he might be permitted to take some dogs along for company and make his horse jump a few fences and ditches by way of supplying added interest to riding for exercise. He might also indulge his hunting instincts by riding through a few coverts with a view of starting or seeing some game. He might do all these things, *but he won't.*

No, there is still lacking that incentive so essential to lasting enjoyment: the indescribable something that produces unflagging interest, is still missing. On the other hand, it is plain to anyone that the followers of the chase grow and thrive by

what they feed upon. Men and women crowd to the covert side year after year, through youth, manhood and old age, principally to see how one more riddle of the chase will unravel.

It is just at this point that some well meaning people are led astray in condemning the chase. They argue that the element which leads on the followers of the chase must be the act of killing something. They straightway condemn the chase as a relic of barbarism and the followers as blood-thirsty men and women, who have not felt the effects of a higher civilisation, in which the critics see themselves. Nothing could be further from the truth. So far as the riders are concerned, the death of the animal hunted is the incident, not the object, of the chase. If this were not the case, one would hardly expect to see a hundred men and women banding together with a hundred hounds for a hundred hard days' work in the season, on the chance of killing one hundred foxes, employing in the meantime a hundred men to look after a thousand horses worth a million dollars. No, a hundred cents worth of paris green in the hands of a hired man, or a single steel trap in the hands of a poacher, would do the killing far more effectually.

By uniting in the chase the elements of war, with but little of its risk and hardships, to the ardour of hunting with all its woodcraft and cunning, you have as the result the most interesting, the most fascinating, the most healthful game that was ever invented by man.

While the chase is the "image of war without its guilt," it calls for the expression of nearly every manly virtue. It gives to the youth courage, self control, nerve, health, and strength. It leaves no stain but that comes off in the wash. It gives to manhood, hardihood, resolution, and perseverance that carries him on to vigorous old age.

And so it has come to pass that there are to-day thousands of men and many women, fifty, sixty, seventy, and even eighty years of age, riding to hounds over some of the roughest hunt-

ing countries, riding hard for forty and fifty years after many Americans, who see themselves in the "advanced" civilised list, have shot their bolts and tumbled into premature graves simply because they had no chase to follow, except the chase after money, which is too often the only one the American knows. In pursuing this, he is generally overtaken and killed by it, with half of his days unnumbered.

Long live the chase, to make men better fitted to live and enjoy life as it goes. Long live the chase, to teach men how to play and how to play fair. Long live the chase, to make men stronger in mind, and healthier in body, and to enable them to live their allotted days. Long live the chase, that the followers may transmit to the generations to follow the noble virtues of a hardy race of masculine men and feminine women.

Long live the chase!

Marquis de Chambray's Hunt Button

"For so do we know it, the Chase, and we hold
Men better for hunting; the creed
Of love and good fellowship lives as of old
And binds every class into one sacred mould,
Long, long may it live and succeed."

Poems in Pink.

XXIX

RIDE, FAIR AMERICAN: ENGLISHMAN, RIDE

The following poem was especially written for "The Hunting Field With Horse and Hound" by that charming poet-huntsman and Master of Hounds, Mr. W. Phillpotts Williams, in recollection of a glorious day with the Hursley hounds.

Come and I'll tell you, I'll tell you a story,
You who love England and hold her so dear,
You who are proud of her record of glory,
Lend me a moment and lend me an ear.

Down in the vale where the sunlight was streaming,
Right in the heart of broad England we met,
By the old bridge where the river was gleaming,
Down in the village the gathering was set.

Thatched the long roofs of the cottages round us,
Broad was the roadway, and bright was the green,
Peaceful it looked and contented it found us,
Nowhere but England could boast such a scene.

Hark! There's a crack of a whip at the turning,
Yonder they join us, "Hounds, gentlemen, please,"
Eighteen sweet couple of bitches, all yearning
For the game to begin, come up under the trees.

Sorty and true with an absence of lumber,
Even in stature with bone to the feet,
Each was distinct, yet a part of the number,
Each was a foxhound, and all were a treat.

Strains from the Belvoir and Quorn interblended,
Warwickshire's fastest, and Brocklesby's best,
Right through the pack the tradition descended,
Work was the watchword, and work was the test.

Near in the crowd, sitting well on their horses,
Two good horsemen stood still by the way,
Each loved the chase and the pluck it enforces,
One was in scarlet and one was in grey.

He in the pink was an Englishman, leading
The life of a sportsman and true to his creed,
Born of the best, and a type of his breeding,
Master of hounds and part of his steed.

He in the grey was from over the ocean,
Born in America, bred in the West,
Keen for a hunt, he'd a very good notion
Of riding to hounds with the hardest and best.

Hark! there's a note of the horn, and a holloa,
Reynard goes gallantly over the grass,
Follow them, follow them, follow them, follow,
Onward they gallop, and onward they pass.

Onward they gallop, those bitches so lightly,
Never a hound's left behind in the gorse,
Comely and Crafty, and Sportive and Sprightly,
Break at the head of the galloping force.

Forward away where the pastures are gleaming,
Set in the heart of broad England so fair,
Forward away where the sunlight is streaming,
Forward away with the galloping pair.

Forward away for twelve miles they are moving,
Every hound up in her place in the pack,
Every hound working, and every hound proving
The worth of her sort on the grass covered track.

What, have they got him? Yes, Nosegay has nailed him,
Gamely he faced it, this fox in the vale;
One and another they all have assailed him,
Tear-him-and-eat-him-hounds. All within hail.

Who has the brush? Who shall claim it, my masters?
He in the scarlet or he in the grey?
Both went so well and kept clear of disasters,
Both went their best through the best of the day.

Each has a look. Then the Englishman takes it,
Handing it over in turn with a smile,
Then again touching the trophy he makes it
Clear that the other is welcome the while.

Yes, there is something that baffles the telling,
Men of the chase will know well what I mean,
Something too deep for mere writing and spelling,
Something mysterious, something unseen.

Something that touches our hearts when it finds us,
Moving us always to gallop and ride,
That brings out the best of our natures and binds us
Closer together, and fills us with pride.

Come then, fair sportsmen from over the waters,
Join in the gallop and ride in the race,
Join in our sports with your sons and your daughters,
All will find good in the ways of the chase.

Come and go on with the march of the nations,
Like the two sportsmen, move on side by side,
Guided in all by the best aspirations,
Ride, fair American: Englishman, ride.

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